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THE NOVELS

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The Buckner Library Edition

Notre-Dame of Paris

by

Victor Hugo

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BOOK SEVEN

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Quasimodo in the Belfry.—N. D., Vol. II.

BOOK VII.

I.

ON THE DANGER OF CONFIDING ONE'S SECRET TO A GOAT

Several weeks had passed.

It was now the beginning of March. The sun, which Dubartas, that classic ancestor of periphrasis, had not yet named "the grand duke of the candles," was none the less cheerful and radiant. It was one of those days of the early spring which are so mild and beautiful that all Paris turns out into the squares and promenades, and celebrates them as if they were Sundays. On days so brilliant, so warm, and so serene, there is one hour in particular, at which one should go and admire the portal of Notre-Dame. It is the moment when the sun, already sinking in the west, almost exactly faces the cathedral. Its rays, becoming more and more horizontal, withdraw slowly from the pavement of the Place, and climb along the pinnacled façade, causing its thousands of figures in relief to stand out from

their shadows, while the great central rose-window glares like a cyclops' eye lighted by reflections from his forge.

It was just that hour.

Opposite the lofty cathedral, reddened by the setting sun, upon a stone balcony, over the porch of a handsome Gothic house, at the corner of the Place and the Rue du Parvis, some lovely young girls were laughing and chatting gracefully and playfully. By the length of the veil which hung from the peak of their pointed coif, twined with pearls, down to their heels—by the fineness of the worked chemisette which covered their shoulders, revealing, according to the engaging fashion of that time, the swell of their fair virgin bosoms —by the richness of their under petticoats, still more costly than the upper skirt (admirable refinement!)—by the gauze, the silk and the velvet, with which the whole was loaded—and above all, by the whiteness of their hands, which proved that they led a life of idle ease—it was easy to divine that they were noble and wealthy heiresses. They were, in fact, Damoiselle Fleur-de-Lys de Gondelaurier, and her companions, Diane de Christeuil, Amelotte de Montmichel, Colombe de Gaillefontaine, and the little De Champchevrier, all damsels of good birth, assembled at that moment at the house of the widowed lady of De Gondelaurier,

on account of Monseigneur de Beaujeu and madame his wife, who were to come to Paris in the month of April, there to choose maids of honor for the Dauphiness Marguerite, on the occasion of her reception in Picardy, at the hands of the Flemings. Now, all the gentry for thirty leagues around were seeking this honor for their daughters, and a goodly number had already brought or sent them to Paris. The damsels in question had been entrusted by their parents to the care of the discreet and venerable Madame Aloïse de Gondelaurier, widow of a former master of the king's cross-bowmen, now living in retirement with her only daughter, at her house in the Place du Parvis-Notre-Dame, at Paris.

The balcony on which these young girls were opened into an apartment richly hung with fawn-colored Flanders leather stamped with golden foliage. The beams that ran across the ceiling, diverting the eye with a thousand fantastic carvings, painted and gilded. Splendid enamels gleamed here and there upon carved chests; and a boar's head made of pottery crowned a magnificent sideboard, the two steps of which showed that the mistress of the house was the wife or widow of a knight banneret. At the farther end, by a high fireplace, covered with armorial bearings and escutcheons from top to bottom,

sat in a rich crimson velvet armchair, the lady of Gondelaurier, whose fifty-five years were as plainly written in her dress as on her face.

By her side stood a young man of imposing though somewhat vain and swaggering mien, one of those handsome fellows about whom all women agree, though the grave and discerning men shake their heads at them. This young cavalier wore the brilliant uniform of a captain of the archers of the household troops—which too closely resembled the costume of Jupiter, which the reader has already been enabled to admire in the first book of this history, for us to inflict upon him a second description.

The damsels were seated, partly in the room, partly on the balcony; some on cushions of Utrecht velvet with gold corner-plates; others on oaken stools carved with flowers and figures. Each of them held on her lap a portion of a large piece of tapestry, on which they were all working together, while a good part of it lay on the matting which covered the floor.

They talked together in that whispering tone, and with those half-stifled laughs, peculiar in an assembly of young girls in whose midst there is a young man. The young man, whose presence served to set in play all these feminine wiles, appeared, himself, to care very little about it; and, while these lovely girls

were vieing with each other to attract his attention, he seemed to be chiefly absorbed in polishing the buckle of his sword-belt with his doeskin glove.

From time to time, the old lady addressed him in a low voice, and he replied as best he could, with awkward and forced courtesy. From the smiles and significant gestures of Madame Aloïse, from the glances she threw toward her daughter Fleur-de-Lys as she spoke low to the captain, it was evident that there was here a question of some betrothal concluded, some marriage near at hand, no doubt, between the young man and Fleur-de-Lys. And from the cold embarrassed air of the officer, it was easy to see that on his side at least there was no question of love. His whole manner expressed constraint and weariness, which a modern French subaltern on garrison duty would admirably render by the exclamation, "What a beastly bore!"

The good lady, infatuated, as any silly mother might be, with her daughter's charms, did not perceive the officer's want of enthusiasm, but exerted herself in a low voice to attract his attention to the infinite grace with which Fleur-de-Lys plied her needle or wound a skein of silk.

"Do look now, cousin," said she, pulling him by the sleeve that she might speak

in his ear. "Look at her! see, now she stoops."

"Yes, indeed," answered the young man, and he relapsed into his cold abstracted silence.

Shortly after, he had to lean again, on Dame Aloïse saying:

"Did you ever see a more charming lightsome face than that of your betrothed? Can anyone be more fair or more lovely? Are not those hands perfect? and that neck, does it not assume every graceful curve of the swan's?—How I envy you at times! and how happy you are, in being a man, wicked rogue that you are! Is not my Fleur-de-Lys adorably beautiful? and are you not passionately in love with her?"

"Assuredly," answered he, while his thoughts were occupied elsewhere.

"Speak to her, then," said Madame Aloïse, pushing him by the shoulder; "say something to her; you're grown quite timid."

We can assure the reader that timidity was neither a virtue nor a defect of the captain. He endeavored, however, to do as he was bid.

"Fair cousin," said he, approaching Fleur-de-Lys, "what is the subject of this tapestry which keeps you so busy?"

"Gentle cousin," answered Fleur-de-Lys,

in a pettish tone, "I have already told you three times; it is the grotto of Neptunus."

It was evident that Fleur-de-Lys saw more clearly than her mother through the cold, absent manner of the captain. He felt that he must needs make conversation.

"And for whom is all this fine Neptune-work intended?" asked he.

"For the abbey of Saint-Antoine des Champs," said Fleur-de-Lys, without raising her eyes.

The captain took up a corner of the tapestry: "And pray, my fair cousin, who is that big gendarme blowing his trumpet till his cheeks are bursting?"

"That is Triton," answered she.

There was still an offended tone perceptible in the few words uttered by Fleur-de-Lys. The young man understood that it was indispensable he should whisper in her ear some pretty nothing, some gallant compliment—no matter what. He accordingly leaned over, but his imagination could furnish nothing more tender or familiar than this: "Why does your mother always wear that petticoat embroidered with her arms, like our grandmothers of Charles VII.'s time? Pray tell her, fair cousin, that it's not the fashion of the present day, and that her hinge *(gond)* and laurel *(laurier)* embroidered upon her dress

make her look like a walking mantelpiece. 'Pon honor, no one sits under their banner in that way now, I do swear."

Fleur-de-Lys raised her fine eyes toward his reproachfully:

"Is that all you have to swear to me?" said she in a low tone.

Meanwhile the good Dame Aloïse, delighted to see them thus leaning over and whispering to each other, exclaimed, playing all the while with the clasps of her prayer-book: "Touching picture of love!"

The captain, more and more embarrassed, returned to the subject of the tapestry. "It is really a beautiful piece of work!" he cried.

At this juncture, Colombe de Gaillefontaine, another beautiful, white-skinned blonde, in a high-necked gown of blue damask, ventured timidly to put in a word, addressed to Fleur-de-Lys, but in the hope that the handsome captain would answer her: "My dear Gondelaurier, did you ever see the tapestries at the Hôtel de la Roche-Guyon?"

"Is that not the hotel where the garden is attached to the linen-maker of the Louvre?" asked Diane de Christeuil, laughing; for, having fine teeth, she laughed on all occasions.

"And near that great old tower of the ancient wall of Paris?" added Amelotte de

Montmichel, a pretty, curly-haired, rosy-cheeked brunette, who had a habit of sighing, as the other of laughing, without knowing why.

"My dear Colombe," said Dame Aloïse, "are you speaking of the hotel which belonged to Monsieur de Bacqueville in the reign of Charles VI.? There is indeed magnificent tapestry there, of the high warp."

"Charles VI.! King Charles VI.!" muttered the young captain, curling his mustache. "Mon Dieu! what a memory the good lady has for by-gone things!"

Madame de Gondelaurier continued: "Superb tapestry indeed! So superior that it is considered unique!"

At this moment, Bérangère de Champchevrier, a little sylph of seven years of age, who was gazing into the square through the trefoils of the balcony railing, cried out, "Oh! do look, dear godmamma Fleur-de-Lys, at that pretty dancing-girl who is dancing on the pavement, and playing the tambourine among the people yonder!"

The sonorous vibration of a tambourine was, in fact, heard by the party.

"Some gypsy-girl from Bohemia," replied Fleur-de-Lys, turning nonchalantly toward the square.

"Let us see! let us see!" cried her lively

companions, running to the front of the balcony, while Fleur-de-Lys, musing over the coldness of her affianced lover, followed slowly; and the latter, released by this incident, which cut short an embarrassing conversation, returned to the farther end of the room with the satisfied air of a soldier relieved from duty. And yet no unpleasing service was that of the lovely Fleur-de-Lys; and such it had once appeared to him; but the captain had by degrees become weary of it, and the prospect of an approaching marriage grew less attractive to him each day. Besides, he was of a fickle disposition; and, if the truth must be told, rather vulgar in his tastes. Although of noble birth, he had contracted, under his officer's accoutrements, more than one of the habits of the common soldier. He delighted in the tavern and its accompaniments, and was never at his ease save amidst coarse witticisms, military gallantries, easy beauties, and as easy conquests. He had notwithstanding received from his family some education and polish; but he began his career too young, had too early kept garrison, and each day the varnish of the gentleman became more and more worn away under the friction of the gendarme's baldric. Though still continuing to visit her occasionally, prompted by some small remnant of common respect, he

felt doubly constrained with Fleur-de-Lys. In the first place, because he distributed his love so promiscuously that he had but little left for her; and in the second, because, surrounded by a number of stately, starched and modest ladies, he was constantly in fear lest his tongue, accustomed to the language of oaths, should inadvertently break through its bounds and let slip some unfortunate tavern-slang. The effect may be imagined!

And yet, with all this were mingled great pretensions to elegance in dress and noble bearing. Let these things be reconciled as they may—I am but the historian.

He had been for some minutes thinking, or not thinking, but leaning in silence against the carved mantelpiece, when Fleur-de-Lys turning suddenly, addressed him—for after all, the poor girl only pouted in self-defence:

"Gentle cousin, did you not tell us of a little gypsy-girl you saved from a parcel of thieves a month or more ago, as you were on the night patrol?"

"I believe I did, fair cousin," said the captain.

"Well," rejoined she, "perhaps it is that very gypsy-girl who is now dancing in the Parvis. Come and see if you recognize her, cousin Phœbus."

A secret desire of reconciliation was per-

ceptible in the gentle invitation she gave him to draw near her, and in the care she took to call him by his name. Captain Phœbus de Châteaupers (for it is he whom the reader has had before him from the beginning of this chapter) with tardy steps approached the balcony. "There," said Fleur-de-Lys tenderly, placing her hand on his arm, "look at that little girl, dancing there in the ring!—Is that your gypsy?"

Phœbus looked, and said:

"Yes—I know her by her goat."

"Ah!—so there is!—a pretty little goat, indeed!" said Amelotte, clasping her hands with delight.

"Are its horns really gold?" asked little Bérangère.

Without moving from her fauteuil, Dame Aloïse inquired:

"Is it one of those gypsy-girls that arrived last year by the Porte Gibard?"

"Mother," said Fleur-de-Lys gently, "that gate is now called Porte d'Enfer."

Mademoiselle de Gondelaurier knew how much the captain's notions were shocked by her mother's antiquated modes of speech. Indeed he was already beginning to sneer and muttering between his teeth: "Porte Gibard! Porte Gibard! That's to make way for King Charles VI."

"Godmamma," exclaimed Bérangère, whose eyes, incessantly in motion, were suddenly raised toward the top of the towers of Notre-Dame, "who is that black man up there?"

All the girls raised their eyes. A man was indeed leaning with his elbows upon the topmost balustrade of the northern tower, overlooking the Grève. It was the figure of a priest; and they could clearly discern both his costume and his face resting on both his hands. He was motionless as a statue. His steady gaze was riveted on the Place.

There was in it something of the immobility of the kite when it has just discovered a nest of sparrows and is looking down upon it.

"It is monsieur the Archdeacon of Joas," said Fleur-de-Lys.

"You have good eyes if you know him at this distance," observed La Gaillefontaine.

"How he looks at the little dancing-girl," remarked Diane de Christeuil.

"Let the Egyptian girl beware," said Fleur-de-Lys; "for he loves not Egypt."

"'Tis a great shame that man stares at her so," added Amelotte de Montmichel; "for she dances delightfully."

"Fair cousin Phœbus," said Fleur-de-Lys, suddenly, "since you know this little gypsy-girl beckon to her to come up. It will amuse us."

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed all the young girls, clapping their hands.

"Why! 'tis not worth while," replied Phœbus. "She has no doubt forgotten me; and I know not even her name. However, since you wish it, ladies, I will try." And leaning over the balustrade of the balcony, he began to call out—"Little one!"

The dancing-girl was not at that moment playing her tambourine. She turned her head toward the point whence this call proceeded; her brilliant eyes rested on Phœbus, and she stopped short suddenly.

"Little one," repeated the captain, and he beckoned to her to come in.

The young girl looked at him again; then blushed as if a flame had risen to her cheeks; and, taking her tambourine under her arm, she made her way through the midst of the gaping spectators, toward the door of the house where Phœbus was, with slow, faltering steps, and with the agitated look of a bird yielding to the fascination of a serpent.

A moment or two after, the tapestry door hanging was raised, and the gypsy appeared on the threshold of the room, blushing, confused, breathless, her large eyes cast down, and not daring to advance a step farther.

Bérangère clapped her hands.

Meanwhile, the dancer stood motionless at

the entrance of the apartment. Her appearance had produced a singular effect upon this group of young girls. It is certain that all of them were more or less influenced by a vague and undefined desire of pleasing the handsome officer; that the splendid uniform was the object at which all their coquetry was aimed; and that, ever since his entrance, there had been a certain secret suppressed rivalry among them, which they scarcely acknowledged even to themselves, but which broke forth none the less in their gestures and remarks. Nevertheless, as they all possessed nearly the same degree of beauty, they contended with equal arms, and each might reasonably hope for victory. The arrival of the gypsy-girl suddenly destroyed this equilibrium. Her beauty was so rare that, the moment she appeared at the entrance of the apartment, it seemed as though she diffused a sort of light peculiar to herself. Within this enclosed chamber, surrounded by its dusky hangings and wainscotings, she was incomparably more beautiful and radiant than in the public square. She was as the torch suddenly brought from the midday light into the shade. The noble damsels were dazzled by it in spite of themselves. Each felt that her beauty had in some degree suffered. Hence their battle-front (if we may be allowed the

expression) was changed immediately, though not a single word passed between them. But they understood each other perfectly. The instincts of women comprehend and respond to each other more quickly than the understandings of men. An enemy had arrived in their midst; all felt it—all rallied. One drop of wine is sufficient to redden a whole glass of water: to tinge a whole company of pretty women with a certain degree of ill humor, it is only necessary for one still prettier to make her appearance—especially when there is but one man in the party.

Thus the gypsy-girl's reception proved mightily freezing. They eyed her from head to foot; then exchanged glances; and all was said—they understood each other. Meanwhile the young girl was waiting to be spoken to, in such emotion that she dared not raise her eyelids.

The captain was the first to break silence.

"Upon my word," said he, with his tone of brainless assurance, "here is a charming creature! What think you of her, fair cousin?"

This remark, which a more delicate admirer would at least have made in an undertone, did not tend to dissipate the feminine jealousies which were on the alert in the presence of the gypsy-girl.

Fleur-de-Lys answered the captain with a simpering affectation of disdain—"Not bad."

The others whispered together.

At length, Madame Aloïse, who was not the less jealous because she was so for her daughter, addressed the dancer:

"Come hither, little one," said she.

"Come hither, little one!" repeated, with comical dignity, little Bérangère, who would have stood about as high as her hip.

The gypsy advanced toward the noble dame.

"My pretty girl," said Phœbus, with emphasis, taking several steps towards her, "I do not know whether I have the supreme felicity of being recognized by you."

She interrupted him with a look and smile of infinite sweetness.

"Oh! yes," said she.

"She has a good memory," observed Fleur-de-Lys.

"Well, now," resumed Phœbus, "you escaped nimbly the other evening. Did I frighten you?"

"Oh! no," said the gypsy.

There was, in the intonation of that "Oh! no," uttered after that "Oh! yes," an ineffable something which wounded Fleur-de-Lys.

"You left me in your stead, my beauty," continued the captain, whose tongue became

unloosed while speaking to a girl from the streets, "a rare grim-faced fellow, hump-backed and one-eyed, the ringer of the bishop's bells, I believe. They tell me he's an archdeacon's bastard and a devil by birth. He has a droll name too; they call him Quatre-Temps (Ember week), Pâques-Fleuries (Palm Sunday), Mardi-Gras (Shrove Tuesday), I don't know what!—the name of some bell-ringing festival, in short. And so he thought fit to carry you off, as if you were made for such fellows as beadles! That is going a little too far. What the deuce could that screech-owl want with you? Hey, tell me!"

"I do not know," she replied.

"What insolence! a bell-ringer to carry off a girl, like a viscount! a lout poaching on the game of gentlemen! a rare piece of assurance, truly! But he paid pretty dear for it. Maître Pierrat Torterue is as rough a groom as ever curried a rascal; and your ringer's hide—if that will please you—got a thorough dressing at his hands, I warrant you."

"Poor man!" said the gypsy-girl—the scene of the pillory brought back to her remembrance by these words.

The captain burst out laughing. "By the bull's horns! here's pity about as well placed as a feather in a pig's tail. May I have a belly like a pope, if . . ."

He stopped suddenly short. "Pardon me, ladies—I fear I was about to let slip some nonsense or other."

"Fie, monsieur!" said La Gaillefontaine.

"He speaks to this creature in her own language," added Fleur-de-Lys in an undertone, her irritation increasing every moment. This irritation was not diminished by seeing the captain, delighted with the gypsy, and most of all with himself, turn round on his heel and repeat with coarse, naïve and soldier-like gallantry: "A lovely girl, upon my soul!"

"Very barbarously dressed!" said Diane de Christeuil, with the smile which showed her fine teeth.

This remark was a flash of light to the others. It showed them the gypsy's assailable point; as they could not carp at her beauty, they fell foul of her dress.

"Very true," said La Montmichel. "Pray, little girl, where did you learn to run about the streets in that way, without either neckerchief or tucker?"

"That petticoat is so short that it makes one tremble!" added La Gaillefontaine.

"My dear, you will get yourself taken up by the sumptuary police for your gilded girdle," continued Fleur-de-Lys, with decided sharpness.

"Little girl, little girl," resumed Christeuil,

with an implacable smile, "if you had the decency to wear sleeves on your arms they would not get so sun-burned."

It was a sight worthy a more intelligent spectator than Phœbus, to watch how these fair damsels, with their envenomed and angry tongues, twisted, glided and writhed, as it were, around the street dancer; they were at once cruel and graceful; they searched and pried maliciously into her poor silly toilet of spangles and tinsel. Then followed the laugh, the ironical jest, humiliations without end. Sarcasms, haughty condescensions, and evil looks rained down upon the gypsy-girl. One might have fancied them some of those young Roman ladies that used to amuse themselves with thrusting golden pins into the bosom of some beautiful slave; or have likened them to elegant greyhounds, turning, wheeling, with distended nostrils and eager eyes, around some poor hind of the forest which their master's eye prevents them from devouring.

After all, what was a poor dancing-girl of the public square to those high-born maidens? They seemed to take no heed of her presence; but spoke of her, before her, and to herself, aloud, as of something unclean, abject, and yet at the same time passably pretty.

The gypsy-girl was not insensible to these pin-pricks. From time to time, a glow of

shame, or a flash of anger inflamed her eyes or her cheeks—a disdainful exclamation seemed to hover on her lips—she made contemptuously the little grimace with which the reader is already familiar—but remained motionless; she fixed on Phœbus a sad, sweet, resigned look. There was also happiness and tenderness in that gaze. It seemed as if she restrained herself for fear of being driven away.

Phœbus laughed and took the gypsy's part, with a mixture of pity and impertinence.

"Let them talk, little one," repeated he, jingling his gold spurs; "doubtless, your dress is a little wild and extravagant; but in a charming girl like you, what does that signify?"

"Dear me!" exclaimed the blonde Gaillefontaine, drawing up her swan-like throat with a bitter smile, "I see that messieurs the king's archers take fire easily at bright gypsy eyes."

"And why not?" said Phœbus.

At this rejoinder, uttered carelessly by the captain, like a stray stone whose fall one does not even watch, Colombe began to laugh, as well as Amelotte, Diane, and Fleur-de-Lys, into whose eyes a tear started at the same time.

The gypsy, who had dropped her eyes on the floor as Colombe and Gaillefontaine spoke, raised them beaming with joy and pride, and

fixed them once more on Phœbus. She was very beautiful at that moment.

The old dame, who was watching this scene, felt offended without understanding why.

"Holy Virgin!" cried she suddenly, "what's that about my legs? Ah! the villanous beast!"

It was the goat which had just arrived in search of its mistress, and which, in hurrying toward her, had entangled its horns in the load of drapery which the noble dame's garments heaped around her when she was seated.

This made a diversion. The gypsy disentangled its horns without saying a word.

"Oh! here's the little goat with golden hoofs," cried Bérangère, jumping with joy.

The gypsy crouched upon her knees, and pressed her cheek against the caressing head of the goat. It seemed as if she were asking its pardon for having left it behind.

Meanwhile, Diane bent over and whispered in Colombe's ear:

"Ah! good heavens! how is it I did not think of it before? 'Tis the gypsy with the goat. They say she's a sorceress, and that her goat performs very marvelous tricks."

"Well," said Colombe, "let the goat amuse us now in its turn, and perform us a miracle."

Diane and Colombe eagerly addressed the gypsy: "Little one, make your goat perform a miracle."

"I do not know what you mean," said the dancing-girl.

"Why, a miracle—a conjuring trick—a feat of witchcraft."

"I do not understand." And she turned to caressing the pretty animal again, repeating, "Djali! Djali!"

At that moment Fleur-de-Lys noticed a little bag of embroidered leather hung round the goat's neck.

"What is that?" she asked of the gypsy.

The girl raised her large eyes toward her, and replied gravely, "That is my secret."

"I should like to know your secret," thought Fleur-de-Lys.

Meanwhile, the good dame had risen angrily. "Come, come, gypsy, if neither you nor your goat have anything to dance to us, what are you doing here?"

The gypsy directed her steps slowly toward the door without making any reply. But the nearer she approached it, the slower were her steps. An irresistible magnet seemed to retard her. Suddenly, she turned her eyes moistened with tears toward Phœbus, and stood still.

"Zounds!" cried the captain, "you shall not go away thus. Come back and dance for us something. By-the-by, my beauty, what's your name?"

"Esmeralda," said the dancer, without taking her eyes off him.

At this strange name the young women burst into an extravagant laugh.

"A formidable name indeed, for a girl," said Diane.

"You see," remarked Amelotte, "that she's an enchantress."

"My dear," exclaimed Dame Aloïse, solemnly, "your parents never fished that name for you out of the baptismal font."

Meanwhile, Bérangère, without attracting attention, had, a few minutes before, enticed the goat into a corner of the room with a piece of nut-cake. In an instant they had become good friends; and the curious child had untied the little bag which hung at the goat's neck, had opened it, and spread the contents on the matting; it was an alphabet, each letter being inscribed separately on a small tablet of wood. No sooner were these toys displayed upon the matting, than the child saw, with surprise, the goat (one of whose miracles, doubtless, it was) select with her gilded hoof certain letters, and arrange them in a particular order by gently pushing them together. In a moment they formed a word which the goat seemed practised in composing, so slight was her hesitation; and Bérangère suddenly cried out, clasping her hands with admiration:

"Godmamma Fleur-de-Lys—do see what the goat has been doing!"

Fleur-de-Lys hastened to look, and suddenly started. The letters arranged on the floor formed this word,

PHOEBUS

"Did the goat write that?" she asked, with a faltering voice.

"Yes, godmamma," answered Bérangère.

It was impossible to doubt her; the child could not spell.

"Here's the secret!" thought Fleur-de-Lys.

Meanwhile, at the child's exclamation they had all hurried forward to look; the mother, the young ladies, the gypsy, and the officer.

The gypsy saw the blunder the goat had committed. She turned red—then pale—and began to tremble like a culprit before the captain, who regarded her with a smile of satisfaction and astonishment.

"*Phœbus!*" whispered the girls, in amazement, "that's the captain's name!"

"You have a wonderful memory!" said Fleur-de-Lys to the stupefied gypsy. Then bursting into sobs: "Oh!" stammered she tearfully, hiding her face between her two fair hands, "she is a sorceress!" while she heard a voice yet more bitter whisper from her inmost heart, "she is a rival!"

She fell fainting to the floor.

"My child! my child!" cried the terrified mother. "Begone, you fiendish gypsy!"

Esmeralda gathered together the unlucky letters in the twinkling of an eye, made a sign to Djali, and quitted the room at one door as Fleur-de-Lys was being carried out through the other.

Captain Phœbus, left alone, hesitated a moment between the two doors; then followed the gypsy.

II.

SHOWING THAT

A PRIEST AND A PHILOSOPHER

ARE DIFFERENT PERSONS

The priest whom the young ladies had observed on the top of the northern tower, leaning over toward the Square, and so attentive to the gypsy-girl's dancing, was, in fact, the Archdeacon Claude Frollo.

Our readers have not forgotten the mysterious cell which the archdeacon had appropriated to himself in this tower. (I do not know, let me observe by the way, whether it is the same cell, the interior of which may be seen to this day through a small square window, opening toward the east, at about the height of a man from the floor, upon the platform from which the towers spring; a mere hole, now naked, empty, and falling to decay; the ill-plastered walls of which are to-day *decorated* here and there with a parcel of sorry yellow engravings representing cathedral fronts. I presume that this hole is jointly

inhabited by bats and spiders, and, consequently, a double war of extermination is carried on against the flies).

Every day, an hour before sunset, the archdeacon ascended the staircase of the tower and shut himself up in this cell, where he sometimes passed whole nights. On this day, just as he had reached the low door of his retreat, and was putting into the lock the complicated little key, which he always carried with him in the purse suspended at his side, the sound of a tambourine and castanets reached his ear. This sound proceeded from the Square in front of the cathedral. The cell, as we have already said, had but one window, looking upon the back of the church. Claude Frollo had hastily withdrawn the key, and in an instant was on the summit of the tower, in that gloomy, thoughtful attitude in which the young ladies had first seen him.

There he stood, grave, motionless, absorbed in one sight, one thought. All Paris lay at his feet; with her thousand spires and her circular horizon of gently rolling hills; with her river winding under her bridges, and her people flowing to and fro through her streets; with the cloud of her smoke; with the mountainous chain of roofs pressing about Notre-Dame range upon range. But, in all that city, the archdeacon saw but one spot on its pave-

ment, the Place du Parvis; in all that crowd, but one figure, that of the gypsy.

It would have been difficult to say what was the nature of that glance, or whence arose the flame that issued from it. It was a fixed gaze, but full of tumult and perturbation. And yet from the profound quiescence of his whole body, scarcely shaken now and then by an involuntary shiver, as a tree by the wind; from the rigidity of his arms, more marble-like than the balustrade on which they leaned; from the petrified smile which contracted his countenance, one might have said that no part of Claude Frollo was alive but his eyes.

The gypsy-girl was dancing, twirling her tambourine on the tip of her finger, and tossing it in the air as she danced Provençal sarabands; agile, light, joyous and unconscious of the formidable gaze which fell directly on her head.

The crowd swarmed around her; from time to time, a man, tricked out in a red and yellow coat, went round to make them keep the ring; then returned, seated himself in a chair a few paces from the dancer, and took the goat's head on his knees. This man appeared to be the companion of the gypsy. Claude Frollo, from his elevated post, could not distinguish his features.

From the moment that the archdeacon

perceived this stranger his attention seemed divided between the dancer and him, and his countenance became more and more sombre. All at once he started up, and a thrill shook his whole frame. "Who can that man be?" he muttered between his teeth. "Until now I have always seen her alone."

He then plunged down under the winding vault of the spiral staircase, and once more descended. In passing the door of the belfry, which was ajar, he saw something which struck him; he beheld Quasimodo, who, leaning out of one of the apertures in those great slate eaves which resemble enormous blinds, was likewise gazing into the Square. He was so absorbed in profound contemplation that he was not aware of his adoptive father passing by. His wild eye had a singular expression; it was a charmed, tender look. "Strange!" murmured Claude; "can it be the Egyptian at whom he is thus looking?" He continued his descent. In a few minutes the moody archdeacon sallied forth into the Square by the door at the base of the tower.

"What has become of the gypsy?" said he, mingling with the group of spectators which the sound of the tambourine had collected.

"I know not," answered one of those nearest him; "she has but just disappeared. I think she is gone to dance some of her fan-

dangos in the house opposite, whither they called her."

In the place of the gypsy-girl, upon the same carpet whose arabesques but a moment before had seemed to vanish beneath the fantastic figures of her dance, the archdeacon saw no one but the red and yellow man, who, in order to earn a few testers in his turn, was parading around the circle, his elbows on his hips, his head thrown back, his face red, his neck outstretched, with a chair between his teeth. On this chair he had tied a cat, which a woman of the neighborhood had lent him, and which was spitting in great affright.

"By Our Lady!" cried the archdeacon, just as the mountebank, perspiring heavily, passed in front of him with his pyramid of chair and cat; "what does Maître Pierre Gringoire there?"

The harsh voice of the archdeacon threw the poor devil into such commotion that he lost his equilibrium, and down fell the whole edifice, chair and cat and all, pell-mell upon the heads of the bystanders in the midst of inextinguishable hootings.

It is probable that Maître Pierre Gringoire (for he indeed it was) would have had a sorry account to settle with the neighbor who owned the cat, and all the bruised and scratched faces around him, if he had not hastened to profit

by the tumult to take refuge in the church, whither Claude Frollo had motioned to him to follow.

The cathedral was already dark and deserted; the transepts were full of shadows, and the lamps of the chapels twinkled like stars, so black had the arched roofs become. Only the great rose-window of the façade, whose thousand tints were steeped in a ray of horizontal sunlight, glistened in the dark like a cluster of diamonds, and threw its dazzling reflection to the other end of the nave.

When they had proceeded a few steps, Dom Claude leaned his back against a pillar and looked steadfastly at Gringoire. This look was not the one which Gringoire had dreaded, ashamed as he was at being surprised by so grave and learned a personage in that merry-andrew garb. There was nothing mocking or ironical in the priest's glance; it was serious, calm and searching. The archdeacon was the first to break silence.

"Come, now, Maître Pierre," said he, "you are to explain many things to me. And first of all, how comes it that you have not been seen these two months, and that now one finds you in the public squares, in rare guise, i' faith, half red, half yellow, like a Caudebec apple?"

"Messire," said Gringoire, piteously, "it is in sooth a monstrous garb, and behold me about as comfortable in it as a cat with a calabash clapped on her head. 'Tis wrong, I admit, to expose messieurs, the sergeants of the watch, to the liability of cudgelling, under this cassock, the shoulders of a Pythagorean philosopher. But what could I do, reverend master? 'Tis the fault of my ancient jerkin, which basely forsook me at the beginning of the winter, under the pretext that it was falling into tatters, and that it required repose in the basket of a rag-picker. What was to be done? Civilization has not yet arrived at the point where one may go stark naked, as ancient Diogenes wished. Add to this, that the wind blew very cold, and the month of January is not the time that one can successfully attempt to make humanity take this new step. This garment offered itself—I took it, and left off my old black frock, which, for a hermetic like myself, was far from being hermetically closed. Behold me, then, in my buffoon's habit, like Saint Genest. What would you have? It's an eclipse. Apollo, you know, tended the swine of Admetus."

"'Tis a fine trade you've taken up," replied the priest.

"I confess, my master, that it's better to

philosophize and poetize—to blow the flame in the furnace, or receive it from heaven—than to wear cats as a coat-of-arms. So, when you addressed me, I felt as foolish as an ass before a roasting-jack. But what was to be done, messire?—one must eat every day; and the finest Alexandrine verses are not so toothsome as a piece of Brie cheese. Now, I composed for the Lady Margaret of Flanders, that famous epithalamium, as you know; and the town has not paid me for it, saying that it was not of the best—as though one could give a tragedy of Sophocles for four crowns. Hence, I was near dying of hunger. Happily, I found that I was rather strong in the jaw; so I said to this jaw: 'Perform some feats of strength and equilibrium—find food for thyself—*Ale te ipsam.*' A pack of vagabonds, who are become my good friends, taught me twenty different kinds of Herculean tricks; and now I give to my teeth every night the bread they have earned during the day by the sweat of my brow. After all, *concedo*, I grant that it is but a sorry employ of my intellectual faculties, and that man is not made to pass his life in playing the tambourine and biting chairs. But, reverend master, one must not only live, but also gain a livelihood."

Dom Claude listened in silence. All at once his hollow eyes assumed an expression so

sagacious and penetrating that Gringoire felt himself, so to speak, searched to the bottom of the soul by that look.

"Very good, Maître Pierre; but how comes it that you are now in company with that gypsy-dancer?"

"I'faith," said Gringoire, "'tis because she is my wife and I am her husband."

The dark eye of the priest flashed fire.

"And hast thou done that, miserable man?" he cried, seizing Gringoire's arm with fury; "and hast thou been so abandoned by God as to lay thy hand upon that girl?"

"By my hope of Paradise, monseigneur," answered Gringoire, trembling in every limb, "I swear to you that I have never touched her—if that be what disturbs you."

"But what speakest thou, then, of husband and wife?" said the priest.

Gringoire eagerly related to him, as succinctly as possible, what the reader already knows—his adventure of the Cour des Miracles, and his marriage by the broken jug. It appeared, moreover, that this marriage had led to no results whatever, and that each evening the gypsy-girl contrived to cheat him of his nuptials, as she had done on the first night. "'Tis a mortification," he said in conclusion; "but that comes of my having had the misfortune to wed a virgin."

"What mean you?" asked the archdeacon, whose agitation had gradually subsided.

"'Tis rather difficult to explain," answered the poet. "'Tis a superstition. My wife is, according to what an old thief, who is called among us the Duke of Egypt, has told me, a foundling—or a lostling, which is the same thing. She wears on her neck an amulet, which it is affirmed will some day cause her to find her parents again, but which would lose its virtue if the young maid were to lose hers. Hence it follows that both of us remain quite virtuous."

"So," resumed Claude, whose brow cleared more and more, "you believe, Maître Pierre, that this creature has not been approached by any man?"

"What chance, Dom Claude, can a man have against a superstition? She has got that into her head. I assuredly esteem as a rarity this nun-like prudery which is preserved untamed amid those gypsy-girls who are so easily brought into subjection. But she has three things to protect her: the Duke of Egypt, who has taken her under his safeguard, reckoning, perchance, that he shall sell her to some gay abbé; her whole tribe, who hold her in singular veneration, like an Our Lady; and a certain tiny poniard, which the sly minx always wears about her in spite of the pro-

vost's ordinances, and which darts forth in her hand when you but clasp her waist. 'Tis a fierce wasp, I can tell you."

The archdeacon pressed Gringoire with questions.

La Esmeralda was, in Gringoire's opinion, an inoffensive, charming, pretty creature, with the exception of the pout peculiar to herself—an artless and warm-hearted girl, ignorant of everything, and enthusiastic about everything, not yet aware of the difference between a man and a woman, even in her dreams; just simple like that; fond, above all things, of dancing, of bustle, of the open air—a sort of a woman bee, with invisible wings on her feet, and living in a perpetual whirl. She owed this disposition to the wandering life she had always led. Gringoire had contrived to ascertain that, while quite a child, she had traversed Spain and Catalonia to Sicily; he believed that she had even been taken by the caravan of Zingari, to which she belonged, to the kingdom of Algiers—a country situated in Achaia—which country adjoins on one side Lesser Albania and Greece, and on the other the Sicilian sea, which is the road to Constantinople. The gypsies, said Gringoire, were vassals to the King of Algiers, in his capacity of chief of the nation of the white Moors. Certain it was that La Esmeralda had come into

France while yet very young, by way of Hungary. From all those countries the girl had brought with her fragments of fantastic jargons, foreign songs and ideas, which made her language as motley as her costume, half Parisian, half African. For the rest, the people of the quarters which she frequented loved her for her gayety, her gracefulness, her lively ways, her dances and her songs. In all the town, she believed herself to be hated by two persons only, of whom she often spoke with dread: the Sachette of the Tour-Roland, a miserable recluse, who bore a secret grudge against gypsy-women, and who cursed the poor dancing-girl every time she passed before her loophole; and a priest who never met her without casting upon her looks and words that affrighted her. The mention of this latter circumstance disturbed the archdeacon greatly, though Gringoire scarcely noticed his perturbation; the two months that had elapsed having been quite sufficient to make the heedless poet forget the singular details of that night when he had first met with the gypsy-girl, and the presence of the archdeacon on that occasion. Otherwise the little dancer feared nothing. She did not tell fortunes, and so was secure from those prosecutions for magic that were so frequently instituted against the gypsy-women. And

then, Gringoire was as a brother to her, if not as a husband. After all, the philosopher very patiently endured this kind of Platonic marriage. At any rate he was sure of food and lodging. Every morning he set out from the headquarters of the Truands, generally with the gypsy-girl; he assisted her in the crossways to gather her harvest of targes (an ancient Burgundian coin) and petits-blancs (an ancient French coin). Every evening he returned with her under the same roof, let her bolt herself in her own little chamber, and slept the sleep of the just—a very agreeable existence on the whole, said he, and very favorable to reverie. And then, in his heart and conscience, the philosopher was not very sure that he was madly in love with the gypsy. He loved her goat almost as much. It was a charming, gentle, intelligent, clever animal; a learned goat. Nothing was more common in the Middle Ages than those learned animals, which excited general wonder, and which frequently brought their instructors to the stake. However, the witchcraft of the goat with the gilded hoofs were very harmless tricks indeed. Gringoire explained them to the archdeacon, whom these particulars seemed to interest deeply. In most cases it was sufficient to present the tambourine to the goat in such or such a manner, in order to obtain from it the trick de-

sired. It had been trained to that by the gypsy, who possessed, in these delicate arts, so rare a talent that two months had sufficed to teach the goat to write with movable letters the word "Phœbus."

"Phœbus!" said the priest. "Why Phœbus?"

"I know not," replied Gringoire; "perhaps it is a word which she believes endowed with some magical and secret virtue. She often repeats it in an undertone when she thinks she is alone."

"Are you sure," rejoined Claude, with his penetrating look, "that it is only a word and not a name?"

"Name of whom?" said the poet.

"How should I know?" said the priest.

"That is what I am thinking, messire; these gypsies are a sort of Guebres, and worship the sun—hence Phœbus."

"That does not seem so clear to me as to you, Maître Pierre."

"After all, that does not concern me. Let her mumble her Phœbus to her heart's content. One thing is certain. Djali loves me almost as much as she does her."

"Who is this Djali?"

"The goat."

The archdeacon dropped his chin into his hand and appeared to reflect for a moment. Then suddenly turning to Gringoire:

"And thou wilt swear that thou hast never touched her?"

"Who?" said Gringoire. "The goat?"

"No—that woman."

"My wife? I swear to you I have not."

"And you are often alone with her?"

"Every evening for a good hour."

Dom Claude knit his brows.

"Oh, ho! *Solus cum solâ non cogitabuntur orare Pater Noster.*" (He alone with her (alone) will not think of saying paternosters.)

"Upon my soul, I might say the *Pater*, and the *Ave Maria*, and the *Credo in Deum patrem omnipotentum* (I believe in God the Father Almighty), without her taking any more notice of me than a hen does of a church."

"Swear to me by thy mother's womb," repeated the archdeacon violently, "that thou hast not so much as touched that creature with the tip of thy finger."

"I could also swear it by my father's head, for the two things have more than one affinity. But, my reverend master, permit me a question in my turn."

"Speak, sir."

"What concern is it of yours?"

The pale face of the archdeacon crimsoned like the cheek of a girl. He kept silence for a moment, then answered with visible embarrassment:

"Hearken, Maître Pierre Gringoire. You are not yet damned, so far as I know. I take an interest in you, and wish you well. Now, the least contact with this Egyptian child of the devil would make you a vassal of Satan. 'Tis the body, you know, which ruins the soul. Woe to you, if you approach that woman. That is all."

"I tried once," said Gringoire, scratching his ear; "it was the first day, but I got stung."

"You had that effrontery, Maître Pierre?" And the priest's brow darkened again.

"Another time," continued the poet, smiling, "before I went to bed, I peeped through the keyhole, and I beheld the most delicious damsel in her shift that ever made a bed creak under her bare foot."

"Get thee gone to the devil!" cried the priest, with a terrible look; and pushing the amazed Gringoire by the shoulders, he plunged with long strides beneath the darkest arches of the cathedral.

III.

THE BELLS

Since his morning on the pillory, the inhabitants in the neighborhood of Notre-Dame thought they noticed that Quasimodo's bell-ringing ardor had grown cool. Formerly the bells were going on all occasions—long matin chimes which lasted from primes to complines; peals from the belfry for high mass; rich scales running up and down the small bells for a wedding or a christening, and mingling in the air like a rich embroidery of all sorts of delightful sounds. The old church, vibrating and sonorous, was in a perpetual joyous whirl of bells. Some spirit of noise and caprice seemed to sing continuously through those mouths of brass. Now that spirit seemed to have departed. The cathedral seemed gloomy and wilfully silent. Festivals and funerals had the simple peal, bare and unadorned—what the ritual demanded, nothing more; of the double sound proceeding from a church, that of the organ within, and of the bells with-

out, the organ alone remained. It seemed as if there was no longer any musician in the steeples. Quasimodo, nevertheless, was still there; what had happened to him, then? was it that the shame and despair of the pillory still rankled in his heart, that the lashes of his tormentor's whip reverberated unceasingly in his soul, and that his grief at such treatment had wholly extinguished in him even his passion for the bells? Or was it rather that Marie had a rival in the heart of the ringer of Notre-Dame, and that the big bell and her fourteen sisters were neglected for something more beautiful and pleasing?

It happened that in the year of Our Lord 1482, the Annunciation fell on Tuesday, the 25th of March. On that day the air was so pure and light that Quasimodo felt some returning affection for his bells. He therefore went up into the northern tower, while the beadle below threw wide open the doors of the church, which were then enormous panels of strong wood, covered with leather, bordered with nails of iron gilt, and framed in carvings "most cunningly wrought."

Having reached the high loft of the belfry, Quasimodo gazed for some time, with a sorrowful shake of the head, on his six songstresses, as if lamenting that some other object

had intruded into his heart between them and him. But when he had set them in motion—when he felt that cluster of bells moving under his hand—when he saw, for he did not hear it, the palpitating octave ascend and descend that sonorous scale like a bird hopping from branch to branch—when the demon of music, that demon who shakes a glittering quiver of stretti, trills and arpeggios, had taken possession of the poor deaf creature, then he became happy once more; he forgot everything, and his heart expanding made his countenance radiant.

He went and came, he clapped his hands; he ran from rope to rope, he encouraged the six chimes with voice and gesture, as a leader of the orchestra spurs on intelligent musicians.

"Go on, Gabrielle," said he, "go on, pour forth all thy sound into the Square; 'tis a festival to-day. No laziness, Thibauld. What! thou'rt lagging! Get on with thee. Art grown rusty, lazybones? That is well!—quick! quick!—let not thy clapper be seen. Make them all deaf like me. Bravo! Thibauld. Guillaume! Guillaume, thou art the biggest, and Pasquier is the smallest, and Pasquier does best. I'll lay anything that those that can hear, hear him better than thee. Good! good! my Gabrielle—harder! harder! Hey! you there, The Sparrows, what are you both about? I don't see

you make the least noise. What's the meaning of those brazen beaks of yours, that seem to be gaping when they ought to be singing? Come—work away! 'tis the Annunciation. The sun is fine, the chime must be fine also. Poor Guillaume—thou art quite out of breath, my big fellow!"

He was wholly absorbed in goading on his bells, which were all six leaping, each better than the other, and shaking their shining haunches like a noisy team of Spanish mules urged forward by the apostrophizings of the muleteer.

All at once, letting his glance fall between the large slate scales which cover, at a certain height, the perpendicular wall of the belfry, he descried on the Square a young girl fantastically dressed, who stopped, spread out on the ground a carpet on which a little goat came and placed itself, and around whom a group of spectators made a circle. This view suddenly changed the course of his ideas, and congealed his musical enthusiasm as a breath of air congeals melted rosin. He stopped, turned his back to the bells, and crouched behind the slate eaves, fixing on the dancer that thoughtful, tender and softened look which had already astonished the archdeacon on one occasion. Meanwhile, the forgotten bells died away abruptly and all together, to the

great disappointment of the lovers of chimes who were listening to the peal in good earnest from off the Pont-au-Change, and who went away dumbfounded, like a dog who has been offered a bone and given a stone.

IV.

ἈΝΆΓΚΗ

(Doom)

It chanced that upon one fine morning in this same month of March—I think it was on Saturday, the 29th, St. Eustache's day—our young college friend, Jehan Frollo du Moulin, perceived, as he was dressing himself, that his breeches, which contained his purse, emitted no metallic sound. "Poor purse!" said he, drawing it forth from his pocket. "What! not one little parisis! How cruelly have dice, beer-pots and Venus depleted thee! Behold thee empty, wrinkled and limp! Thou art like the throat of a fury! I ask you, Messire Cicero and Messire Seneca, whose dog's-eared tomes I see scattered upon the floor, what profits it me to know better than a governor of the mint, or a Jew of the Pont-aux-Changeurs, that a gold écu stamped with the crown is worth thirty-five unzains at twenty-five sous eight deniers parisis each; and that an écu stamped with the crescent is worth thirty-six unzains at twenty-six sous six

deniers tournois apiece, if I have not one miserable black liard to risk upon the double-six? Oh! Consul Cicero! this is not a calamity from which one extricates one's self with periphrases—by *quem-ad-modums* ("after-the-manner-in-whiches") and by *verum-enim-veros* ("but-indeeds").

He dressed himself sadly. A thought struck him as he was lacing his boots, but he at first rejected it; nevertheless, it returned, and he put on his waistcoat wrong side out, an evident sign of a violent internal struggle. At last he dashed his cap vehemently on the ground, and exclaimed: "Be it so! come what may, I'll go to my brother. I shall catch a sermon, but I shall also catch a crown."

He then hastily donned his fur-trimmed jacket, picked up his cap, and rushed out like a madman.

He turned down the Rue de la Harpe, in the direction of the City. Passing the Rue de la Huchette, the odor from those admirable spits, which were incessantly going, tickled his olfactories, and he cast an affectionate glance toward that cyclopean cook-shop which one day drew from Calatagirone, the Franciscan, the pathetic exclamation: *Veramente, queste rotisserie sono cosa stupenda!* (Verily, these cook-shops be stupendous places!) But

Jehan had not the wherewithal to buy a breakfast; and he plunged, with a profound sigh, under the gateway of the Petit-Châtelet, that huge, double trefoil of massive towers which guarded the entrance to the City.

He did not even take the time to throw a stone in passing, as it was then customary, at the wretched statue of that Perinet Leclerc who had given up the Paris of Charles VI. to the English, a crime which his effigy, the face battered with stones and soiled with mud, expiated during three centuries, at the corner of the streets de la Harpe and de Bussy, as in a perpetual pillory.

Crossing the Petit-Pont, and striding down the Rue Neuve-Sainte-Geneviève, Jehan de Molendino found himself in front of Notre-Dame. Then all his indecision returned, and he walked about for some moments around the statue of M. Le Gris, repeating to himself with anguish, "The sermon is sure, the crown piece is doubtful."

He stopped a beadle who was coming from the cloisters—"Where is monsieur the Archdeacon of Josas?"

"I believe he is in his cell in the tower," said the beadle; "and I would not advise you to disturb him there unless you come from some one like the pope or the king himself."

Jehan clapped his hands.

"By Satan! here is a splendid opportunity for seeing the famous sorcery-box!"

Being brought to a decision by this reflection, he boldly entered through the little, dark doorway, and began to ascend the winding staircase of Saint Gilles, which leads to the upper stories of the tower. "I shall see!" he said, as he proceeded. "By the ravens of the Holy Virgin! it must needs be a curious thing, that cell which my reverend brother hides so secretly! 'Tis said that he lights up the kitchens of hell there, and cooks the philosopher's stone over the blaze. Egad! I care as little for the philosopher's stone as for a pebble; and I'd rather find an omelet of Easter eggs fried in lard on his oven than the biggest philosopher's stone in the world!"

Reaching the gallery of little columns, he stopped to breathe a moment, swearing against the interminable staircase by we know not how many million cart-loads of devils; he then continued his ascent by the narrow door of the northern tower, which is now closed to the public. Just after he had passed the cage of the bells, he came upon a little landing-place, built in a lateral recess, and, under the arch, a low pointed door; while a loophole opposite, in the circular wall of the staircase, enabled him to discern its

enormous lock and strong iron bars. Persons desirous of visiting this door at the present time may recognize it by this inscription, in white letters, on the black wall: J'ADORE CORALIE. 1829. *Signé, Ugène.* (I adore Coralie. 1829. Signed, Ugène.) "*Signé*" is in the original.

"Whew!" said the scholar, "'Tis here, no doubt."

The key was in the lock. The door was close to him; he pushed it gently, and put his head through the opening.

The reader has without doubt seen some of those admirable sketches by Rembrandt—that Shakespeare of painting. Among many marvelous engravings there is one especial etching which is supposed to represent Doctor Faustus, and at which it is impossible to look without being dazzled. It represents a gloomy cell; in the middle is a table, loaded with hideous objects—death's heads, spheres, alembics, compasses, hieroglyphic parchments. The doctor is at this table, clad in his coarse great-coat, and covered to the very eyebrows with his fur cap. Only half of his body is seen. He has half risen from his immense armchair, his clenched fists rest on the table, and he is gazing with curiosity and terror at a luminous circle, formed of magic letters, which gleams from the wall in the back-

ground like the solar spectrum in the camera obscura. This cabalistic sun seems to tremble before the eye, and fills the wan cell with its mysterious radiance. It is horrible and it is beautiful.

Something very similar to Faust's cell appeared to Jehan when he ventured to put his head in at the half-open door. It was a similar, gloomy, dimly-lighted retreat. There also was a large armchair and a large table; compasses; alembics; skeletons of animals suspended from the ceiling; a globe rolling on the floor; hippocephali pell-mell with glass jars in which quivered leaf gold; skulls placed on parchments scrawled over with figures and letters; thick manuscripts piled up, all open, without any pity for the cracking corners of the parchment; in short, all the rubbish of science; dust and cobwebs covering the whole heap; but there was no circle of luminous letters, no doctor in ecstasy, contemplating the flaming vision as the eagle gazes at the sun.

And yet the cell was not deserted. A man sat in the armchair, bending over the table. Jehan, to whom his back was turned, could only see his shoulders and the back of his head; but he had no difficulty in recognizing that bald head, which Nature had provided with an everlasting tonsure, as if wishing to

mark, by this outward symbol, the archdeacon's irresistible clerical vocation.

Jehan accordingly recognized his brother; but the door had been opened so gently that Dom Claude was not aware of his presence. The inquisitive student availed himself of the opportunity to examine the cell for a few moments at his leisure. A large furnace, which he had not at first observed, was to the left of the armchair, beneath the dormer-window. The ray of light which penetrated through this aperture made its way through the circular web of a spider, which tastefully inscribed its delicate rose in the arch of the window, and in whose centre the insect architect hung motionless, like the nave of this lace wheel. On the furnace were heaped in disorder all sorts of vessels—earthenware flasks, glass retorts, coal mattresses. Jehan noticed with a sigh that there was not a single saucepan. "The kitchen utensils are cold!" thought he.

In fact, there was no fire in the furnace, nor did it appear to have been lighted for a considerable time. A glass mask, which Jehan noted among the alchemist's tools, and doubtless used to protect the archdeacon's face when handling any dangerous substance, lay in a corner, covered with dust, and apparently forgotten. Beside it lay a pair of bellows, equally dusty, the upper side of

which bore this motto encrusted in letters of copper—*Spira, spera!* (Blow, and hope!)

Other mottoes were, according to the custom of the hermetic philosophers, written on the walls in great number; some traced in ink, others engraved with a metallic point. There were, moreover, Gothic, Hebrew, Greek and Roman characters, pell-mell together; inscriptions overflowing at random, one upon the other, the newest effacing the oldest, and all entangled together like the branches in a thicket, or pikes in an affray. It was, in fact, a confused medley of all human philosophy, thought and knowledge. Here and there one shone out above the rest like a banner amid the spear-heads. Generally, it was some brief Latin or Greek device, such as the Middle Ages knew so well how to formulate: *Undè? Indè?* (Whence? Thence?) *Homo homini monstrum!* (Man a marvel to man.) *Astra, castra, nomen, numen.* (Thy stars, my camp; thy name, my power.) *Μέγα βιβλίον μέγα ηαηόν.* (A great book, a great evil.) *Sapere aude.* (Dare to know.) *Fiat ubi vult.* (It bloweth whither it listeth.) Etc. Sometimes a word apparently devoid of all meaning, as *'Αναγηοψαγία* (Hard fare)—which perhaps concealed some bitter allusion to the monastic system; sometimes a simple maxim

of clerical discipline, set forth in a regular hexameter:

"Cælestem dominum, terrestrem dicito domnum."

There were also Hebrew hieroglyphics, of which Jehan, who as yet knew even little Greek, understood nothing; and the whole was crossed in all directions with stars, figures of men or animals, and triangles intersecting each other; which contributed in no small degree to liken the daubed wall of the cell to a sheet of paper over which a monkey has been dragging about a penful of ink.

The general appearance of the cell, in short, was one of neglect and ruin; and the sorry condition of the utensils led to the conjecture that their owner had for some time been distracted from his labors by other cares.

This master, however, bending over a vast manuscript, adorned with singular paintings, seemed tormented with a thought which mingled constantly with his meditations. At least, so Jehan judged from hearing him exclaim, with the pensive pauses of a dreamer, who thinks aloud:

"Yes; so Manou asserted and Zoroaster taught! the sun is born of fire; the moon of the sun. Fire is the soul of the universe; its elementary atoms are diffused and in constant flow throughout the world, by an infinite

number of channels. At the points where these currents cross each other in the heavens they produce light; at their points of intersection in the earth they produce gold. Light—gold; the same thing. From fire to the concrete state. The difference between the visible and the palpable, the fluid and the solid, in the same substance—between steam and ice—nothing more. These are not mere dreams; it is the general law of Nature. But how are we to wrest from science the secret of this general law? Why! this light which bathes my hand is gold! these same atoms expanded in harmony with a certain law only require to be condensed in accordance with a certain other law! And how? Some have thought it was by burying a sunbeam. Averroës — yes, it was Averroës — Averroës interred one under the first column to the left in the sanctuary of the Koran, in the great mosque of Cordova; but the vault may not be opened, to see if the operation be successful, until eight thousand years have passed."

"The devil!" said Jehan to himself, "here's a long while to wait for a crown."

"Others have thought," continued the archdeacon, musing, "that it would be better to operate upon a ray of Sirius. But it is difficult to obtain one of his rays pure, be-

cause of the simultaneous presence of other stars, whose rays mingle with it. Flamel esteemed it more simple to operate upon terrestrial fire. Flamel! there's predestination in the name! *Flamma!*—Yes, fire. That is all. The diamond is in charcoal; gold is in fire. But how to extract it? Magistri affirms that there are certain feminine names which possess a charm so sweet and mysterious that it suffices to pronounce them during the operation. Let us read what Manou says on the matter: 'Where women are honored, the divinities rejoice; where they are despised, it is useless to pray to God. A woman's mouth is ever pure; it is like running water, like a sunbeam. A woman's name should be pleasing, soft and fanciful, should end with a long vowel, and resemble words of benediction.' Yes, the sage is right; in truth, Maria—Sophia—Esmeral . . . Damnation! Again that thought."

And he closed the book with violence.

He passed his hand across his brow, as if to drive away the idea which possessed him; then he took from the table a nail and a small hammer, the handle of which was curiously painted in cabalistic characters.

"For some time," said he, with a bitter smile, "I have failed in all my experiments; one idea possesses me, and sears my brain like

a red-hot iron. I have not even been able to discover the secret of Cassiodoros, whose lamp burned without wick or oil—and yet a simple matter."

"A plague upon it!" said Jehan through his teeth.

"A single wretched thought, then," continued the priest, "is enough to make a man weak or mad! Oh! how Claude Pernelle would laugh at me—she who could not for a moment turn aside Nicolas Flamel from his pursuit of the great work! What! I hold in my hand the magic hammer of Ezekiel! At every blow which the formidable rabbi, from the depths of his cell, struck upon this nail with this hammer, that one of his enemies whom he had condemned, were he two thousand leagues off, sank a cubit's depth into the earth, which swallowed him up. The king of France himself, in consequence of having one evening inconsiderately knocked at the door of the thaumaturgus, sank up to the knees in the pavement of his own city of Paris. This happened three centuries ago. Well! I have the hammer and the nail, and yet these implements are no more formidable in my hands than a club in the hands of a maker of edged tools. And yet it is only necessary to discover the magic word which Ezekiel pronounced as he struck upon the nail."

"Nonsense!" thought Jehan.

"Come, let us try," resumed the archdeacon, eagerly. "If I succeed, I shall behold a blue spark flash from the head of the nail. *Emen-hetan! Emen-hetan!* That's not it. *Sigeani! Sigeani!* May this nail open the grave for whosoever bears the name of Phœbus! . . . A curse upon it! still, again, eternally the same idea!"

And he flung the hammer from him angrily. Then he sank so deep into his armchair and over the table that Jehan lost sight of him behind the high back of the chair. For some moments he saw nothing but his fist convulsively clenched upon a book. All at once, Dom Claude arose, took a pair of compasses, and silently engraved upon the wall, in capital letters, this Greek word:

ΑΝΑΓΚΗ.

"My brother is mad," said Jehan to himself; "it would have been much simpler to have written *Fatum*—every one is not obliged to know Greek."

The archdeacon resumed his seat in his armchair, and leaned his head on both his hands, like a sick man whose brow is heavy and burning.

The student watched his brother in sur-

prise. He, who carried his heart in his hand, who observed no other law in the world but the good old law of Nature, who allowed his passions to flow according to their natural tendency, and in whom the lake of powerful emotions was always dry, so assiduous was he every morning in making new channels to drain it—he knew not how furiously the sea of the human passions ferments and boils when all egress is denied to it, how it accumulates, how it swells, how it overflows, how it hollows out the heart, how it breaks forth in repressed sobs and stifled convulsions, until it has rent its dykes and burst its bed. The austere and icy exterior of Claude Frollo, that cold surface of rugged and inaccessible virtue, had always misled Jehan. The jovial student had never dreamt of the lava, deep and furious, which boils beneath the snowy crest of Ætna.

We know not whether any sudden perception of this kind crossed his mind; but, feather-brain though he was, he understood that he had seen what he ought not to have seen, that he had surprised the soul of his elder brother in one of its most secret attitudes—and that he must not let Claude perceive it. Seeing that the archdeacon had relapsed into his former immobility, he withdrew his head very softly, and made some noise with his feet outside the door, like some

one just arriving and giving notice of his approach.

"Come in," cried the archdeacon from the interior of his cell. "I was expecting you; I left the key in the door purposely; come in, Maître Jacques."

The student entered boldly. The archdeacon, much annoyed by such a visit in such a place, started in his chair. "What! is it you, Jehan?"

"'Tis a J, at any rate," said the student, with his ruddy, merry and impudent face.

The countenance of Dom Claude resumed its usual, severe expression.

"What brings you hither?"

"Brother," replied the student, endeavoring to assume a decent, serious and modest demeanor, twirling his cap in his hands with an air of innocence, "I am come to ask of you—"

"What?"

"A little moral lecture, of which I have great need." Jehan dared not add aloud, "and a little money, of which I have still greater need." This last part of his sentence remained unuttered.

"Sir," said the archdeacon in a cold tone, "I am greatly displeased with you."

"Alas!" sighed the student.

Dom Claude turned half around in his

chair and looked steadily at Jehan: "I am very glad to see you."

This was a formidable exordium. Jehan prepared for a rough encounter.

"Jehan, I hear complaints of you every day. What affray was that in which you beat with a cudgel a certain little viscount, Albert de Ramonchamp?"

"Oh!" said Jehan; "a vast thing that! a scurvy page amused himself with splashing the students by making his horse gallop through the mire."

"How about that Mahiet Fargel, whose gown you tore? *Tunicam dechiraverunt*, (They have torn the robe,) saith the complaint."

"Pshaw! a sorry Montaigu hood! that's all."

"The accusation says *tunicam*—not *cappettam*. Do you know Latin?"

Jehan made no answer.

"Yes," continued the priest, shaking his head, "this is what study and letters are come to now! The Latin tongue is scarcely understood; the Syriac unknown; the Greek so odious that it is not considered ignorance in the most learned to skip a Greek word without reading it, and to say: *Græcum est, non legitur*. (It is Greek, it is not read.)

The student raised his eyes boldly. "Mon-

sieur my brother, doth it please you that I shall explain in good French vernacular that Greek word which is written yonder on the wall?"

"What word?"

"'Ανάγκη."

A slight flush spread over the high cheek-bones of the archdeacon, like the puff of smoke announcing externally the secret commotions of a volcano. The student hardly noticed it.

"Well, Jehan," stammered the elder brother, with an effort, "what is the meaning of yonder word?"

"Fate."

Dom Claude turned pale again, and the student pursued carelessly:

"And that word below it, graven by the same hand, *Αναγνεία*, signifies impurity. You see I know my Greek."

The archdeacon remained silent. This Greek lesson had set him musing.

Master Jehan, who had all the cunning of a spoiled child, judged the moment a favorable one to venture his request. Assuming, therefore, a particularly soft tone, he began:

"My dear brother, do you hate me so, then, as to look grim at me on account of a few paltry cuffs and blows dealt, in fair fight, amongst a pack of boys and marmosets, *qui-*

busdam marmosetis? You see I know my Latin, brother Claude."

But all this fawning hypocrisy had not its accustomed effect on the severe elder brother. Cerberus did not bite at the honey-cake. The archdeacon's brow did not lose a single wrinkle.

"What are you driving at?" said he, dryly.

"Well, in point of fact, this," answered Jehan, bravely, "I need money."

At this bold declaration the archdeacon's face assumed quite a pedagogic and paternal expression:

"You know, Master Jehan, that our fief of Tirechappe only brings in, including both the quit-rents and the rents of the twenty-one houses, thirty-nine pounds eleven pence six Paris farthings. It's half as much again as in the time of the brothers Paclet; but it is not much."

"I need money," said Jehan, stoically.

"You know that the official decided that our twenty-one houses were held in full fee of the bishopric, and that we could only redeem this homage by paying to his reverence the bishop two marks of silver gilt, at six Paris pounds each. Now these two marks I have not yet been able to get together. You know it."

"I know that I need money," repeated Jehan, for the third time.

"And what would you do with it?"

This question caused a flash of hope to gleam before Jehan's eyes. He resumed his demure, caressing manner.

"Hark you, dear brother Claude—I would not come to you with any evil intention. It is not to cut a dash in the taverns with your money, or to parade the streets of Paris in gold brocade trappings, with my lackeys—*cum meo laquasio.* No, brother; 'tis for a good work."

"What good work?" asked Claude, somewhat surprised.

"Two of my friends wish to purchase an outfit for the infant of a poor Haudriette widow—it is a charity—it will cost three florins, and I should like to contribute my share."

"What are the names of your two friends?"

"Pierre l'Assommeur and Baptiste Croque-Oison." (Peter the Slaughterer and Baptist Crack-Gosling.)

"Humph!" said the archdeacon; "those are names as fit for a good work as a catapult for the high altar."

It is certain that Jehan had chosen very badly the names of his two friends. He realized it too late.

"And then," continued the shrewd Claude, "what sort of an infant's outfit is it that is to

cost three florins, and that for the child of a Haudriette? Since when have the Haudriette widows taken to having brats in swaddling-clothes?"

Jehan broke the ice once more.—"Well, then, I want some money to go and see Isabeau la Thierrye, to-night, at the Val d'Amour."

"Impure wretch!" exclaimed the priest.

"*Ἀναγνεία!*" (Impurity!) said Jehan.

This quotation, which the student borrowed, perhaps mischievously, from the wall of the cell, had a singular effect upon the priest. He bit his lip, and his wrath was extinguished in a crimson flush.

"Begone!" said he to Jehan; "I am expecting some one."

The scholar made one more effort.

"Brother Claude, give me, at least, one little farthing for something to eat."

"How far have you got in the decretals of Gratian?" asked Dom Claude.

"I've lost my copy-books."

"Where are you in the Latin humanities?"

"Somebody has stolen my copy of Horatius."

"Where are you in Aristotle?"

"I' faith, brother, what father of the Church is it who says the errors of heretics have ever found shelter amid the thickets of Aristotle's

metaphysics? A fig for Aristotle! I'll never mangle my religion with his metaphysics."

"Young man," continued the archdeacon, "at the king's last entry there was a gentleman, named Philippe de Comines, who wore embroidered on the housings of his horse this device, upon which I counsel you to meditate: *Qui non laborat non manducet.*" (He who labors not eats not.)

The student remained silent a moment, his finger in his ear, his eyes bent on the ground, and an angry countenance.

All at once he turned toward Claude with the brisk motion of a water-wagtail.

"So, good brother, you refuse to give me a penny to buy me a crust at the baker's?"

"*Qui non laborat non manducet.*"

At this answer of the inflexible archdeacon, Jehan hid his head between his hands, like a woman sobbing, and exclaimed, with an expression of despair, "*Ο τοτοτοτοτοί!*" (An exclamation indicative of despair.)

"What does all this mean, sir?" asked Claude, amazed at this outburst.

"What, indeed?" said the student, and he looked up at Claude with impudent eyes, into which he had been rubbing his fists, to make them look as if they were red with tears; "it is Greek—'tis an anapest of Æschylus which expresses grief perfectly."

And here he burst into a laugh, so droll and so ungovernable that the archdeacon could not help smiling. It was in fact Claude's fault: why had he so spoiled this boy?

"Oh, good brother Claude," continued Jehan, emboldened by this smile, "see now my broken buskins. Can any tragedy in the world be more pathetic than boots whose soles are hanging out their tongues?"

The archdeacon had quickly resumed his former sternness. "I will send you new boots, but no money."

"Only one poor little penny, brother," persisted the suppliant Jehan. "I'll learn Gratian by heart—I'll believe well in God—I'll be a perfect Pythagoras of science and virtue! Only one little penny, for pity's sake! Would you have me devoured by famine, whose jaws are gaping before me, blacker, deeper and more noisome than Tartarus or than a monk's nose?"

Dom Claude shook his wrinkled head—"*Qui non laborat . . .*"

Jehan did not let him finish.

"Well, then," cried he, "to the devil! Now for a joyous time! I'll go to the tavern—I'll fight—I'll break pots, and go and see the wenches!"

Thereupon he hurled his cap at the wall, and snapped his fingers like castanets.

The archdeacon eyed him with gloomy look.

"Jehan, you have no soul."

"In that case, according to Epicurus, I lack a something, made of another something, which has no name."

"Jehan, you must think seriously of reform."

"Oh, come now," cried the student, looking alternately at his brother and at the alembics on the furnace, "everything's atwist here; I see—ideas as well as bottles."

"Jehan, you are on a very slippery, downward path; know you whither you are going?"

"To the tavern," said Jehan.

"The tavern leads to the pillory."

"'Tis a lantern like any other, and 'twas perhaps the one with which Diogenes found his man."

"The pillory leads to the gallows."

"The gallows is a balance which has a man at one end and the whole world at the other. 'Tis fine to be the man."

"The gallows leads to hell."

"That's a rousing fire."

"Jehan, Jehan! The end will be bad."

"'Twill have had a good beginning."

At this moment the sound of a footfall was heard on the stairs.

"Silence!" said the archdeacon, putting his finger to his lip; "here is Maître Jacques. Hark

you, Jehan," added he, in a low tone, "beware of ever speaking of what you have seen and heard here. Hide yourself quickly under this furnace, and do not breathe."

The student crept under the furnace, and there a happy thought struck him.

"By the way, brother Claude—a florin for not breathing!"

"Silence! I promise it."

"You must give it to me."

"Take it, then!" said the archdeacon, throwing him his pouch angrily. Jehan crept under the furnace again, and the door opened.

V.

THE TWO MEN IN BLACK

The personage who entered wore a black gown and a gloomy mien. What, at the first glance, struck our friend Jehan (who, as may well be supposed, so placed himself in his corner as to be able to see and hear everything at his good pleasure) was the perfect sadness of the garb and the countenance of this new-comer. A certain meekness at the same time overspread that face; but it was the meekness of a cat, or of a judge—a sort of affected gentleness. He was very gray and wrinkled, bordering on sixty; his eyes blinked, his eyebrows were white, his lip pendulous and his hands large. When Jehan saw that it was nobody—that is, probably, only a physician or a magistrate—and that this man's nose was at a great distance from his mouth, a sign of stupidity, he ensconced himself in his hole, in despair at having to pass an indefinite length of time in such an uncomfortable position, and in such poor company.

The archdeacon, meanwhile, had not even risen to receive this person. He motioned to him to be seated on a stool near the door; and after a few moments' silence, during which he seemed to be pursuing a previous meditation, he said to him in a somewhat patronizing tone, "Good-day, Maître Jacques."

"Greeting, maître," replied the man in black.

In the two ways of pronouncing, on the one hand, this *Maître Jacques*, and, on the other, this *maître* by itself, the difference being my lord and sir, between *domine* (sir) and *domne* (sire). It clearly bespoke the teacher and the disciple.

"Well," resumed the archdeacon, after another silence, which Maître Jacques took good care not to break, "are you succeeding?"

"Alas! maître," said the other with a sorrowful smile; "I keep on blowing. Plenty of ashes, but not a spark of gold."

Dom Claude made a gesture of impatience.

"I was not talking of that, Maître Jacques Charmolue, but of the trial of your magician—is it not Marc Cenaine that you call him?—the butler of the Court of Accounts? Does he confess his sorcery? Have you been successful with the torture?"

"Alas, no!" replied Maître Jacques, still

with his sad smile, "we have not that consolation. That man is a stone; we might boil him at the Pig-market before he would say anything. However, we spare no pains to get at the truth. He has already every joint dislocated. We are trying everything we can think of, as saith the old comic writer Plautus:

Advorsum stimulos, laminas, crucesque, compedesque,
Nervos, catenas, carceres, numellas, pedicas, boias.

(Against the whips, the searing-irons, and the crosses and the fetters,
The cords, the chains, the prisons, the stocks, the shackles, the collars.)

But all to no purpose—that man is terrible; I lose my labor with him."

"You have found nothing further in his house?"

"I'faith, yes," said Maître Jacques, fumbling in his pouch; "this parchment. There are words in it which we do not understand. Monsieur the criminal advocate, Philippe Lheuiler, knows, however, a little Hebrew, which he learned in that affair of the Jews of the Kantersten street, at Brussels."

So saying, Maître Jacques unrolled a parchment.

"Give it here," said the archdeacon. And casting his eyes over the scroll, "Pure magic, Maître Jacques!" cried he. "*Emen-*

hetan! that is the cry of the witches as they appear at their Sabbath. *Per ipsum, et cum ipso, et in ipso!* (Through Him, and with Him, and in Him!) that is the command which chains the devil down in hell again. *Hax, pax, max!* that has to do with medicine. A spell against the bite of mad dogs. Maître Jacques! you are king's attorney in the ecclesiastical court—this parchment is abominable."

"We will put the man to the torture again. Here again," added Maître Jacques rummaging again in his bag, "is something we found at Marc Cenaine's."

It was a vessel belonging to the same family as those which covered the furnace of Dom Claude. "Ah!" said the archdeacon, "a crucible for alchemy!"

"I confess to you," replied Maître Jacques, with his timid and constrained smile, "that I have tried it over the furnace; but I have succeeded no better with it than with my own."

The archdeacon set about examining the vessel. "What has he engraved on his crucible?—*Och! och!*—the word to drive away fleas! This Marc Cenaine is an ignoramus. I can easily believe you will not make gold with this! it will do to put in your alcove in the summer, and that is all."

"Since we are talking of errors," said the

king's attorney, "I have just been studying the figures on the portal below, before ascending hither. Is your reverence quite sure that the opening of the work of physics is there portrayed on the side toward the Hôtel-Dieu, and that, among the seven nude figures at the feet of Our Lady, that which has wings on his heels is Mercurius?"

"Yes," replied the priest; "'tis Augustin Nypho who writes it, that Italian doctor who had a bearded demon that acquainted him with all things. But we will go down, and I will explain to you from the text."

"Thanks, my maître," said Charmolue, bowing to the ground. "By-the-way, I was on the point of forgetting! When doth it please you that I shall apprehend the little sorceress?"

"What sorceress?"

"That gypsy-girl, you know, who comes and dances every day on the Parvis, in spite of the official's prohibition. She has a goat with devil's horns, which is possessed; it reads and writes, understands mathematics like Picatrix, and would suffice to hang all Bohemia. The prosecution is all ready; 'twill soon be got through with. A pretty creature, I warrant on my soul, that dancer—the handsomest black eyes!—two Egyptian carbuncles! When shall we begin?"

The archdeacon was excessively pale.

"I will let you know," he stammered, in a voice scarcely articulate; then he resumed with an effort, "Look you to Marc Cenaine."

"Never fear," said Charmolue, smiling; "when I get back I'll have him buckled on the bed of leather again. But he's a devil of a man—he wearies Pierrat Torterue himself, who hath hands larger than my own. As the excellent Plautus saith—

Nudus vinctus, centum pondo, es quando pendes perpedes.

(Bound naked, thou art a hundred weight when thou hangest by the feet.)

"The torture of the wheel! That is the best we have; he shall take a turn at that."

Dom Claude seemed absorbed in gloomy reverie. He turned toward Charmolue.

"Maître Pierrat . . . Maître Jacques, I mean—look to Marc Cenaine."

"Yes, yes, Dom Claude. Poor man! he will have suffered like Mummol. But what an idea! a butler of the Court of Accounts, who must know the text of Charlemagne, *Stryga vel masca,* (Witch or vampire,) to attend the witches' sabbath. As for the girl—'Smeralda, as they call her—I will await your orders. Ah! as we go through the portal,

you will explain to me the gardener painted in fresco, that one sees on entering the church—the Sower, is it not? Eh, maître, what are you thinking about?"

Dom Claude, plunged in his own thoughts, heard him no longer. Charmolue, following the direction of his eye, saw that it was fixed mechanically on the large spider's web stretched across the small window. At this moment, a giddy fly, attracted by the March sun, flew into this net and became entangled in it. Upon the vibration of the web, the enormous spider made a sudden rush from his central cell; then at one bound sprang upon the fly, which he bent double with his fore-antennæ, while with his hideous proboscis he scooped out its head. "Poor fly!" said the king's attorney of the ecclesiastical court; and he raised his hand to save it. The archdeacon, as if starting out of sleep, held back his arm with convulsive violence.

"Maître Jacques," cried he, "meddle not with fate!"

The king's procurator turned in alarm. It seemed as if his arm were held by iron pincers. The eye of the priest was fixed, haggard, wild, and remained glaring on the horrible little group of the spider and the fly.

"Oh! yes," continued the priest, in a voice which seemed to issue from his very

bowels; "there is the universal symbol! She flies—she is joyous—she emerges into life—she courts the spring, the open air, liberty! Oh! yes, but she strikes against the fatal network—the spider issues from it, the hideous spider! Poor dancer! poor predestined fly! Maître Jacques, I do not interfere! 'tis fate! Alas! Claude, thou art the spider! Claude, thou art also the fly! Thou didst hasten on in search of knowledge, of light, of the sun. Thy only thought was to reach the pure air, the broad day of eternal truth; but, in rushing toward the dazzling loophole which opens upon another world—a world of brightness, of intellect, of science—infatuated fly! insensate sage! thou didst not see the subtle web suspended by destiny between the light and thee. Thou didst madly dash thyself against it, wretched maniac—and now thou dost struggle, with crushed head and mangled wings, between the iron antennæ of fate! Maître Jacques, Maître Jacques, let the spider do its work!"

"I assure you," said Charmolue, who looked at him without comprehending, "that I will not touch it. But let go my arm, maître, for mercy's sake! you have a hand like a vise."

The archdeacon heard him not. "Oh! fool!" continued he, without taking his eyes off the window. "And even couldst thou have broken through that formidable web,

with thy frail wings, thoughtest thou to have attained the light? Alas! that glass beyond—that transparent obstacle—that wall of crystal harder than brass, which separates all philosophy from the truth—how couldst thou have passed beyond it? Oh! vanity of science! how many sages have come fluttering from afar, to dash their heads against it! How many systems come buzzing to rush pell-mell against this eternal window!"

He was silent. These last ideas, which had insensibly brought back his thoughts from himself to science, appeared to have calmed him. Jacques Charmolue brought him back completely to a sense of reality by addressing to him this question: "Come now, my maître, when will you come and help me to make gold? I long to succeed."

The archdeacon shook his head with a bitter smile. "Maître Jacques, read Michael Psellus, *Dialogus de energiâ et operatione dæmonum.* (Dialogue—philosophical—on the power and agency of evil spirits). What we are doing is not altogether innocent."

"Speak lower, maître! I fear you are right," said Charmolue. "But one must practise a little hermetic philosophy when one is but a poor king's attorney of the ecclesiastical court, at thirty crowns tournois a year. Only, let us speak low."

At that moment the noise of jaws in the act of mastication, proceeding from under the furnace, struck upon the anxious ear of Charmolue.

"What is that?" he asked.

It was the student, who, very cramped and uneasy in his hiding-place, had managed to discover a stale crust and a corner of mouldy cheese, and had begun to eat, without further ceremony, by way of consolation and breakfast. As he was very hungry, he made a great noise, laying strong emphasis on each mouthful, and this it was that had startled and alarmed the king's attorney.

"'Tis a cat of mine," said the archdeacon, quickly, "regaling herself under there with a mouse."

This explanation satisfied Charmolue.

"Why, indeed, maître," answered he, with a respectful smile, "every great philosopher has his familiar animal. You know what Servius says—*Nullis enim locus sine genio est.*" (For there is no place without its genius.)

Meanwhile Dom Claude, fearing some new prank of Jehan, reminded his worthy disciple that they had some figures on the portal to study together; and they both quitted the cell, with an exclamation from the student who began seriously to fear that his knees would bear the mark of his chin.

VI.

THE EFFECT WHICH SEVEN OATHS PRODUCE IN THE OPEN AIR

"*Te Deum laudamus!*" (We praise thee, O God!) exclaimed Master Jehan, issuing from his hole, "the two screech-owls are gone at last. *Och! och!—Hax! pax! max!*—fleas! mad dogs! the devil! I've had enough of their conversation! My head rings like a belfry. Mouldy cheese into the bargain! Whew! let me get down and take the big brother's purse to convert all these coins into bottles."

He cast a glance of tenderness and admiration into the precious pouch; adjusted his dress; rubbed up his boots; dusted his poor furred sleeves, all gray with ashes; whistled an air; cut a caper; looked around to see if there was anything else in the cell that he could take; scraped up here and there from the furnace some amulet of glassware by way of trinket to give to Isabeau la Thierrye; finally pushed open the door which his brother had left unfastened as a last indulgence, and which he in turn left open as a last piece of mischief;

and descended the winding stairs, skipping like a bird.

In the midst of the darkness of the spiral way he elbowed something, which drew aside with a growl. He presumed that it was Quasimodo; and it struck him as so droll that he descended the rest of the stairs holding his sides with laughter, and was still laughing when he got out into the Square.

He stamped his foot when he found himself again on the ground. "Oh!" said he, "good and honorable pavement of Paris! Cursed stairs, fit to put the angels of Jacob's ladder out of breath! What was I thinking of to thrust myself into that stone gimlet which pierces the sky, and all to eat bearded cheese and to look at the steeples of Paris through a hole in the wall!"

He advanced a few steps, and caught sight of the two screech-owls, that is to say, Dom Claude and Maître Jacques Charmolue, contemplating one of the carvings on the portal. He approached them on tiptoe, and heard the archdeacon say in a whisper to Charmolue: "It was William of Paris who had a Job engraven on that stone of the hue of lapis-lazuli, gilded on the edges. Job represents the philosopher's stone, which must be tried and tortured in order to become perfect, as saith Raymond Lulle—*Sub conservatione formæ*

specificæ salva anima. (Under the preservation of a specific form save your souls.)

"That is all one to me," said Jehan; "'tis I who have the purse."

At that moment he heard a powerful and sonorous voice behind him pour forth a formidable volley of oaths:—"*Sang-Dieu! Ventre-Dieu! Bé-Dieu! Corps de Dieu! Nombril de Belzébuth! Nom d'un pape! Corne et tonniere!*" (By the blood of God! by the belly of God! by God! by the body of God! by the belly of Beelzebub! by the name of the pope! horns and thunder!)

"My life for it," exclaimed Jehan; "that can be none other than my friend Captain Phœbus."

This name of Phœbus reached the ears of the archdeacon just as he was explaining to the king's attorney the dragon hiding his tail in a bath from whence issued smoke and a king's head. Dom Claude started, stopped short, to the great astonishment of Charmolue, turned round, and saw his brother Jehan accosting a tall officer at the door of the Gondelaurier mansion.

It was, in fact, Captain Phœbus de Chateaupers. He was leaning against the corner of the house of his betrothed, and swearing like a Turk.

"By my faith, Captain Phœbus," said

Jehan, grasping his hand, "you swear with a rare fancy."

"Blood and thunder!" replied the captain.

"Blood and thunder yourself!" rejoined the student. "How now, gentle captain? Whence comes this overflow of fine phrases?"

"Pardon me, good comrade Jehan," cried Phœbus, shaking him by the hand; "a galloping horse cannot stop short. Now, I was swearing at full gallop. I've just left those silly women, and when I come away I always find my throat full of curses; I must spit them out or strangle—blood and thunder!"

"Will you come and drink?" asked the student.

This proposal calmed the captain.

"I fain would, but I have no money."

"But I have."

"Nonsense! let's see it."

Jehan displayed the pouch before the captain's eyes with dignity and simplicity. Meanwhile, the archdeacon, having left Charmolue quite astounded, had approached them, and halted a few paces distant, watching them both without their noticing him, so absorbed were they in looking at the pouch.

Phœbus exclaimed: "A purse in your pocket, Jehan! 'tis the moon in a bucket of water; one sees it, but 'tis not there; there is

nothing but the reflection. Egad! I will wager they are but pebbles."

Jehan replied coldly, "Here are the pebbles wherewith I pave my fob."

And without adding another word he emptied the pouch upon a neighboring post with the air of a Roman saving his country.

"True god!" growled Phœbus—"Targes! big and little silver pieces! coppers, every two worth one of Tournay! Paris farthings! and real eagle liards. 'Tis dazzling."

Jehan remained dignified and unmoved. A few liards rolled into the mud; the captain, in his enthusiasm, stooped to pick them up. Jehan withheld him—"Fie, Captain Phœbus de Chateaupers!"

Phœbus counted the coins; and, turning with solemn look toward Jehan, "Know you, Jehan," said he, "that here are three and twenty Paris pence? Whom did you rifle last night in Rue Coupe-Gueule (cut-gullet)?"

Jehan flung back his blonde, curly head, and said, half closing his eyes disdainfully, "One may have a brother who is an archdeacon and a simpleton!"

"Horns of the devil!" cried Phœbus, "the worthy man!"

"Let's go and drink," said Jehan.

"Where shall we go?" said Phœbus; "to La Pomme d'Eve?"

"No, captain; let us go to the Vieille-Science—An old woman (*vieille*) who saws (*scie*) a basket-handle (*anse*). 'Tis a rebus, and I like that."

"A plague on rebuses, Jehan; the wine is better at the Pomme d'Eve; and then, by the side of the door there's a vine in the sun which cheers me while I'm drinking."

"Very well, then; here goes for Eve and her apple," said the student, taking Phœbus by the arm. "By the way, my dear captain, you said just now, Rue Coupe-Gueule (cut-gullet). That is a very bad form of speech; we are no longer so barbarous—we say Rue Coupe Gorge (cut-throat)."

The two friends set out toward Pomme d'Eve. It is needless to say that they first gathered up the money, and that the archdeacon followed them.

The archdeacon followed them haggard and gloomy. Was this the Phœbus whose accursed name, ever since his interview with Gringoire, had been mingled with all his thoughts? He knew not; but it was at least a Phœbus; and that magic name was sufficient inducement for the archdeacon to follow the two heedless comrades with stealthy step, listening to their words and observing their slightest gestures with anxious attention. Indeed, nothing was easier than to hear everything they said, so

loud they talked, not in the least concerned that the passers-by were taken into their confidence. They talked of duels, wenches, flagons and frolics.

At the turn of a street, the sound of a tambourine reached them from a neighboring crossway. Dom Claude heard the officer say to the student, "Thunder! let us hasten our steps."

"Why, Phœbus?"

"I am afraid lest the gypsy will see me."

"What gypsy?"

"The little one with a goat."

"La 'Smeralda?"

"The same, Jehan. I always forget her devil of a name. Let us make haste; she will recognize me, and I would not wish that girl to accost me in the streets."

"Are you then acquainted with her, Phœbus?"

Here the archdeacon saw Phœbus chuckle, stoop to Jehan's ear, and whisper a few words in it; Phœbus then burst into a laugh, and tossed his head with a triumphant air.

"For a truth?" said Jehan.

"On my soul!" said Phœbus.

"This evening?"

"This evening!"

"Are you sure she will come?"

"Are you a fool, Jehan? Can there ever be any doubt in such matters?"

"Captain Phœbus, you are a lucky soldier."

The archdeacon overheard all this conversation. His teeth chattered; a visible shiver ran through his whole body. He stopped a moment, leaned against a post like a drunken man, then followed in the track of the two jolly scamps.

When he came up with them again they had changed the subject; and he heard them singing, at the top of their lungs, the refrain:

"The lads the dice who merrily throw,
Merrily to the gallows go."

VII.

THE SPECTRE MONK

The celebrated wine-shop of La Pomme d'Eve was situated in the University, at the corner of the Rue de la Rondelle and the Rue du Bâtonnier. It was a very spacious but very low room on the ground floor, with an arched roof, the central spring of which rested on a huge wooden pillar, painted yellow; tables everywhere; shining pewter jugs hung on the wall; always a large number of drinkers; a plenty of wenches; a window on the street; a vine at the door, and over the door a creaking square of sheet-iron, with an apple and a woman painted upon it, rusted by the rain, and swinging in the wind on an iron rod. This kind of weathercock, which looked towards the pavement, was the sign-board.

Night was falling; the street was dark; the wine-shop, full of candles, flamed from afar like a forge in the darkness; the noise of glasses and feasting, of oaths and quarrels,

could be heard through the broken panes. Through the mist which the heat of the room spread over the front casement, a multitude of swarming figures could be seen confusedly; and from time to time a burst of noisy laughter broke forth from it. The passers-by whose business called them that way hastened by this noisy window without casting their eyes on it. Only, now and then, some little ragged urchin would raise himself on tiptoe as far as the window-sill, and shout into the wine-shop the old bantering cry with which it was then the custom to greet drunkards:

> "Back to your glasses,
> You drunken, drunken asses."

One man, however, paced imperturbably back and forth in front of the noisy tavern, looking at it incessantly, and going no farther from it than a pikeman from his sentry-box. He was cloaked up to the nose. This cloak he had just bought of the old clothes man near La Pomme d'Eve, doubtless to protect himself from the cold of a March night—perhaps also to conceal his costume. From time to time he paused before the dim lattice-leaded casement, listened, looked and stamped his foot.

At length the tavern-door opened. It was for this that he seemed to have been waiting. Two tipplers came out. The ray of light

which escaped from the door cast a glow for a moment on their jovial faces. The man in the cloak stationed himself under a porch on the other side of the street.

"Thunder and guns!" said one of the two drinkers, "'tis on the stroke of seven—the hour of my appointed meeting!"

"I tell you," repeated his companion, with a thick utterance, "that I don't live in the Rue des Mauvaises Paroles (bad words)—*Indignus qui inter mala verba habitat.* (Unworthy he who lives among bad words). I lodge in the Rue Jean Pain Mollet—*in vico Joannis Pain Mollet*—and you are more horned than a unicorn if you say the contrary. Everybody knows that he that gets once upon a bear's back is never afraid—but you've a nose for smelling out a dainty bit, like Saint James-of-the-Hospital."

"Jehan, my friend, you are drunk," said the other.

The other replied, staggering: "It pleases you to say so, Phœbus; but it hath been proved that Plato had the profile of a hound."

The reader has no doubt already recognized our two worthy friends, the captain and the student. The man who was watching them in the dark appeared also to have recognized them; for he followed with slow steps all the zigzags which the reeling student forced the

captain to describe, who, being a more seasoned drinker, had retained all his self-possession. By listening attentively, the man in the cloak was enabled to catch the whole of the following interesting conversation:

"*Corbacque!* (Body o' Bacchus!) try to walk straight, master bachelor; you know that I must leave you. There is seven o'clock. I have to meet a woman."

"Leave me, then! I can see stars and darts of fire. You are like Dampmartin Castle, that's bursting with laughter."

"By the warts of my grandmother, Jehan, but this is talking nonsense a little too hard. By the way, Jehan, have you no money left?"

"Monsieur the rector, there is no mistake. The little shambles—*parva boucheria*—"

"Jehan—friend Jehan—you know I have promised to meet that little girl at the end of the Pont Saint Michel; that I can take her nowhere but to La Falourdel's, the old crone of the bridge, and that I must pay for the room. The white-whiskered old jade will give me no credit. Jehan, for pity's sake, have we drunk up the whole of the priest's pouch? Haven't you a penny left?"

"The consciousness of having spent the other hours well is a just and savory sauce for the table."

"Belly and guts! a truce to your gib-

berish. Tell me—you devil of a Jehan—have you any coin left? Give it me, by heaven! or I'll search you all over, were you as leprous as Job, and as mangy as Cæsar."

"Sir, the Rue Galiache is a street with the Rue de la Verrerie at one end of it, and the Rue de la Tixeranderie at the other."

"Well—yes—my good friend Jehan—my poor comrade—the Rue Galiache—good—very good. But, in the name of heaven, come to your senses. I want but a few pence, and seven o'clock is the hour."

"Silence to the song and attention to the chorus:

> "'When mice have every case devour'd,
> The King of Arras shall be lord;
> When the sea, so deep and wide,
> Is frozen o'er at Saint John's tide,
> Across the ice we then shall see
> The Arras men their city flee.'"

"Well, scholar of Antichrist, mayst thou be strangled with the guts of thy mother!" exclaimed Phœbus; and he gave the tipsy student a rough push, which sent him reeling against the wall, whence he fell gently upon the pavement of Philip Augustus. With a remnant of fraternal pity which never quite forsakes the heart of a drinker, Phœbus rolled Jehan with his foot upon one of those pillows

of the poor man which Providence keeps ready at the corner of every street-post in Paris, and which the rich scornfully stigmatize with the name of dung-heaps. The captain placed Jehan's head on an inclined plane of cabbage-stalks, and forthwith the student fell to snoring in a most magnificent bass. Yet the heart of the captain was not wholly free from animosity. "So much the worse for thee, if the devil's cart picks thee up as it goes by," said he to the poor, sleeping clerk; and he went his way.

The man in the cloak ceased following him and stopped for a moment beside the prostrate student, as if agitated by indecision; then heaving a deep sigh, he continued to follow the captain.

Like them, we will leave Jehan sleeping under the friendly watch of the bright stars, and speed after them, if it so please the reader.

On turning into the Rue Saint André des Arcs, Captain Phœbus perceived that some one was following him. As he accidentally glanced behind him, he saw a sort of shadow creeping behind him along the walls. He stopped—it stopped; he went on—the shadow went on again also. This, however, gave him very little concern. "Ah! bah!" said he to himself, "I have not a penny about me."

In front of the Collège d'Autun he came to a halt. It was at that college that he shuffled through what he was pleased to call his studies; and from a certain mischievous schoolboy habit which still clung to him, he never passed the front of that college without inflicting on the statue of Cardinal Pierre Bertrand, carved on the right hand of the gateway, the affront of which Priapus complains so bitterly in the satire of Horace, *Olim truncus eram ficulnus.* (I was once a fig-tree). He had done this with so much unrelenting animosity that the inscription, *Eduensis Episcopus* (Bishop of Autun), had become almost effaced. Therefore, he halted before the statue according to his wont. The street was utterly deserted. As he was retagging nonchalantly his doublet with his head thrown back, he saw the shadow approaching him slowly—so slowly that he had full time to observe that this shadow had a cloak and a hat. When it had come up to him, it stopped, and remained as motionless as the statue of Cardinal Bertrand. But it riveted upon Phœbus two intent eyes, glaring with that vague light which issues at night from those of a cat.

The captain was brave, and would have cared little for a robber with a rapier in his hand. But this walking statue, this petrified man, made his blood run cold. At that time there

were certain strange rumors afloat about a spectre monk, a nocturnal prowler about the streets of Paris in the night-time, and they now came confusedly to his mind. He stood stupefied for a few moments, then finally broke silence with a laugh.

"Sir," said he, "if you be a thief, as I hope is the case, you're just now for all the world like a heron attacking a walnut-shell. My dear fellow, I am the son of a ruined family. Try your hand hard by here. In the chapel of this college there's some wood of the true cross, set in silver."

The hand of the shadow came forth from under its cloak, and descended upon the arm of Phœbus with the force of an eagle's grip; at the same time the shadow spoke:

"Captain Phœbus de Chateaupers!"

"What, the devil!" said Phœbus; "you know my name?"

"I know not your name alone," returned the man in the cloak, with his sepulchral voice; "but I know that you have an appointment this evening."

"Yes," answered Phœbus, in amazement.

"At seven o'clock."

"In a quarter of an hour."

"At the Falourdel's."

"Exactly so."

"The old hag of the Pont Saint Michel."

"Of Saint Michel, the archangel, as the Paternoster saith."

"Impious man!" muttered the spectre. "With a woman?"

"*Confiteor.*" (I confess).

"Whose name is . . ."

"La 'Smeralda," said Phœbus gayly, all his heedlessness having gradually returned to him.

At this name the shadow's grasp shook Phœbus's arm furiously.

"Captain Phœbus de Chateaupers, thou liest!"

Any one who could have seen, at that moment, the captain's inflamed countenance—his leap backwards, so violent that it disengaged him from the clutch which held him—the haughty mien with which he clapped his hand on his sword-hilt—and, in the presence of this wrath, the sullen stillness of the man in the cloak; any one who could have beheld this would have been frightened. There was in it somewhat of the combat of Don Juan and the statue.

"Christ and Satan!" cried the captain; "that's a word that seldom assails the ear of a Chateaupers! Thou durst not repeat it."

"Thou liest!" said the shadow coldly.

The captain ground his teeth. Spectre monk—phantom—superstitions—all were forgotten at that moment. He now saw nothing

but a man and an insult. "Ha, it is well!" spluttered he in a voice choking with rage. He drew his sword; then, stuttering, for anger as well as fear makes a man tremble—"Here!" said he, "on the spot! Come on! Swords! swords! Blood upon these stones!"

But the other did not stir. When he saw his adversary on guard, and ready to lunge, "Captain Phœbus," said he, and his voice quivered with bitterness, "you forget your assignation."

The fits of rage of such men as Phœbus are like boiling milk, whose ebullition is calmed by a drop of cold water. These few words brought down the point of the sword which glittered in the captain's hand.

"Captain," continued the man, "to-morrow—the day after to-morrow—a month hence—ten years hence—you will find me quite ready to cut your throat. But first go to your assignation."

"In sooth," said Phœbus, as if seeking to capitulate with himself, "a sword and a girl are two delightful things to encounter at a trysting-place; but I cannot see why I should miss one of them for the sake of the other, when I may have both."

He replaced his sword in his scabbard.

"Go to your assignation," resumed the unknown.

"Sir," answered Phœbus, with some embarrassment, "gramercy for your courtesy. It will, in truth, be time enough to-morrow to chop up father Adam's doublet into slashes and buttonholes. I am beholden to you for allowing me to pass one more agreeable quarter of an hour. I did indeed hope to have laid you quietly in the gutter, and yet be in time for the fair one—the more so as it is genteel to make women wait a little in such cases. But you appear to be a mettlesome chap, and it is safer to put off our game until to-morrow. I will, therefore, betake myself to my appointment. It is for the hour of seven, as you know." Here Phœbus scratched his ear. "Ah! by my halidom! I forgot! I have not a penny to pay the price of the garret, and the old hag will want to be paid beforehand; she distrusts me."

"Here is the wherewithal to pay."

Phœbus felt the stranger's cold hand slip into his a large coin. He could not help taking the money, and grasping the hand. "God's truth!" he exclaimed, "but you're a good fellow!"

"One condition," said the man. "Prove to me that I was wrong, and that you spoke truth. Hide me in some corner whence I may see whether this woman be really she whose name you uttered."

"Oh," replied Phœbus, "'tis all one to me. We will take the Saint Martha chamber. You can see at your ease from the kennel hard by."

"Come, then," rejoined the shadow.

"At your service," said the captain. "I know not indeed whether you be not Messer Diabolus *in propriâ personâ* (in person). But let us be good friends to-night; to-morrow I'll pay you all debts, of purse and of sword."

They set out again at a rapid pace. In a few minutes the sound of the river below apprised them that they were upon the bridge of Saint Michel, then covered with houses.

"I will first let you in," said Phœbus to his companion; "then I will go fetch the wench who was to wait for me near the Petit-Châtelet."

That companion made no reply; since they had been walking side by side, he had not uttered a word. Phœbus stopped before a low door and knocked loudly. A light appeared through the cracks of the door. "Who's there?" cried a mumbling voice.

"By the body! by the belly! by the head of God!" answered the captain.

The door opened instantly, and revealed to the new-comers an old woman and an old lamp, both of which trembled. The old woman was bent double—dressed in rags—

with a shaking head, pierced by two small eyes, and coiffed with a dish clout—wrinkled everywhere, on hands and face and neck—her lips receding under her gums—and all round her mouth she had tufts of white hair, which gave her the whiskered and demure look of a cat.

The interior of the hovel was no less dilapidated than herself; the walls were of plaster; black rafters ran across the ceiling; a dismantled fireplace; cobwebs in every corner; in the middle of the room a tottering company of maimed stools and tables; a dirty child played in the ash-heap; and at the farther end a staircase, or rather a wooden ladder, led to a trap-door in the ceiling.

As he entered this den, Phœbus's mysterious companion drew his cloak up to his eyes. Meanwhile, the captain, swearing like a Turk, hastened "to make the sun flash from a crown-piece," as saith our admirable Régnier.

"The Saint Martha room," said he.

The old woman addressed him as monseigneur, and deposited the crown in a drawer. It was the coin which the man in the black cloak had given Phœbus. While her back was turned, the ragged, disheveled little boy, who was playing in the ashes, went slyly to the drawer, abstracted the crown-piece, and put in its place a dry leaf which he had plucked from a fagot.

The hag beckoned to the two gentlemen, as she called them, to follow her, and ascended the ladder before them. On reaching the upper story, she placed her lamp upon a chest; and Phœbus, like a frequenter of the house, opened the door of a dark closet. "Go in there, my dear fellow," said he to his companion. The man in the cloak complied without uttering a word; the door closed upon him; he heard Phœbus bolt it, and, a moment afterward, go down-stairs again with the old woman. The light had disappeared.

VIII.

THE ADVANTAGE OF WINDOWS OVERLOOKING THE RIVER

Claude Frollo (for we presume that the reader, more clever than Phœbus, has seen in this whole adventure no other spectre monk than the archdeacon himself) Claude Frollo groped about for some moments in the dark hole into which the captain had bolted him. It was one of those nooks such as architects sometimes leave at the junction of the roof and the outer wall. The vertical section of this kennel, as Phœbus had so aptly termed it, would have made a triangle. There was neither window nor skylight, and the pitch of the roof prevented one from standing upright. Claude, therefore, crouched down in the dust and plaster which crumbled beneath him. His head was burning. Feeling about him with his hands, he found on the floor a bit of broken glass, which he pressed to his brow, its coolness affording him some relief.

What was passing at that moment in the

dark soul of the archdeacon? God and himself alone could tell.

In what fatal order did he arrange in imagination La Esmeralda, Phœbus, Jacques Charmolue, his younger brother, so beloved, yet abandoned by him in the mire, his archdeacon's cassock, his reputation, perhaps at stake at the Falourdel's—all these images, all these adventures? It is impossible to say; but it is certain that these ideas formed a horrible group in his mind.

He had been waiting a quarter of an hour; it seemed to him that he had grown a century older. All at once he heard the wooden staircase creak; some one was coming up. The trap-door opened once more; light reappeared. In the worm-eaten door of his nook there was a crack of considerable width; to this he glued his face. Thus he could see all that went on in the adjoining chamber. The cat-faced old woman appeared first through the trap-door with lamp in hand; then Phœbus, twirling his moustache; then a third person, that lovely, graceful creature, La Esmeralda. The priest beheld her rise from below like a dazzling apparition. Claude trembled; a cloud spread over his eyes; his pulse beat violently; everything swam before him; he no longer saw or heard anything.

When he came to himself again, Phœbus

and Esmeralda were alone, seated on the wooden chest, beside the lamp, whose light revealed to the archdeacon's eyes their two youthful figures, and a miserable pallet at the farther end of the garret.

Beside the pallet was a window, broken, through the panes of which, like a cobweb upon which rain has fallen, could be seen a small patch of sky, with the moon in the distance resting on a pillow of soft clouds.

The young girl was blushing, confused, palpitating. Her long drooping lashes shaded her glowing cheeks. The face of the officer, to which she dared not lift her eyes, was radiant. Mechanically, and with a charming air of embarrassment, she traced with the tip of her finger meaningless lines upon the bench, and watched her finger. Her feet were not visible, for the little goat was nestling upon them.

The captain was very gallantly arrayed. At his neck and wrists he had tufts of embroidery, the great elegance of the day.

Dom Claude could only hear with great difficulty what they said to each other, through the humming of the blood that was boiling in his temples.

An amorous chitchat is a very commonplace sort of thing. It is a perpetual "I love you,"—a very monotonous and very insipid musical strain to indifferent ears, unless set

off with a few flourishes and grace-notes. But Claude was no indifferent listener.

"Oh!" said the young girl, without lifting her eyes, "despise me not, Monseigneur Phœbus; I feel that what I am doing is wrong."

"Despise you, my pretty dear," replied the officer with a consequential and modish air of gallantry; "despise you, good lack! and why should I?"

"For having accompanied you."

"On that score, my charmer, we don't at all agree. I ought not only to despise you, but to hate you."

The young girl looked at him in affright: "Hate me! What, then, have I done?"

"For requiring so much solicitation."

"Alas!" said she, "'tis because I am breaking a vow—I shall never find my parents—the amulet will lose its virtue; but what then? What need have I for father and mother now?"

As she thus spoke she fixed upon the captain her large, dark eyes, moist with joy and tenderness.

"Deuce take me, if I understand you," exclaimed Phœbus.

Esmeralda remained silent for a moment; then a tear fell from her eye, a sigh from her lips, and she said, "Oh, monseigneur, I love you."

Such a perfume of chastity, such a charm of virtue, surrounded the young girl that Phœbus did not feel quite at his ease with her. These words, however, emboldened him. "You love me!" said he with rapture, and he threw his arm round the gypsy's waist. He had only been waiting for this opportunity.

The priest saw him, and tested with the tip of his finger the point of a dagger concealed in his breast.

"Phœbus," continued the Bohemian, gently disengaging her waist from the tenacious hands of the captain, "you are good—you are generous—you are handsome—you have saved me—me, who am but a poor gypsy foundling. I have long dreamed of an officer who should save my life. It was of you that I dreamed, before I knew you, my Phœbus. The officer of my dream had a beautiful uniform like yours, a grand air, a sword. Your name is Phœbus—'tis a beautiful name. I love your name, I love your sword. Draw your sword, Phœbus, that I may see it."

"Child!" said the captain; and he unsheathed his rapier with a smile.

The gypsy-girl looked at the hilt, then at the blade; examined with adorable curiosity the cypher upon the guard, and kissed the weapon, saying, "You are the sword of a brave man. I love my captain."

Phœbus again took advantage of the situation to imprint on her lovely bent neck a kiss which made the girl start up as red as a cherry. It made the priest grind his teeth in the darkness.

"Phœbus," resumed the gypsy, "let me talk to you. Just walk about a little, that I may see you at your full height, and hear the sound of your spurs. How handsome you are!"

The captain rose to comply, chiding her at the same time with a smile of satisfaction.

"What a child you are! By the way, my charmer, have you ever seen me in my state uniform?"

"Alas, no!"

"Ha, that is really fine!"

Phœbus returned and seated himself beside her, but much closer than before.

"Hark you, my dear . . ."

The gypsy gave him a few little taps on the lips with her pretty hand with a childish playfulness, full of gayety and grace.

"No, no, I will not listen. Do you love me? I want you to tell me if you love me."

"Do I love thee, angel of my life?" cried the captain, half kneeling before her. "My body, my blood, my soul—all are thine—

all are for thee. I love thee, and have never loved any but thee."

The captain had repeated this phrase so many times, on many similar occasions, that he delivered it all in a breath, and without making a single mistake. At this impassioned declaration, the gypsy raised to the dingy ceiling a look full of angelic happiness. "Oh!" murmured she, "this is the moment when one should die!"

Phœbus thought "the moment" a good one to steal another kiss, which tortured the wretched archdeacon in his lair.

"Die!" cried the amorous captain; "what are you talking of, my lovely angel? 'Tis the time to live—or Jupiter is but a scamp. Die at the beginning of so sweet a thing! By the horns of the bull! what a jest! That would not do. Listen, my dear Similar —Esmenarda—Your pardon! but you have so prodigiously Saracen a name that I never can get it straight; I get entangled in it like a brier."

"Good heavens!" said the poor girl, "and I thought my name pretty because of its singularity! But, since it displeases you, I would that I were called Goton."

"Ah! do not weep for such a trifle, my graceful maid; 'tis a name to which one must get used, that is all. When once I know

it by heart, 'twill come ready enough. So hark ye, my dear Similar. I adore you passionately; I love you so that 'tis really marvelous. I know a little girl that's bursting with rage about it."

The jealous girl interrupted him. "Who?"

"What matters that to us?" said Phœbus; "do you love me?"

"Oh!" said she.

"Well, that is all. You will see how I love you, too. May the great devil Neptunus spear me if I don't make you the happiest creature alive. We'll have a pretty little lodging somewhere. I'll make my archers parade under your windows; they're all on horseback, and don't care a fig for Captain Mignon's men. There are spear-men, cross-bow-men and culverin-men. I'll take you to the great musters of the Parisians at the Grange de Rully. It is very magnificent. Eighty thousand armed men; thirty thousand white harnesses, short coats or coats of mail; the sixty-seven banners of the trades; the standards of the Parliament, of the Chamber of Accounts, of the treasury of the generals, of the assistants of the mint—the devil's own turnout, in short. I will conduct you to see the lions of the king's palace —which are wild beasts. All the women like that."

For some moments the young girl, absorbed in her pleasing reflections, had been dreaming to the sound of his voice, without heeding the meaning of his words.

"Oh, how happy you will be!" continued the captain, and at the same time he gently unbuckled the gypsy's girdle.

"What are you doing?" she said quickly. This "act of violence" had roused her from her reverie.

"Nothing," answered Phœbus. "I was only saying that you must abandon all this garb of folly and street-running when you are with me."

"When I am with thee, my Phœbus!" said the young girl tenderly.

She again became pensive and silent.

The captain, emboldened by her gentleness, clasped her waist without her making any resistance; then began softly to unlace the poor child's bodice, and so greatly disarranged her neckerchief that the panting priest beheld the gypsy's lovely shoulder emerge from the gauze, round and dusky like the moon rising through the mists of the horizon.

The young girl let Phœbus have his way. She seemed unconscious of what he was doing. The bold captain's eyes sparkled.

All at once she turned towards him.

"Phœbus," said she, with an expression of infinite love, "instruct me in thy religion."

"My religion!" cried the captain, bursting into a laugh. "I instruct you in my religion. Blood and thunder! what do you want with my religion?"

"That we may be married," she replied.

The captain's face assumed a mingled expression of surprise, disdain, carelessness and licentious passion.

"Bah," said he, "why should one marry?"

The gypsy turned pale, and her head drooped sadly on her breast.

"My sweet love," resumed Phœbus, tenderly, "what are all these foolish ideas? Marriage is a grand affair, to be sure. Is any one less loving for not having spouted Latin in a priest's shop?"

While speaking thus in his softest tone, he approached extremely near the gypsy-girl; his caressing hands resumed their place around the lithe, slender waist. His eye kindled more and more, and everything showed that Master Phœbus was on the verge of one of those moments in which Jupiter himself commits so many follies that the good Homer is obliged to summon a cloud to his rescue.

Dom Claude meanwhile saw all from his

hiding-place. Its door was made of decayed puncheon staves, leaving between them ample passage for his look of a bird of prey. This brown-skinned, broad-shouldered priest, hitherto condemned to the austere virginity of the cloister, was quivering and boiling in the presence of this night-scene of love and voluptuousness. The young and lovely girl, her garments in disorder, abandoning herself to the ardent young man, seemed to infuse molten lead into his veins. An extraordinary agitation shook him; his eye sought with lustful desire to penetrate beneath all those unfastened pins. Any one who could then have seen the wretched man's countenance close against the worm-eaten bars might have thought they saw a tiger's face glaring from the depths of a cage at some jackal devouring a gazelle.

Suddenly, with a rapid motion, Phœbus snatched off the gypsy's neckerchief. The poor girl, who had remained pale and dreamy, started up as if suddenly awakened; she hastily drew back from the enterprising officer; and casting a glance at her bare neck and shoulders, blushing, confused, and mute with shame, she crossed her two lovely arms upon her bosom to hide it. But for the flush that crimsoned her cheeks, to see her thus silent and motionless, one might have thought her

a statue of Modesty. Her eyes were bent upon the ground.

But the captain's action had exposed the mysterious amulet which she wore about her neck.

"What is that?" said he, seizing this pretext to approach once more the beautiful creature whom he had just alarmed.

"Touch it not," she replied quickly; "'tis my protector. It will help me to find my family again, if I remain worthy to do so. Oh, leave me, sir! My mother! my poor mother! my mother! where art thou? Come to my rescue! Have pity, Captain Phœbus; give me back my neckerchief."

Phœbus drew back, and said coldly:

"Oh, young lady, I see plainly that you do not love me."

"Not love him!" exclaimed the unhappy child, and at the same time clinging to the captain and drawing him to a seat by her side. "Not love thee, my Phœbus? What art thou saying, wicked man, to rend my heart? Oh, come—take me—take all—do with me as thou wilt—I am thine. What matters the amulet to me now? What matters my mother to me now? Thou art my mother, since I love thee. Phœbus, my beloved Phœbus, dost thou see me? 'Tis I. Look at me. 'Tis that little girl whom thou wilt

surely not repulse—who comes, who comes herself to seek thee. My soul, my life, my body, my person, all is one thing—which is thine, my captain. Well, no! let us not marry, since it bothers thee; and then, what am I? A wretched girl of the gutters—while thou, Phœbus, art a gentleman. A fine thing, truly! a dancer wed an officer! I was mad! No, Phœbus, no; I will be thy mistress—thy amusement—thy pleasure—when thou wilt—a girl who will be only thine. I was only made for that, soiled, despised, dishonored; but what then—loved! I shall be the proudest and the happiest of women. And when I grow old and ugly, Phœbus—when I am no longer fit to love thee, my lord, thou wilt still suffer me to serve thee. Others will embroider scarfs for thee; I, thy servant, will take care of them. Thou wilt let me polish thy spurs, brush thy doublet, and dust thy riding-boots. Thou wilt have this much pity; wilt thou not, my Phœbus? Meantime, take me. Here, Phœbus, all this belongs to thee. Only love me. We gypsy-girls need nothing more—air and love."

So saying, she threw her arms around the officer's neck; she looked up at him imploringly and smiled through her tears. Her delicate neck rubbed against his cloth doublet with its rough embroidery. She twisted her beautiful, half-naked limbs around his knees.

The intoxicated captain pressed his burning lips to those lovely African shoulders. The young girl, her eyes cast upward to the ceiling, her head thrown back, quivered, all palpitating beneath this kiss.

All at once, above the head of Phœbus, she beheld another head—a green, livid, convulsed face, with the look of a lost soul; beside this face there was a hand which held a dagger. It was the face and hand of the priest; he had broken open the door, and he was there. Phœbus could not see him. The young girl was motionless, frozen mute at the frightful apparition—like a dove which chances to raise its head at the instant when the hawk is glaring into her nest with his round eyes.

She could not even utter a cry. She saw the poniard descend upon Phœbus, and rise again reeking.

"Malediction!" said the captain, and he fell.

She fainted.

As her eyes closed, as all consciousness left her, she thought she felt a fiery touch upon her lips, a kiss more burning than the executioner's branding-iron.

When she recovered her senses, she was surrounded by soldiers of the watch; they were carrying off the captain weltering in

his blood; the priest had disappeared; the window at the back of the room, looking upon the river, was wide open; they picked up a cloak which they supposed to belong to the officer, and she heard them saying around her:

"'Tis a sorceress who has stabbed a captain."

BOOK EIGHT

BOOK VIII.

I.

THE CROWN CHANGED INTO A WITHERED LEAF

Gringoire and the whole Court of Miracles were in a state of terrible anxiety. For a whole month no one knew what had become of La Esmeralda, which sorely grieved the Duke of Egypt and his friends the vagrants; nor what had become of her goat, which redoubled Gringoire's sorrow. One night the gypsy had disappeared; and since that time had given no signs of life. All search had proved fruitless. Some malicious "street tumblers" told Gringoire they had met her that same evening in the neighborhood of the Pont Saint Michel, walking off with an officer; but this husband after the fashion of Bohemia was an incredulous philosopher, and besides, he, better than any one else, knew to what a point his wife was chaste. He had been able to judge what invincible modesty resulted from the two combined virtues of the

amulet and the gypsy, and he had mathematically calculated the resistance of that chastity multiplied into itself. On that score, at least, his mind was at ease.

Thus he could not explain her disappearance. It was a great grief to him. He would have grown thinner upon it, had that been possible. He had forgotten everything else, even to his literary pursuits, even his great work, *De figuris regularibus et irregularibus* (concerning regular and irregular figures), which he intended to have printed with the first money he should procure. (For he raved about printing ever since he had seen the *Didascolon* of Hugues de Saint Victor printed with the celebrated types of Vindelin of Spires).

One day, as he was passing sadly before the Criminal Tournelle, he perceived a crowd at one of the doors of the Palace of Justice.

"What is there?" he inquired of a young man who was coming out.

"I know not, sir," replied the young man. "'Tis said a woman is being tried for the murder of a man-at-arms. As there seems to be something of sorcery in the business, the bishop and the judge of the Bishop's Court have interposed in the cause; and my brother, the archdeacon of Josas, can think of nothing else. Now, I wished to speak to him; but

could not get at him for the crowd—which vexes me mightily, for I am in need of money."

"Alas! sir," said Gringoire, "I would I could lend you some; but, though my breeches are in holes, it's not from the weight of crown-pieces."

He dared not tell the young man that he knew his brother, the archdeacon, to whom he had not returned since the scene in the church—a negligence which embarrassed him.

The student went his way, and Gringoire followed the crowd going up the staircase of the Great Hall. To his mind there was nothing equal to the sight of a criminal trial for dispelling melancholy; the judges are generally so delightfully stupid. The people with whom he had mingled were moving on and elbowing each other in silence. After a slow and tiresome shuffling along a long gloomy passage, which wound through the Palace like the intestinal canal of the old edifice, he arrived at a low door opening into a hall, which his tall stature permitted him to overlook above the undulating heads of the crowd.

The hall was huge and ill-lighted, which latter circumstance made it seem still larger. The day was declining; the high, pointed windows admitted but a faint ray of light, which faded before it reached the vaulted ceiling, an

enormous trellis-work of carved wood, whose countless figures seemed to move confusedly in the shadows. There were already several candles lighted here and there upon tables, and glimmering over the heads of the clerks bending over musty documents. The front of the hall was occupied by the crowd; to the right and left were lawyers in their robes seated at tables; at the farther end, upon a raised platform, were a number of judges, the last rows of whom were lost in the darkness —with immovable and sinister-looking faces. The walls were dotted with innumerable fleurs-de-lis. A large crucifix might be vaguely descried above the judges, and everywhere there were pikes and halberds, which the light of the candles seemed to tip with fire.

"Sir," said Gringoire to one of his neighbors, "who are all those persons yonder, ranged like prelates in council?"

"Sir," answered the neighbor, "those are the councilors of the High Chamber on the right; and the councilors of inquiry on the left; the masters in black gowns, and the honorables in scarlet ones."

"Yonder, above them," continued Gringoire, "who is that big red-faced fellow who is perspiring so?"

"That is monsieur the president."

"And those sheep behind him?" proceeded

Gringoire, who, as we have already said, loved not the magistracy—which arose, possibly, from the ill-will he bore the Palace of Justice since his dramatic misadventure.

"They are messieurs, the masters of requests of the king's household."

"And that wild boar in front of him?"

"That is the clerk to the court of parliament."

"And that crocodile on the right?"

"Maître Philippe Lheulier, advocate extraordinary to the king."

"And that great black cat to the left?"

"Maître Jacques Charmolue, king's attorney in the ecclesiastical court, with the gentlemen of the officiality."

"And now, sir," said Gringoire, "what are all those good folk about?"

"They are trying some one."

"Trying whom? I see no prisoner."

"'Tis a woman, sir. You can not see her. Her back is toward us, and she is concealed by the crowd. Stay, yonder she is, where you see that group of halberds."

"Who is the woman?" asked Gringoire. "Do you know her name?"

"No, sir; I am but just come. I suppose, however, that there is sorcery in the matter, since the judge of the Bishop's Court is present at the trial."

"Well," said our philosopher, "we will see all these men of the gown devour human flesh. It is as good a sight as any other."

"Think you not, sir," observed his neighbor, "that Maître Jacques Charmolue looks very mild?"

"Hum!" answered Gringoire, "I distrust a mildness which hath pinched nostrils and thin lips."

Here the bystanders imposed silence on the two talkers. An important deposition was being heard.

"My lords," an old woman in the middle of the hall was saying, whose face was so concealed beneath her garments that she might have been taken for a walking bundle of rags—"my lords, the thing is as true as it is true that my name is Falourdel, and that for forty years I have lived on the Pont Saint Michel, and paid regularly my rent, dues and quit-rent. The door is opposite the house of Tassin Caillart, the dyer, who lives on the side looking up the river. An old woman now! a pretty girl once, my gentlemen! Some one said to me but lately, 'Mother Falourdel, spin not too much of an evening; the devil is fond of combing the distaffs of old women with his horns. 'Tis certain that the spectre monk that roamed last year about the Temple now wanders in

the City. Take care, La Falourdel, that he doesn't knock at your door.' One evening I was spinning at my wheel, when there comes a knock at my door. I ask who is there. Some one swears. I open the door. Two men enter—one in black, with a handsome officer. Of the one in black nothing could be seen but his eyes—two coals of fire. All the rest was cloak and hat. And so they say to me, 'The Saint Martha room.' 'Tis my upper chamber, my lords—my best. They give me a crown. I lock the crown in my drawer, and I say, 'This shall go to buy tripe to-morrow at the Gloriette shambles.' We go up-stairs. On reaching the upper room, and while my back was turned, the black man disappears. This startled me a bit. The officer, who was as handsome as a great lord, goes down-stairs with me. He leaves the house. In about time enough to spin a quarter of a bobbin, he comes back again with a beautiful young girl—a doll who would have shone like the sun had her hair been dressed. She had with her a goat, a great he-goat, whether black or white I no longer remember. That set me to thinking. The girl—that was no concern of mine;—but the goat! I don't like those animals; they have a beard and horns—it is like a man; and then they smack of the witches' sabbath.

However, I said nothing. I had the crown-piece. That was only fair; was it not, my lord judge? I show the captain and the girl into the up-stairs room, and leave them alone —that is to say, with the goat. I go down and get to my spinning again. I must tell you that my house has a ground-floor and a floor above; the back of it looks upon the river, like the other houses on the bridge, and the windows, both of the ground-floor and of the chamber, open upon the water. Well, as I was saying, I had got to my spinning. I know not why I fell to thinking of the spectre monk whom the goat had put into my head again—and then the beautiful girl was rather strangely tricked out. All at once I hear a cry overhead, and something falls on the floor, and the window opens. I run to mine, which is beneath it, and I see a dark mass drop past my eyes into the water. It was a phantom clad like a priest. The moon was shining; I saw it quite plainly. It was swimming toward the City. Then, all of a tremble, I call the watch. The gentlemen of the police come in; and being merry, not knowing at first what was the matter, they fell to beating me. I explained to them. We go up-stairs, and what do we find? My poor chamber all blood—the captain stretched out at full length with a dagger in his neck—the

girl pretending to be dead—and the goat all in a fright. 'Pretty work!' say I. 'It will take more than fifteen days to wash that floor. It must be scraped. It will be a terrible job.' They carry off the officer—poor young man, and the girl, all in disorder. But wait. The worst is, that on the next day, when I went to get the crown to buy tripe, I found a withered leaf in its place."

The old woman ceased. A murmur of horror ran through the audience.

"That phantom, that goat, all that smacks of sorcery," said one of Gringoire's neighbors.

"And that withered leaf!" added another.

"No doubt," continued a third, "'tis some witch who has dealings with the spectre monk to plunder officers." Gringoire himself was not far from considering this combination as alarming and probable.

"Woman Falourdel," said the president majestically, "have you nothing further to communicate to the court?"

"No, my lord," replied the crone, "unless it is that in the report my house has been called a crazy, filthy hovel—which is an outrageous way of talking. The houses on the bridge are not so goodly as some, because there are so many people there; but the butchers dwell there, for all that, and they

are rich men, married to fine, proper sort of women."

The magistrate whom Gringoire had likened to a crocodile now rose.

"Silence," said he; "I beg you, gentlemen, to bear in mind that a poniard was found on the accused. Woman Falourdel, have you brought the leaf into which the crown was changed that the demon gave you?"

"Yes, monseigneur," answered she; "I found it. Here it is."

An usher of the court handed the withered leaf to the crocodile, who, with a doleful shake of the head, passed it on to the president, who gave it to the king's attorney in the ecclesiastical court; and thus it made the circuit of the hall.

"It is a birch-leaf," said Maître Jacques Charmolue; "an additional proof of magic."

A counselor then began:

"Witness, two men went up-stairs together in your house—the black man whom you first saw disappear, then swim the Seine in priest's clothes, and the officer. Which of the two gave you the crown?"

The old woman considered for a moment, and then said, "It was the officer." A murmur ran through the crowd.

"Ha," thought Gringoire, "that shakes my conviction."

But Maître Philippe Lheulier, king's advocate extraordinary, again interposed.

"I will recall to these gentlemen that in the deposition taken at his bedside, the murdered officer, while admitting that he had a confused idea, at the moment when the black man accosted him, that it might be the spectre monk, added that the phantom had eagerly pressed him to keep his appointment with the prisoner; and on his, the captain's, observing that he was without money, he had given him the crown which the said officer had paid La Falourdel. Hence, the crown is a coin from hell."

This conclusive observation appeared to dispel all the doubts of Gringoire and the other skeptics in the audience.

"Gentlemen, you are in possession of the documents," added the king's advocate, seating himself; "you can consult the deposition of Phœbus de Chateaupers."

At that name the accused sprang up; her head rose above the throng. Gringoire, aghast, recognized Esmeralda.

She was pale; her hair, once so gracefully plaited and spangled with sequins, hung in disorder; her lips were livid; her hollow eyes were terrible. Alas!

"Phœbus!" said she, wildly; "where is he? Oh, messeigneurs! before you kill

me, tell me, for pity's sake, whether he yet lives!"

"Be silent, woman," answered the president; "that is no concern of ours."

"Oh, have mercy! tell me if he is alive," continued she, clasping her beautiful, emaciated hands; and her chains were heard as they brushed along her dress.

"Well," said the king's advocate roughly, "he is dying. Does that content you?"

The wretched girl fell back on her seat, speechless, tearless, white as a wax figure.

The president leaned over to a man at his feet, who wore a gilt cap and black gown, a chain round his neck and a wand in his hand:

"Usher, bring in the second accused."

All eyes were now turned toward a small door, which opened, and, to the great agitation of Gringoire, made way for a pretty goat with gilded hoofs and horns. The dainty creature paused for a moment on the threshold, stretching out its neck as though, perched on the summit of a rock, it had before its eyes a vast horizon. All at once it caught sight of the gypsy-girl; and leaping over the table and a registrar's head in two bounds it was at her knees. It then rolled gracefully on its mistress's feet, begging for a word or a caress; but the prisoner remained motionless, and poor Djali itself obtained not a glance.

"Eh, why—'tis my villainous beast," said the old Falourdel; "I recognize the pair of them well enough."

Jacques Charmolue interposed.

"If it please you, gentlemen, we will proceed to the examination of the goat."

Such was, in fact, the second prisoner. Nothing was more common in those times than to indict animals for sorcery. Among others, in the accounts of the provost's office for 1466, may be seen a curious detail concerning the expenses of the trial of Gillet-Soulart and his sow, executed "for their demerits" at Corbeil. Everything is there: the cost of the pen in which the sow was put; the five hundred bundles of short fagots from the wharf of Morsant; the three pints of wine and the bread, the last repast of the victim, shared in a brotherly manner by the executioner; down to the eleven days' custody and feed of the sow, at eight Paris pence each. Sometimes they even went beyond animals. The capitularies of Charlemagne and Louis le Débonnaire impose severe penalties on fiery phantoms which may presume to appear in the air.

Meanwhile, the king's attorney in the ecclesiastical court cried out: "If the demon which possesses this goat, and which has resisted all exorcisms, persist in its deeds of witchcraft

—if he alarm the court with them—we warn him that we shall be obliged to put in requisition against it the gibbet or the stake."

Gringoire broke out into a cold perspiration. Charmolue took from a table the gypsy's tambourine, and, presenting it in a certain manner to the goat, he asked the latter:

"What o'clock is it?"

The goat looked at him with an intelligent eye, raised her gilt foot, and struck seven blows. It was indeed seven o'clock. A movement of terror ran through the crowd.

Gringoire could no longer contain himself.

"She'll be her own ruin," cried he aloud; "you see that she knows not what she is doing!"

"Silence among the louts at the end of the hall!" said the bailiff, sharply.

Jacques Charmolue, by means of the same manœuvres with the tambourine, made the goat perform several other tricks connected with the day of the month, the month of the year, etc., which the reader has already witnessed. And, by an optical illusion peculiar to judicial proceedings, these same spectators who had probably more than once applauded in the public squares Djali's innocent magic, were terrified at it beneath the roof of the Palace of Justice. The goat was indisputably the devil.

It was still worse when, the king's attorney having emptied on the floor a certain leathern bag full of detached letters which Djali wore about her neck, they beheld the goat sort out with its foot from among the scattered alphabet the fatal name: *Phœbus*. The sorcery of which the captain had been the victim seemed unanswerably proved; and, in the eyes of all, the gypsy-girl, that enchanting dancer, who had so often dazzled the passers-by with her grace, was no longer anything but a frightful vampire.

However, she gave no sign of life; neither the graceful evolutions of Djali, nor the threats of the magistrates, nor the muttered imprecations of the audience—nothing seemed to reach her ear.

In order to arouse her, a sergeant was obliged to shake her unmercifully, while the president solemnly raised his voice:

"Girl, you are of Bohemian race, addicted to deeds of witchcraft. You, in complicity with the bewitched goat, implicated in the charge, did, on the night of the 29th of March last, wound and poniard, in concert with the powers of darkness, by the aid of charms and spells, a captain of the king's archers, Phœbus de Chateaupers by name. Do you persist in denying it?"

"Horrible!" exclaimed the young girl,

hiding her face with her hands. "My Phœbus! Oh, this is indeed hell!"

"Do you persist in your denial?" demanded the president, coldly.

"Do I deny it!" said she, in terrible accents; and she rose with flashing eyes.

The president continued bluntly:

"Then how do you explain the facts laid to your charge?"

She answered in a broken voice:

"I have already told you I know not. It is a priest—a priest whom I do not know—an infernal priest, who pursues me!"

"Just so," replied the judge; "the spectre monk!"

"Oh, gentlemen, have pity! I am only a poor girl . . ."

"Of Egypt," said the judge.

Maître Jacques Charmolue interposed sweetly—"In view of the sad obstinacy of the accused, I demand the application of the torture."

"Granted," said the president.

A shudder ran through the whole frame of the wretched girl. She rose, however, at the order of the halberdiers, and walked with a tolerably firm step, preceded by Charmolue and the priests of the officiality, between two rows of halberds, toward a false door, which suddenly opened and closed again behind her,

which produced upon the unhappy Gringoire the effect of a horrible mouth which had just devoured her.

When she disappeared, a plaintive bleating was heard. It was the little goat wailing.

The sitting of the court was suspended. A counselor having remarked that the gentlemen were fatigued, and that it would be a long time for them to wait before the torture was over, the president answered that a magistrate must be ready to sacrifice himself to his duty.

"What a troublesome, vexatious jade!" said an old judge, "to get herself put to the question when one has not supped!"

II.

CONTINUATION OF

THE CROWN CHANGED INTO A

WITHERED LEAF

After ascending and descending some steps in passages so dark that they were lighted in broad day by lamps, Esmeralda, still surrounded by her lugubrious attendants, was pushed forward by the sergeants of the Palace into a room of sinister aspect. This chamber, circular in shape, occupied the ground floor of one of those great towers which still in our day rise above through the layer of modern structures with which modern Paris has covered the old city. There are no windows to this cellar; no other opening than the entrance, which was low and closed by an enormous iron door. Nevertheless, light was not lacking. A furnace had been constructed in the thickness of the wall; a large fire was lighted in it, which filled the vault with its crimson reflection, and stripped of every ray a miserable tallow-dip placed in a corner. The iron grating which served to close the furnace being raised at that moment only

showed at the mouth of the flaming chasm against the dark wall the lower edge of its bars, like a row of sharp, black teeth set at regular intervals, which made the furnace look like the mouth of one of those legendary dragons that spit forth fire. By the light which it cast, the prisoner saw all about the room frightful instruments whose use she did not understand. In the middle was a leathern mattress laid almost flat upon the ground, over which hung a thong with a buckle fastened to a copper ring which a flat-nosed monster carved in the keystone of the vault held between his teeth. Tongs, pincers, large plowshares, were heaped inside the furnace, and were heating red-hot, promiscuously upon the burning coals. The blood-red glow of the furnace illuminated in the chamber only a confused mass of horrible things.

This Tartarus was called simply the question chamber.

Upon the bed was seated carelessly Pierrat Torterue, the official torturer. His underlings, two square-faced gnomes, with leathern aprons and tarpaulin coats, were turning about the irons on the coals.

In vain the poor girl called up all her courage; on entering this room she was seized with horror.

The sergeants of the bailiff of the Palace

ranged themselves on one side; the priests of the Bishop's Court on the other. A clerk and a table with writing materials were in one corner.

Maître Jacques Charmolue approached the gypsy with a very sweet smile.

"My dear child," said he, "do you still persist in your denial?"

"Yes," she replied in a faint voice.

"In that case," resumed Charmolue, "it will be our painful duty to question you more urgently than we should otherwise wish. Have the goodness to sit down on this bed. Maître Pierrat, give place to mademoiselle, and shut the door."

Pierrat rose with a growl.

"If I shut the door," muttered he, "my fire will go out."

"Well, then, my good fellow," replied Charmolue, "leave it open."

Meanwhile, La Esmeralda remained standing. That leathern bed, on which so many poor wretches had writhed, frightened her. Terror froze her very marrow; there she stood bewildered and stupefied. At a sign from Charmolue, the two assistants laid hold of her and seated her on the bed. They did her no harm; but when those men touched her—when that leather touched her—she felt all her blood flow back to her heart. She looked

wildly around the room. She fancied she saw moving and walking from all directions towards her, to crawl upon her body and pinch and bite her, all those hideous implements of torture, which, as compared to the instruments of all sorts she had hitherto seen, were like what bats, centipedes and spiders are to birds and insects.

"Where is the doctor?" asked Charmolue.

"Here," answered a black gown that she had not observed before.

She shuddered.

"Mademoiselle," resumed the fawning voice of the attorney of the ecclesiastical court, "for the third time, do you persist in denying the facts of which you are accused?"

This time she could only make a sign with her head; her voice failed her.

"You persist?" said Jacques Charmolue. "Then it grieves me deeply, but I must fulfil the duty of my office."

"Monsieur, the king's procurator," said Pierrat gruffly, "with what shall we begin?"

Charmolue hesitated a moment, with the doubtful grimace of a poet seeking rhyme.

"With the boot," said he at last.

The unfortunate creature felt herself so utterly abandoned by God and man that her head fell upon her breast like a thing inert, destitute of all strength.

The torturer and the doctor approached her both at once. The two assistants began rummaging in their hideous arsenal.

At the sound of those frightful irons the unfortunate girl quivered like a dead frog which is being galvanized. "Oh," murmured she, so low that no one heard her, "Oh, my Phœbus!" She then relapsed into her former immobility and petrified silence. This spectacle would have rent any heart but the hearts of judges. She resembled a poor sinful soul tormented by Satan beneath the scarlet wicket of hell. The miserable body upon which that frightful array of saws, wheels and racks was to fasten—the being whom the rough hands of executioners and pincers were to handle,—was, then, this gentle, fair and fragile creature; a poor grain of millet which human justice was handing over to the terrible mills of torture to grind.

Meanwhile, the horny hands of Pierrat Torterue's assistants had brutally bared that beautiful leg, that little foot, which had so often delighted the by-standers with their grace and loveliness in the streets of Paris.

"'Tis a pity," growled out the torturer as he remarked the grace and delicacy of their form.

Had the archdeacon been present he would assuredly have bethought him at that moment

of his symbol of the spider and the fly. Presently the poor girl saw through the mist which spread before her eyes the "boot" approach; soon she saw her foot, encased between the iron-bound boards, disappear in the frightful apparatus. Then terror restored her strength.

"Take off that," she cried frantically; and starting up all disheveled, "Mercy!"

She sprang from the bed to fling herself at the feet of the king's attorney; but her leg was held fast in the heavy block of oak and iron-work, and she sank upon the boot more helpless than a bee with a leaden weight upon its wings.

At a sign from Charmolue she was replaced on the bed and two coarse hands fastened round her small waist the leathern strap which hung from the ceiling.

"For the last time, do you confess the facts of the charge?" asked Charmolue, with his imperturbable benignity.

"I am innocent."

"Then, mademoiselle, how do you explain the circumstances brought against you?"

"Alas, sir, I know not."

"You deny, then?"

"All!"

"Proceed," said Charmolue to Pierrat.

Pierrat turned the handle of the screw-

jack; the boot tightened, and the wretched victim uttered one of those horrible shrieks which have no orthography in any human language.

"Stop," said Charmolue to Pierrat.

"Do you confess?" said he to the gypsy.

"Everything!" cried the wretched girl. "I confess! I confess! Mercy!"

She had not calculated her strength when she faced the torture. Poor child! whose life hitherto had been so joyous, so pleasant, so sweet; the first pang vanquished her.

"Humanity forces me to tell you," observed the king's attorney, "that, in confessing, you have only to look for death."

"I hope so," said she; and she sank back upon the leathern bed lifeless, bent double, suspended by the thong buckled round her waist.

"So, my beauty, hold up a bit," said Maître Pierrat, raising her. "You look like the golden sheep that hangs about Monsieur of Burgundy's neck."

Jacques Charmolue raised his voice:

"Clerk, write. Bohemian girl, you confess your participation in the love-feasts, witches' sabbaths and practices of hell, with wicked spirits, witches and hobgoblins? Answer."

"Yes," said she, so low that it was lost in a whisper.

"You confess to having seen the ram which Beelzebub causes to appear in the clouds to call together the witches' sabbath, and which is only seen by sorcerers?"

"Yes."

"You confess to having adored the heads of Bophomet, those abominable idols of the Templars?"

"Yes."

"To having had habitual dealings with the devil in the shape of a tame goat, included in the prosecution?"

"Yes."

"Lastly, you avow and confess having, with the assistance of the demon and of the phantom commonly called the spectre monk, on the night of the twenty-ninth of March last, murdered and assassinated a captain named Phœbus de Chateaupers?"

She raised her large staring eyes to the magistrate and replied, as if mechanically, without effort or emotion:

"Yes."

It was evident that she was utterly broken.

"Write down, registrar," said Charmolue; and addressing the torturers: "Let the prisoner be unbound and taken back into court."

When the prisoner had been "unbooted" the attorney of the ecclesiastical court

examined her foot, still paralyzed with pain. "Come," said he, "there's no great harm done. You cried out in time. You could dance yet, my beauty!"

He then turned to his acolytes of the officiality.

"At length justice is enlightened! that is a consolation, gentlemen! Mademoiselle will at least bear this testimony, that we have acted with all possible gentleness."

III.

THE END OF THE CROWN CHANGED INTO A WITHERED LEAF

When, pale and limping, she re-entered the court, a general hum of pleasure greeted her. On the part of the audience, it was that feeling of gratified impatience which one experiences at the theatre, at the conclusion of the last interlude of a play, when the curtain rises and the last act is about to begin. On the part of the judges, it was the hope of supping ere long. The little goat, too, bleated with joy. She tried to run to her mistress, but they had tied her to the bench.

Night had quite set in. The candles, whose number had not been increased, gave so little light that the walls of the hall could not be seen. Darkness enveloped every object in a sort of mist. A few apathetic judges' faces were just visible. Opposite to them, at the extremity of the long hall, they could distinguish a vague white patch against the dark background. It was the accused.

She had dragged herself to her place.

When Charmolue had magisterially installed himself in his, he sat down; then rose and said, without exhibiting too much of the self-complacency of success, "The accused has confessed all."

"Bohemian girl," continued the president, "you have confessed all your acts of sorcery, prostitution and assassination upon Phœbus de Chateaupers?"

Her heart was wrung. She was heard sobbing amid the darkness.

"Whatever you will," answered she feebly; "but kill me quickly."

"Monsieur, the king's attorney in the ecclesiastical court," said the president, "the chamber is ready to hear your requisitions."

Maître Charmolue produced a tremendous roll of paper, from which he began to read, with much gesticulation and the exaggerated emphasis of the bar, a Latin oration, wherein all the proofs of the suit were drawn up in Ciceronian periphrases, flanked with quotations from Plautus, his favorite comic author. We regret that we can not present our readers with this extraordinary composition. The orator delivered it with wonderful action. Before he had finished the exordium the perspiration was starting from his brow, and his eyes from his head.

All at once, in the middle of a finely turned

period, he broke off, and his countenance, usually mild enough, and indeed stupid, became black as a thunder-cloud.

"Gentlemen," cried he (this time in French, for it was not in the scroll), "Satan plays so large a part in this affair that here he is present at our councils, and making mock of their majesty. Behold him!"

So saying, he pointed to the little goat, which, seeing Charmolue gesticulate, thought it was but right she should do the same, and had seated herself on her haunches, mimicking as well as she could, with her fore-feet and bearded head, the pathetic pantomime of the king's attorney in the ecclesiastical court. This was, it may be remembered, one of her prettiest tricks. This incident, this final proof, produced a great effect. The goat's feet were bound together, and the king's attorney resumed the thread of his eloquence.

It was very long, but the peroration was admirable. The last sentence ran thus—the reader may imagine the hoarse voice and breathless gestures of Maître Charmolue:

"Ideo, domni, coram stryga demonstrata, crimine patente, intentione criminis existente, in nomine sanctæ ecclesiæ Nostræ-

"Therefore, gentlemen, the witchcraft being proved, and the crime made manifest, as likewise the criminal intention—in the

Dominæ Parisiensis, quæ est in saisina habendi omnimodam altam et bassam justitiam in illa hac intemerata Civitatis insula, tenore præsentium declaramus nos requirere, primo, aliquandam pecuniariam indemnitatem; secundo, amendationem honorabilem ante portalium maximum Nostræ-Dominæ, ecclesiæ, cathedralis; tertio, sententiam in virtute cujus ista stryga cum sua capella, seu in trivio vulgariter dicto la Grève, *seu in insula exeunte in fluvio Sequanæ, juxta pointam jardini regalis, executatæ sint!*"

name of the holy church of our Lady of Paris, which is seised of the right of all manner of justice, high and low, within this inviolate island of the City—we declare, by the tenor of these presents, that we require, firstly, some pecuniary compensation; secondly, penance before the great portal of the cathedral church of Our Lady; thirdly, a sentence, by virtue of which this witch, together with her she-goat, shall, either in the public square, commonly called La Grève, or in the island standing forth in the river Seine, adjacent to the point of the royal gardens, be executed."

He put on his cap and sat down.

"Alas!" sighed Gringoire, heart-broken; "*bassa latinitas!*" (low latinity!)

Another man in a black gown near the prisoner then rose; it was her advocate. The fasting judges began to murmur.

"Mr. Advocate, be brief," said the president.

"Monsieur, the president," replied the advocate, "since the defendant has confessed the crime, I have only one word to say to these gentlemen. Here is a clause in the Salic law: 'If a witch hath eaten a man, and if she be convicted of it, she shall pay a fine of eight thousand deniers, which make two hundred pence in gold.' May it please the chamber to condemn my client to the fine?"

"A clause that has become obsolete," said the advocate extraordinary to the king.

"I deny it," replied the prisoner's advocate.

"Put it to the vote," said a councilor; "the crime is manifest—and it is late."

The question was put to the vote without leaving the hall. The judges nodded assent; they were in haste. Their capped heads were seen uncovered one after another in the dusk at the lugubrious question addressed to them in a low voice by the president. The poor accused seemed to be looking at them, but her bewildered eye no longer saw anything.

The clerk of the court began to write; then he handed the president a long scroll of parchment.

The unhappy girl then heard a stir among the people, the pikes clash and a chilling voice say:

"Bohemian girl, on such day as it shall please our lord the king, at the hour of noon, you shall be taken in a tumbrel, in your shift, barefoot, with a rope around your neck, before the great portal of Notre-Dame; and there you shall do penance with a wax torch of two pounds weight in your hand; and from thence you shall be taken to the Place de Grève, where you shall be hanged and strangled on the Town gibbet, and likewise this, your goat; and you will pay to the Bishop's Court three lions of gold, in reparation of the crimes, by you committed and confessed, of sorcery, magic, debauchery and murder, upon the person of the sieur Phœbus de Chateaupers. So God have mercy on your soul!"

"Oh! 'tis a dream!" murmured she; and she felt rough hands bearing her away.

IV.

"LEAVE ALL HOPE BEHIND"

In the Middle Ages, when an edifice was complete, there was almost as much of it under the ground as above it. Unless built upon piles, like Notre-Dame, a palace, a fortress or a church had always a double bottom. In cathedrals it was, as it were, another subterranean cathedral, low, dark, mysterious, blind, mute, under the upper nave which was overflowing with light and resounding night and day with the music of bells and organs. Sometimes it was a sepulchre. In palaces and fortresses it was a prison; sometimes a sepulchre also, sometimes both together. Those mighty masses of masonry, whose mode of formation and slow growth we have explained elsewhere, had not foundations merely; they might be said to have roots branching out under ground in chambers, galleries and staircases, like the structure above. Thus, churches, palaces and fortresses were buried midway in the

earth. The vaults of a building were another building into which one descended instead of ascended, and whose subterranean stories extended downward beneath the pile of exterior stories of the edifice, like those forests and mountains which are reversed in the mirror-like waters of a lake beneath the forests and mountains of the banks.

At the fortress of Saint Antoine, at the Palace of Justice of Paris, at the Louvre, these subterranean edifices were prisons. The stories of these prisons, as they went deeper into the ground, grew narrower and darker. They formed so many zones, presenting various degrees of horror. Dante could never have imagined anything better for his hell. These tunnel-like dungeons usually ended in a deep hole, shaped like the bottom of a tub, where Dante placed his Satan, and where society placed those condemned to death. When once a miserable human existence was there interred, then farewell light, air, life, *ogni speranza* (all hope behind); it only came forth to the gibbet or to the stake. Sometimes it rotted there; human justice called that *forgetting*. Between mankind and himself the condemned one felt an accumulation of stones and jailers weighing down upon his head, and the entire prison, the massive fortress, was but one enormous

complicated lock that barred him out of the living world.

It was in a dungeon hole of this kind, in the *oubliettes* excavated by Saint Louis in the *in pace* (prison in which monks were shut up for life) of the Tournelle, that—for fear of her escaping, no doubt—Esmeralda had been placed when condemned to the gibbet, with the colossal Palace of Justice over her head. Poor fly, that could not have stirred the smallest of its stones!

Assuredly, Providence and mankind had been equally unjust; such an excess of misfortune and torture was not necessary to crush so frail a creature.

She was there, lost in the darkness, buried, entombed. Any one who could have beheld her in this state, after having seen her laugh and dance in the sun, would have shuddered. Cold as night, cold as death, not a breath of air in her tresses, not a human sound in her ear, no longer a ray of light in her eyes, bent double, loaded with chains, crouching beside a jug and a loaf of bread upon a little straw in the pool of water formed beneath her by the damp oozing of her cell, without motion, almost without breath, she was now scarcely sensible even to suffering. Phœbus, the sunshine, noonday, the open air, the streets of Paris, the dances with the applauses of the

spectators, the sweet prattlings of love with the officer; then the priest, the old crone, the poniard, blood, the torture, the gibbet—all this did indeed float before her mind, now as a harmonious and golden vision, again as a hideous nightmare. But it was now no more than a horrible and indistinct struggle veiled in darkness, or than distant music played above on the earth, and which was no longer audible at the depth to which the unfortunate creature had fallen.

Since she had been there she neither waked nor slept. In that misery, in that dungeon, she could no more distinguish waking from sleeping, dreams from reality, than she could the day from the night. All was mingled, broken, floating, confusedly scattered in her mind. She felt nothing, knew nothing, thought nothing; at best she only dreamed. Never did living creature plunge so far into the realm of nothingness.

Thus benumbed, frozen, petrified, had she scarcely noticed the sound of a trap-door which was twice or thrice opened somewhere above her, without even admitting a ray of light, and through which a hand had thrown a crust of black bread. Yet this was her only remaining communication with mankind—the periodical visit of the jailer. One thing alone still mechanically occupied her ear;

over her head the dampness filtered through the mouldy stones of the vault, and a drop of water dropped from them at regular intervals. She listened stupidly to the noise made by this drop of water as it fell into the pool beside her.

This drop of water falling into the pool was the only movement still stirring around her, the only clock to mark the time, the only sound that reached her of all the noises made upon the surface of the earth.

Although, indeed, she also felt, from time to time, in that sink of mire and darkness, something cold passing here and there over her foot or her arm, and she shuddered.

How long had she been there? She knew not. She had a recollection of a sentence of death pronounced somewhere against some one; then she was borne away, and she awaked icy cold in the midst of night and silence. She had crawled along upon her hands, then iron rings cut her ankles and chains clanked. She discovered that all around her was wall, that underneath her were flag-stones covered with water, and a bundle of straw; but there was neither lamp nor air-hole. Then she seated herself upon the straw, and occasionally, for a change of position, on the lowest of some stone steps in her dungeon.

At one time she had tried to count the

dark moments measured for her by the drop of water; but soon that mournful employment of her sick brain had ceased of its own accord and left her in stupor.

At length, one day, or one night (for midnight and noon had the same hue in this sepulchre), she heard above her a louder noise than that usually made by the turnkey when he brought her bread and jug of water. She raised her head and saw a reddish light through the crevices of the sort of trap-door made in the arch of the *in pace*.

At the same time the heavy lock creaked, the trap-door grated on its rusty hinges, turned, and she beheld a lantern, a hand, and the lower part of the bodies of two men, the door being too low for her to see their heads. The light pained her so acutely that she shut her eyes.

When she reopened them the door was closed, the lantern was placed on a step of the staircase, one man alone was standing before her. A black gown fell to his feet, a cowl of the same hue concealed his face. Nothing was visible of his person, neither his face nor his hands. It looked like a long black winding-sheet standing upright, beneath which something seemed to move. She gazed fixedly for some moments at this sort of spectre. Still neither she nor he spoke.

They were like two statues confronting each other. Two things only seemed to have life in the vault: the wick of the lantern, which sputtered from the dampness of the atmosphere, and the drop of water from the roof, which interrupted this irregular crepitation by its monotonous plash, and made the reflection of the lantern quiver in concentric waves upon the oily water of the pool.

At length the prisoner broke silence.

"Who are you?"

"A priest."

The word, the accent, the sound of the voice made her start.

The priest continued in a hollow tone:

"Are you prepared?"

"For what?"

"To die."

"Oh!" said she, "will it be soon?"

"To-morrow."

Her head, which she had raised with a look of joy, again sank upon her bosom.

"That is very long yet," murmured she; "what difference would a day make to them?"

"Are you then very unhappy?" asked the priest after a short silence.

"I am very cold," replied she.

She took her feet in her hands, a habitual gesture with unfortunate creatures who are

cold, and which we have already observed in the recluse of the Tour-Roland, and her teeth chattered.

The priest's eyes appeared to be wandering from under his hood around the dungeon.

"Without light! without fire! in the water! It is horrible!"

"Yes," answered she with the bewildered air which misery had given her. "The day belongs to every one; why do they give me only night?"

"Do you know," resumed the priest, after another silence, "why you are here?"

"I think I knew once," said she, passing her thin fingers across her brow, as if to assist her memory, "but I know no longer."

All at once she began to weep like a child.

"I want to go away from here, monsieur. I am cold—I am afraid—and there are creatures that crawl over my body."

"Well, follow me."

So saying, the priest took her arm. The poor girl was chilled to her very vitals, yet that hand felt cold to her.

"Oh!" murmured she, "'tis the icy hand of death. Who are you?"

The priest threw back his hood; she looked: it was that sinister visage which had so long pursued her—that demon's head which had appeared to her at La Falourdel's over

the adored head of her Phœbus—that eye which she last saw glaring beside a dagger.

This apparition, always so fatal to her, and which had thus driven her on from misfortune to misfortune, even to an ignominious death, roused her from her stupor. It seemed to her that the veil which had clouded her memory was rent asunder. All the details of her mournful adventure, from the nocturnal scene at La Falourdel's to her condemnation at the Tournelle, rushed upon her mind at once, not vague and confused as heretofore, but clear, distinct, vivid, living, terrible. These recollections, almost obliterated by excess of suffering, were revived at the sight of the sombre figure before her, as the heat of fire brings out afresh upon white paper invisible letters traced upon it with sympathetic ink. All the wounds of her heart seemed to be torn open afresh and bleed simultaneously.

"Hah!" she cried, pressing her hands to her eyes, with a convulsive shudder, "it is the priest!"

Then she let fall her unnerved arm and remained sitting, with bent head, eyes fixed on the ground, mute, and still trembling.

The priest gazed at her with the eye of a hawk which has long hovered high in the heavens above a poor meadow-lark cowering in the wheat, gradually and silently descend-

ing in ever lessening circles, and suddenly swooping upon his prey like a flash of lightning, and holds it panting between his talons.

She began to murmur in a low tone:

"Finish! finish! the last blow!" And her head sank between her shoulders in terror, like a sheep awaiting the blow of the butcher's ax.

"You look upon me with horror, then," he asked at length.

She made no answer.

"Do you look on me with horror?" he repeated.

Her lips contracted as if she were smiling.

"Yes," said she; "the executioner taunts the condemned! For months he pursues me, threatens me, terrifies me. But for him, my God, how happy I would be! It is he who has cast me into this abyss! Oh, heavens! it was he who killed—it was he who killed him—my Phœbus!"

Here she burst into sobs, and raising her eyes toward the priest:

"Oh! wretch! who are you? what have I done to you? do you then hate me so? Alas! what have you against me?"

"I love thee!" cried the priest.

Her tears suddenly ceased; she eyed him with the vacant stare of an idiot. He had

fallen on his knees and was devouring her with eyes of flame.

"Dost thou hear? I love thee!" cried he again.

"What love!" ejaculated the unhappy creature.

He continued:

"The love of a damned soul!"

Both remained silent for several minutes, crushed under the weight of their emotions—he maddened, she stupefied.

"Listen," said the priest at last, and a strange calm came over him; "thou shalt know all. I am about to tell thee what hitherto I have scarcely dared tell myself, when I secretly questioned my conscience, in those dead hours of the night when it is so dark that it seems as though God no longer sees us. Listen. Before I saw thee, young girl, I was happy . . ."

"And I too!" sighed she feebly.

"Interrupt me not! Yes, I was happy; or, at least, I thought so. I was pure; my soul was filled with limpid light. No head was raised more proudly or more radiantly than mine. Priests consulted me on chastity, doctors on doctrines. Yes, science was all in all to me; it was a sister—and a sister sufficed me. Not but that, growing older, other ideas came across my mind. More than once my

flesh was thrilled as a woman's form passed by. That force of sex and passion which, foolish youth, I had thought stifled forever, had more than once shaken convulsively the chain of the iron vows which bind me, miserable wretch, to the cold stones of the altar. But fasting, prayer, study, the macerations of the cloister again made the spirit ruler of the body. And then I shunned women. Moreover, I had but to open a book, for all the impure vapors of the brain to evaporate before the splendor of science. In a few minutes I saw the gross things of earth flee far away, and I was once more calm and serene, bathed in the tranquil light of eternal truth. So long as the Demon sent only vague shadows of women to attack me, passing casually before my eyes, in the church, in the streets, in the fields, and scarcely recurring in my dreams, I vanquished him easily. Alas! if the victory has not remained with me, it is the fault of God, who made not man and the Demon of equal strength. Listen. One day . . ."

Here the priest paused, and the prisoner heard deep sighs burst from his bosom, each one seeming like the last breath of agony.

He resumed:

"One day, I was leaning on the window of my cell. What book was I reading? Oh! all that is whirling now in my brain. I was

reading. The window opened upon a square. I heard the sound of a tambourine and music. Vexed at being thus disturbed in my reverie, I glanced into the square. What I saw, others saw beside myself—and yet it was not a spectacle for mortal eye. There, in the middle of the pavement—it was noon, brilliant sunshine—a creature was dancing, a creature so beautiful that God would have preferred her to the Virgin—would have chosen her for His mother—would have been born of her, had she existed when He was made man. Her eyes were black and lustrous; amidst her raven hair, certain locks, through which the sunbeams shone, were glistening like threads of gold. Her feet moved so swiftly that they appeared indistinct, like the spokes of a wheel revolving rapidly. Around her head, amongst her ebon tresses, were plates of metal, which sparkled in the sun, and formed about her temples a diadem of stars. Her dress, thickset with spangles, twinkled, blue and with a thousand sparks, like a summer night. Her brown and pliant arms twined and untwined about her waist like two silken scarfs. Her figure was of surpassing beauty. Oh! how resplendent that form, which stood out like something luminous even in the very light of the sun itself! Alas! young girl, it was thou! Surprised, intoxicated, charmed, I allowed

myself to gaze upon thee. I looked at thee so long that suddenly I shuddered with affright. I felt that the hand of Fate was upon me."

The priest, oppressed by emotion, again paused for a moment; then continued:

"Already half fascinated, I strove to cling to something and to stay myself from falling. I recalled the snares which Satan had already set for me. The creature before me was of that preternatural beauty which can only be of heaven or hell. That was no mere girl moulded of our common clay, and faintly lighted within by the flickering ray of a woman's spirit. It was an angel, but of darkness—of flame, not of light. At the moment that I was thinking thus, I saw beside thee a goat, a beast of the witches, which looked at me laughingly. The midday sun gilded its horns with fire. Then I perceived the snare of the Demon, and I no longer doubted that thou camest from hell, and that thou camest for my perdition. I believed it."

Here the priest looked the prisoner in the face, and added coldly:

"I believe it still. However, the charm operated little by little. Thy dancing whirled in my brain; I felt the mysterious spell at work within me. All that should have waked in my soul was lulled to sleep; and, like

those who perish in the snow, I took pleasure in yielding to that slumber. All at once thou didst begin to sing. What could I do, wretch that I was? Thy song was still more bewitching than thy dance. I tried to flee—impossible. I was nailed, rooted to the ground. It seemed as if the marble flags had risen to my knees. I was forced to remain until the end. My feet were ice, my brain was boiling. At length thou didst, perhaps, take pity on me: thou didst cease to sing; thou didst disappear. The reflection of the dazzling vision, the reverberation of the enchanting music, gradually faded from my eyes and ears. Then I sank into the corner of the window, more stiff and helpless than a fallen statue. The vesper bell roused me. I rose, I fled; but, alas! something within me had fallen to rise no more; something came upon me from which I could not flee!"

He made another pause and proceeded:

"Yes; from that day forth there was within me a man I knew not. I had recourse to all my remedies—the cloister, the altar, work, books—follies! Oh! how empty science sounds when we beat against it in despair a head filled with frantic passion! Knowest thou, young girl, what I saw ever after between the book and me? Thee, thy shadow, the image of the luminous apparition which had one

day passed before me. But that image was no longer of the same hue; it was gloomy, funereal, darksome—like the black circle that long hangs about the vision of the imprudent one who has been gazing steadfastly at the sun.

"Unable to rid myself of it—hearing thy song ever humming in my head—constantly seeing thy feet dancing on my breviary—constantly feeling at night, in my dreams, thy form against my own—I wished to see thee again—to touch thee—to know who thou wast—to see whether I should find thee indeed equal to the ideal image that had remained of thee—to dispel, perhaps, my dream with the reality. At all events, I hoped a new impression would efface the first, and the first had become insupportable. I sought thee. I saw thee again. Misery! When I had seen thee twice, I wished to see thee a thousand times, I wished to see thee always! Then—how stop short on that steep descent to hell? Then I was no longer my own master. The other end of the thread which the Demon had tied about my wings was fastened to his foot. I became vagrant and wandering like thyself, I waited for thee under porches, I spied thee out at the corners of streets, I watched thee from the top of my tower. Each night I found myself more

charmed, more despairing, more fascinated, more lost!

"I had learned who thou wast—a gypsy, a Bohemian, a gitana, a zingara. How could I doubt the witchcraft? Listen. I hoped that a trial would rid me of the charm. A sorceress had bewitched Bruno of Asti; he had her burned, and was cured. I knew it; I wished to try the remedy. First, I tried to have thee forbidden the square in front of Notre-Dame, hoping to forget thee if thou camest no more. Thou didst not heed. Thou camest again. Then came the idea of carrying thee off. One night I attempted it. There were two of us. Already we had laid hold on thee, when that wretched officer came upon us. He delivered thee. Thus was he the beginning of thy misfortunes, of mine, and of his own. At length, not knowing what to do or what was to become of me, I denounced thee to the official.

"I thought I should be cured like Bruno of Asti. I, also, had a confused idea that a trial would deliver thee into my hands; that in a prison I should hold thee, I should have thee; that there thou couldst not escape me; that thou hadst possessed me a sufficiently long time to give me the right to possess thee in my turn. When one does evil, one should do it thoroughly. 'Tis madness to stop midway

in the monstrous! The extremity of crime has its delirium of joy. A priest and a witch may mingle in ecstacy upon the straw of a dungeon floor!

"So I denounced thee. 'Twas then that I used to terrify thee whenever I met thee. The plot which I was weaving against thee, the storm which I was brewing over thy head, burst from me in muttered threats and lightning glances. Still I hesitated. My project had its appaling sides, which made me shrink back.

"Perhaps I might have renounced it, perhaps might my hideous thought have withered in my brain without bearing fruit. I thought it would always depend upon me to follow up or set aside this prosecution. But every evil thought is inexorable, and insists on becoming a deed; where I supposed myself all-powerful, Fate was mightier than I. Alas! alas! 'tis she who has laid hold on thee, and cast thee amid the terrible machinery of the engine I had secretly constructed! Listen; I am nearing the end.

"One day—again the sun was shining brightly—I beheld a man pass me who pronounced thy name and laughed, and who carried profligacy in his eyes. Damnation! I followed him. Thou knowest the rest."

He ceased.

The young girl could find but one word:

"Oh, my Phœbus!"

"Not that name!" said the priest, seizing her arm with violence. "Pronounce not that name! Oh! unhappy wretches that we are; 'tis that name which has ruined us! or rather, we have ruined each other by the inexplicable play of fate! Thou art suffering, art thou not? Thou art cold; darkness blinds thee; the dungeon wraps thee round; but, perhaps, thou hast still some light shining within thee—were it only thy childish love for that empty being who was trifling with thy heart? while I—I bear the dungeon within me; within me is winter, ice, despair; I have the darkness in my soul.

"Knowest thou all that I have suffered? I was present at thy trial. I was seated on the bench with the officials. Yes, under one of those priestly hoods were the contortions of a damned spirit. When thou wast brought in, I was there; when thou wast interrogated, I was there. The den of wolves! 'Twas my own crime; 'twas my own gibbet they were slowly constructing over thy head! At each deposition, at each proof, at each pleading, I was there; I could count each of thy steps on the road of agony. I was there, again, when that wild beast . . . Oh! I had not foreseen the torture! Listen. I followed thee to

the chamber of anguish. I saw thee stripped and handled by the vile hands of the torturer. I saw thy foot—that foot, upon which I would have given an empire to press a single kiss and die; that foot, beneath which I would with rapture have been crushed—that foot I beheld encased in the horrible boot, that boot which converts the limb of a living being into bleeding pulp! Oh! wretched me! while I looked on at that I grasped beneath my sackcloth a dagger with which I lacerated my breast. At the shriek which thou utteredst, I plunged it in my flesh; at a second cry, it would have entered my heart. Look; I think it still bleeds."

He opened his cassock. His breast was indeed torn as if by a tiger's claws, and in his side was a large, ill-closed wound.

The prisoner shrank back with horror.

"Oh!" said the priest, "girl, have pity on me! Thou thinkest thyself unhappy. Alas! alas! thou knowest not what misery is. Oh! to love a woman—to be a priest—to be hated—to love her with all the fury of your soul—to feel that you would give for the least of her smiles your blood, your vitals, your reputation, your salvation, immortality and eternity, this life and the other—to regret you are not a king, a genius, an emperor, an archangel, God, that you might place a greater slave

beneath her feet—to clasp her day and night in your dreams, in your thoughts; and to see her in love with the trappings of a soldier, and have nothing to offer her but a priest's dirty cassock, which will terrify and disgust her. To be present with your jealousy and your rage while she lavishes on a miserable, blustering imbecile treasures of love and beauty! To behold that body whose form inflames you, that bosom which has so much sweetness, that flesh tremble and blush under the kisses of another! Oh heavens! to love her foot, her arm, her shoulder! to think of her blue veins, of her brown skin, until one writhes for nights together on the pavement of one's cell; and to see all those caresses one has dreamed of end in torture! to have succeeded only in laying her on the bed of leather! Oh, these are the true pincers heated at the fires of hell! Oh! happy is he that is sawed asunder between two planks, or torn to pieces by four horses! Knowest thou what torture he feels through long nights? whose arteries boil, whose heart seems bursting, whose head seems splitting, whose teeth tear his hands—fell tormentors which turn him incessantly, as on a fiery gridiron, over a thought of love, jealousy and despair? Mercy, girl! A truce for a moment! A few ashes on this living coal! Wipe away, I beseech thee, the big drops of

sweat that trickle from my brow! Child! torture me with one hand, but caress me with the other! Have pity, maiden! have pity on me."

The priest writhed on the wet pavement and beat his head against the edges of the stone steps. The young girl listened to him, looked at him.

When he ceased speaking, panting and exhausted, she repeated in an undertone:

"Oh, my Phœbus!"

The priest dragged himself towards her on his knees.

"I implore thee," cried he, "if thou hast any bowels of compassion, repulse me not! Oh! I love thee! I am a miserable wretch! When thou utterest that name, unhappy girl, it is as if thou wert grinding between thy teeth every fibre of my heart! Mercy! If thou comest from hell, I go thither with thee. I have done everything to that end. The hell where thou art will be my paradise; the sight of thee is more entrancing than that of God. Oh! say! wilt thou none of me, then? I should have thought the mountains would have been shaken on their foundations the day a woman would repulse such a love. Oh! if thou wouldst . . . Oh! how happy could we be! We would flee; I would help thee to flee; we would go somewhere; we

would seek that spot on the earth where the sun is brightest, the trees most luxuriant, the sky the bluest. We would love each other; we would pour our two souls one into the other and we would each have an inextinguishable thirst for the other which we would quench incessantly and together at the inexhaustible fountain of love!"

She interrupted him with a loud and terrible laugh.

"Look, father! you have blood upon your fingers!"

The priest remained for some moments petrified, his eyes fixed on his hand.

"Yes, 'tis well," he resumed at length with strange gentleness; "insult me, taunt me, overwhelm me with scorn! but come, come away. Let us hasten. It is to be to-morrow, I tell thee. The gibbet on the Grève, thou knowest! It is ever ready. 'Tis horrible! to see thee borne in that tumbrel! Oh! mercy! Never did I feel as at this moment how dearly I love thee. Oh! follow me. Thou shalt hate me as long as thou wilt. Only come. To-morrow! to-morrow! the gibbet! thy execution! Oh! save thyself! spare me!"

He seized her arm; he was frantic; he strove to drag her away.

She fixed her eye intently on him.

"What has become of my Phœbus?"

"Ah!" said the priest, letting go her arm, "you have no pity!"

"What has become of Phœbus?" she repeated coldly.

"He is dead!" cried the priest.

"Dead!" said she, still cold and passionless; "then why do you talk to me of living?"

He heard her not.

"Oh, yes!" said he, as if talking to himself, "he must indeed be dead. The blade entered deep. I believe I touched his heart with the point. Oh! my very soul was in that dagger's point!"

The young girl rushed upon him like an enraged tigress, and thrust him against the flight of steps with supernatural strength.

"Begone, monster! begone, murderer! leave me to die! May the blood of us both mark thy brow with an everlasting stain! . . . Be thine! priest? Never! never! nothing shall unite us! not hell itself! Begone, accursed! Never!"

The priest had stumbled to the steps. He silently disengaged his feet from the folds of his cassock, took up his lantern, and began slowly to ascend the steps leading to the door; he reopened the door and went out.

All at once the young girl beheld his head re-appear; his face wore a frightful expres-

sion, and he cried to her, hoarse with rage and despair:

"I tell thee, he is dead!"

She fell face downwards on the ground, and no sound was heard in the dungeon save the sob of the drop of water which made the pool palpitate amid the darkness.

V.

THE MOTHER

I do not think there is anything in the world more gladsome than the ideas which awake in a mother's heart at the sight of her child's little shoe; above all, when it is the holiday, the Sunday, the christening shoe—the shoe embroidered to the very sole, a shoe in which the child has not yet taken one step. That shoe has so much daintiness and grace, it is so impossible for it to walk, that it seems to the mother as though she saw her child. She smiles at it, she kisses it, she talks to it, she asks herself whether there can actually be a foot so tiny; and, if the child be absent, the pretty shoe suffices to bring the soft and fragile creature before her eyes. She fancies she sees it—she does see it—full of life and laughter, with its delicate hands, its round head, its pure lips, its serene eyes, whose white is blue. If it be winter, there it is, crawling on the carpet, climbing laboriously upon a stool; and the mother trembles lest it

go too near the fire. If it be summer, it creeps about the yard, the garden, plucks up the grass from between the stones, gazes with artless wonder, and fearlessly, at the big dogs, the great horses, plays with the shell-work, the flowers, and makes the gardener scold when he finds the gravel on the beds and the mould upon the walks. Everything smiles, everything is bright, everything is playful, like itself, even to the zephyr and the sunbeam, which sport in rivalry amidst its wanton curls. The shoe recalls all this to the mother, and her heart melts before it as wax before the fire.

But when the child is lost, those thousand images of joy, of delight, of tenderness, which swarmed around the little shoe, become so many sources of horror. The pretty little embroidered shoe is now only an instrument of torture, incessantly racking the heart of the mother. It is still the same chord which vibrates, the fibre the most sensitive, the most profound; but instead of its being touched by an angel, it is now wrenched by a demon.

One morning, as the May sun was rising in one of those deep blue skies in which Garofolo loves to picture the descent from the cross, the recluse of the Tour-Roland heard the sound of wheels, the tramp of horses and the clanking of irons in the Place de Grève. She was but little roused by it, fastened her

hair over her ears to deaden the sound, and on her knees resumed her contemplation of the inanimate object which she had been thus adoring for fifteen years. That little shoe, we have already said, was to her the universe. Her thoughts were locked up in it, never to be parted from it but by death. What bitter imprecations she had breathed to heaven, what heart-rending complaints, what prayers and sobs about this charming, rosy, satin toy, the gloomy cave of the Tour-Roland only knew. Never was keener anguish lavished upon a thing more charming or more delicate.

That morning it seemed as if her grief was venting itself more violently than usual, and she was heard from without lamenting in a loud and monotonous voice that wrung to the heart.

"Oh! my child," said she, "my child! my poor, dear, little babe, I shall see thee then no more! Is it then over? It always seems to me as if it happened but yesterday! My God! my God! to take her from me so soon; it would have been better not to have given her to me! You do not know, then, that our children are of our own bowels, and a mother that has lost her child believes no longer in God? Ah! wretched that I am, to have gone out that day! Lord! Lord! to take

her from me thus! You never saw me with her, then, when I warmed her all joyous at my fire, when she laughed at me as I gave her suck, when I made her little feet creep up my bosom to my lips? Oh! if you had but seen that, my God! you would have had pity on my joy; you would not have taken from me the only love that was yet left in my heart! Was I such a wretched creature, then, Lord, that you could not look at me before you condemned me? Alas! alas! there is the shoe; but the foot, where is it? where is the child? My babe! my babe! what have they done with thee? Lord, give her back to me! For fifteen years have I torn my knees in praying to thee, my God! Is that not enough? Give her back to me for one day, one hour, one minute, but for one minute, Lord, and then cast me to the evil one forever! Oh! if I only knew where lay but the hem of your garment, I would cling to it with both my hands, and you would be obliged to give me back my child! Her pretty little shoe, have you no pity on it, Lord? Can you condemn a poor mother to these fifteen years of torture? Good Virgin! good Virgin of Heaven! my infant Jesus has been taken from me; they have stolen it, they have eaten it on the wild heath, they have drunk its blood, they have crushed its bones!

Good Virgin! have pity on me! My daughter! I must have my daughter! What care I that she should be in heaven! I'll none of your angel, I want my child! I am the lioness, I want my whelp! Oh, I'll writhe upon the ground, I'll dash my forehead against the stones, I'll damn myself and curse you, Lord, if you keep from me my child! You see how my arms are bitten, Lord! Has the good God no pity? Oh, give me but black bread and salt, only let me have my child to warm me like a sun! Alas! Lord God, I am only a vile sinner, but my child made me pious. I was full of religion for love of her, and I saw you through her smile as through an opening of heaven. Oh, let me only once, once again, but a single time, put this shoe on her pretty, little, rosy foot, and I will die, good Virgin, blessing you! Ah! fifteen years! she would be grown up now. Unhappy child! What! is it true, then, I shall never see her more, not even in heaven? for I shall never go there. Oh, what misery to say, 'There is her shoe, and that is all!"

The wretched woman had thrown herself on this shoe, for so many years her consolation and despair, and her heart was rent with sobs as on the first day—for to a mother that has lost her child, it is always the first day. That

grief never grows old. The mourning garments may wear out and lose their dye, the heart remains dark. At that moment, fresh and joyous children's voices passed before the cell. Whenever any children met her eye or ear, the poor mother used to rush in the darkest corner of her sepulchre, and seemed as if she would plunge her head into the stone that she might not hear them. This time, on the contrary, she started up and listened eagerly. One of the little boys had just said:

"They're going to hang a gypsy-woman to-day."

With a sudden bound, like that of the spider which we have seen rush upon a fly at the trembling of her web, she ran to her loophole, which looked out, as the reader is aware, upon the Place de Grève. There, indeed, was a ladder reared against the permanent gibbet, and the hangman's assistant was busy adjusting the chains rusted by the rain. Some people were standing around.

The smiling group of children was already far away. The recluse sought with her eyes some passer-by whom she might interrogate. Close to her cell she perceived a priest, who pretended to be reading in the public breviary, but whose mind was much less occupied with the lattice-guarded volume than with the gibbet, toward which he cast from

time to time a stern and gloomy look. She recognized Monsieur the archdeacon of Josas, a holy man.

"Father," asked she, "whom are they about to hang yonder?"

The priest looked at her without answering; she repeated the question, and then he said, "I don't know."

"There were some children that said it was a gypsy-woman," continued the recluse.

"I believe it is," said the priest.

Then Paquette la Chantefleurie burst into a hyena-like laughter.

"Sister," said the archdeacon, "you greatly hate the gypsy-women then?"

"Hate them!" cried the recluse; "they are witches, child stealers! They devoured my little girl, my child, my only child! I have no heart left; they have devoured it!"

She was frightful. The priest looked at her coldly.

"There is one of them whom I hate above all, and whom I have cursed," resumed she; "a young one, who is the age my girl would be if her mother had not eaten my girl. Every time that young viper passes before my cell she makes my blood boil."

"Well, sister, be joyful," said the priest, icy as a sepulchral statue; "that is the one you are about to see die."

His head fell upon his breast and he moved slowly away.

The recluse writhed her arms with joy.

"I had foretold it to her that she would go up there again. Thank you, priest," cried she.

And then she began to pace with rapid steps before the bars of her window, her hair disheveled, her eyes glaring, striking her shoulder against the wall, with the wild air of a caged she-wolf that has long been hungry and feels that the hour of her repast is approaching.

VI.

THREE HUMAN HEARTS DIFFERENTLY CONSTITUTED

Phœbus, however, was not dead. Men of that stamp are hard to kill. When Maître Philippe Lheulier, king's advocate extraordinary, had said to poor Esmeralda, "he is dying," it was an error or in jest. When the archdeacon had repeated to the condemned girl, "he is dead," the fact was that he knew nothing about the matter, but he believed it, he made sure of it and he had no doubt of it. It would have been too hard for him to give favorable news of his rival to the woman whom he loved. Any man would have done the same in his place.

Not that Phœbus's wound was not severe, but it was less so than the archdeacon flattered himself. The surgeon, to whose house the soldiers of the watch had at once carried him, had, for a week, feared for his life, and had even told him so in Latin. However, youth triumphed; and as often happens, notwithstanding prognostics and diagnostics, Nature

amused herself by saving the patient, in spite of the physician. It was while he was still lying upon the leech's pallet that he underwent the first interrogatories of Philippe Lheulier and the official inquisitors, which he had found especially wearisome. Accordingly, one fine morning, feeling himself better, he had left his golden spurs in payment to the man of medicine, and taken himself off. This, however, had not in the least affected the judicial proceedings. Justice in those days cared little about clearness and precision in the proceedings against a criminal. Provided only that the accused was hung, that was all that was necessary. Now the judges had ample proof against La Esmeralda. They believed Phœbus to be dead—and that was the end of the matter.

Phœbus, for his part, had fled to no great distance. He had simply rejoined his company in garrison at Queue-en-Brie, in the Isle of France, a few stages from Paris.

After all, it did not please him in the least to appear in this suit. He had a vague impression that he would play a ridiculous part in it. In fact, he did not very well know what to think of the whole affair. Irreligious and superstitious, like every soldier who is nothing but a soldier, when he came to question himself about this adventure, he was

not altogether without his suspicions of the little goat, of the singular fashion in which he had first met La Esmeralda, of the no less strange manner in which she had betrayed her love, of her being a gypsy, and lastly of the spectre monk. He perceived in all these incidents much more magic than love; probably a sorceress; perhaps a devil; a sort of drama, in short; or, to speak the language of that day, a mystery—very disagreeable indeed—in which he played a very awkward part, that of the personage beaten and laughed at. The captain felt abashed at this; he experienced that sort of shame which Lafontaine has so admirably defined:

Ashamed as a fox caught by a hen.

Moreover, he hoped that the affair would not be noised abroad; that, himself being absent, his name would hardly be pronounced in connection with it, and that in any case it would not go beyond the court room of the Tournelle. In this he was not mistaken. There was then no *Gazette des Tribunaux;* and as hardly a week passed in which there was not some counterfeiter to boil, some witch to hang, or some heretic to burn, at some of the numberless *justices* of Paris, people were so much accustomed to see at every crossway the ancient feudal Themis, bare-armed, with sleeves turned up, doing her

work at the gibbets, the whipping posts and pillories, that they hardly paid any heed to it. The aristocracy of that day scarcely knew the name of the victim who passed by at the corner of the street; and, at most, it was only the populace that regaled itself with this coarse fare. An execution was a common incident in the public highways, like the baker's braising pan or the butcher's slaughter house. The executioner was but a sort of butcher of a little deeper dye than the rest.

Phœbus, therefore, soon set his mind at rest in regard to the enchantress Esmeralda or Similar, as he called her, to the dagger thrust which he had received from the gypsy-girl, or from the spectre monk (it mattered little to him which), and to the issue of the trial. But no sooner was his heart vacant on that score, than the image of Fleur-de-Lys returned thither; for the heart of Captain Phœbus, like the natural philosophy of the day, abhorred a vacuum.

Moreover, he found it very dull staying at Queue-en-Brie, a village of farriers and cow-girls with chapped hands; a long string of poor huts and thatched cottages, bordering the highway on both sides for half a league; a tail (queue) in short, as its name imports.

Fleur-de-Lys was his last flame but one—a pretty girl, a delightful dowry. Accordingly,

one fine morning, quite cured, and fairly presuming that after two months had elapsed, the affair of the gypsy-girl must be over and forgotten, the amorous cavalier arrived on a prancing horse at the door of the Gondelaurier mansion.

He paid no heed to a somewhat numerous rabble which had gathered in the Place du Parvis, before the portal of Notre-Dame. He recollected that it was the month of May; he supposed it to be some procession, some Whitsuntide or holiday; fastened his horse's bridle to the ring at the gate, and gaily ascended the stairs in search of his fair betrothed.

She was alone with her mother.

Fleur-de-Lys had still weighing upon her heart the scene of the sorceress with her goat and its accursed alphabet, and the lengthened absence of Phœbus. Nevertheless, when she beheld her captain enter, she thought him so handsome, his doublet so new, his baldrick so shining, and his air so impassioned, that she blushed with pleasure. The noble damoiselle herself was more charming than ever. Her magnificent fair locks were braided to perfection; she was clad in all that heavenly blue which so well becomes fair people (a bit of coquetry she had learned from Colombe), and her eyes swam in that languor of love which becomes them still better.

Phœbus, who had seen nothing in the line of beauty since he quitted the country wenches of Queue-en-Brie, was intoxicated with the sight of Fleur-de-Lys—which imparted to our officer so eager and gallant an air that his peace was made immediately. Madame de Gondelaurier herself, still maternally seated in her big arm-chair, had not the courage to scold him. As for Fleur-de-Lys's reproaches, they died away in tender cooings.

The young lady was seated near the window, still embroidering her grotto of Neptunus. The captain was leaning over the back of her chair, while she murmured to him her gentle upbraidings.

"What have you been doing with yourself for these two months past, you naughty man?"

"I swear," replied Phœbus, a little embarrassed by the question, "that you are beautiful enough to set an archbishop to dreaming."

She could not help smiling.

"Good, good, sir. Let my beauty alone and answer me. Fine beauty, indeed!"

"Well, my dear cousin, I was recalled to the garrison."

"And where was that, if you please? and why did you not come to bid me farewell?"

"At Queue-en-Brie."

Phœbus was delighted that the first question had helped him to elude the second.

"But that is quite close by, sir. How happened it that you came not once to see me?"

Here Phœbus was very seriously perplexed. "Because—the service—and then, charming cousin, I have been ill."

"Ill!" she repeated in alarm.

"Yes—wounded."

"Wounded!"

The poor girl was quite overcome.

"Oh, do not be frightened at that," said Phœbus, carelessly; "it was nothing. A quarrel—a sword cut—what is that to you?"

"What is that to me!" exclaimed Fleur-de-Lys, lifting her beautiful eyes filled with tears. "Oh! you do not say what you think when you speak thus. What sword cut was that? I wish to know all."

"Well, my dear fair one, I had a quarrel with Mahé Fédy, you know, the lieutenant of Saint Germain-en-Laye; and we have ripped open a few inches of skin for each other—that is all."

The mendacious captain was well aware that an affair of honor always set a man off to advantage in the eyes of a woman. In fact, Fleur-de-Lys looked him in the face with mingled sensations of fear, pleasure and admiration. Still, she was not completely reassured.

"Provided that you are wholly cured, my

Phœbus!" said she. "I do not know your Mahé Fêdy, but he is a villainous man. And whence arose this quarrel?"

Here Phœbus, whose imagination was only tolerably active, began to be rather at a loss how to find a means of extricating himself for his prowess.

"Oh, I know not; a mere nothing; a horse; a remark! Fair cousin," he exclaimed, by way of turning the conversation, "what noise is that in the square?" He went to the window.

"Oh, heavens! fair cousin, what a great crowd in the Place."

"I do not know," said Fleur-de-Lys; "it appears that a witch is to do penance this morning before the church, and thereafter to be hanged."

So absolutely did the captain believe the affair of La Esmeralda to be terminated, that he was little affected by these words of Fleur-de-Lys. Nevertheless, he asked her one or two questions.

"What is the name of this witch?"

"I do not know," she replied.

"And what is she said to have done?"

She again shrugged her white shoulders.

"I know not."

"Oh, my sweet Saviour!" said the mother, "there are so many sorcerers nowadays that

they burn them, I verily believe, without knowing their names. One might as well seek the name of every cloud in the sky. After all, one may be tranquil. The good God keeps his register." Here the venerable dame rose and went to the window. "Good Lord!" she cried, "you are right, Phœbus—there is indeed a great crowd of the populace. There they are, blessed be God! even on the house-tops! Do you know, Phœbus, this reminds me of my young days—the entry of King Charles VII., when there was also such a crowd. I no longer remember what year it was. When I speak of this to you it produces upon you the effect—does it not?—of something very old, and upon me of something very young. Oh! the crowd was far finer than now. There were some even upon the battlements of the Porte Saint Antoine. The king had the queen on a pillion; and after their highnesses came all the ladies mounted behind all the lords. I remember there was much laughing; for by the side of Amanyon de Garlande, who was very short of stature, there was the Sire Matefelon, a knight of gigantic stature, who had killed heaps of English. It was very fine. A procession of all the gentlemen of France, with their red banners waving in the air. There were some with pennons, and some with banners. Let

me see—there was the Sire of Calan, with his pennon; Jean de Chateaumorant, with his banner; the Sire of Coucy, with his banner, and a richer one, too, than any of the others, except the Duke of Bourbon's. Alas! 'tis a sad thing to think that all that has existed, and exists no longer."

The two lovers were not listening to the worthy dowager. Phœbus had returned to lean over the back of the chair of his betrothed; a charming situation, whence his libertine gaze could invade every opening in Fleur-de-Lys's collarette. This collarette gaped so opportunely, and revealed to him so many exquisite things, and led him to divine so many others, that Phœbus, dazzled by this skin with its gleams of satin, said to himself, "How can one love any but a fair skin?"

Both were silent. The young girl raised sweet, enraptured eyes to him, from time to time, and their hair mingled in a ray of spring sunshine.

"Phœbus," said Fleur-de-Lys suddenly, in a low tone, "we are to be married in three months—swear to me that you have never loved any woman but myself."

"I swear it, fair angel!" replied Phœbus; and his passionate gaze combined with the truthful tone of his voice to convince Fleur-

de-Lys. Perhaps, indeed, at that moment, he himself believed what he was saying.

Meanwhile, the good mother, delighted to see the betrothed pair on such excellent terms, had left the apartment to attend to some household matter. Phœbus observed it; and this so much emboldened the adventurous captain, that some very strange ideas entered his brain. Fleur-de-Lys loved him; he was her betrothed; she was alone with him; his former inclination for her had revived, not with all its freshness, but with all its ardor; after all, there was no great harm in tasting one's fruit before it is harvested. I do not know whether these ideas actually crossed his mind, but so much is certain, that Fleur-de-Lys was suddenly alarmed at the expression of his glance. She looked around and saw that her mother was no longer there.

"Good heavens!" said she, flushed and uneasy, "I am very warm!"

"I think, indeed," returned Phœbus, "it must be almost noon. The sun is troublesome; we need only draw the curtains."

"No, no!" cried the trembling damsel; "on the contrary, I need air."

And, like a fawn that scents the breath of the approaching pack, she rose, hurried to the window, opened it, and rushed upon the balcony.

Phœbus, considerably vexed, followed her.

The Place du Parvis Notre-Dame, upon which, as we know, the balcony looked, presented, at that moment, a singular and sinister spectacle, which suddenly altered the nature of the timid Fleur-de-Lys's alarm.

An immense crowd, which overflowed into all the neighboring streets, blocked up the square itself. The low wall, breast high, inclosing the Parvis, would not have sufficed to keep it clear, had it not been lined by dense ranks of the sergeants of the Onze-vingts, and of hack-buteers, culverin in hand. Owing, however, to this grove of pikes and arquebusses, the Parvis was empty. Its entrance was guarded by a body of the bishop's own halberdiers. The great doors of the church were shut, in contrast to the countless windows overlooking the square, which, open up to the very gables, revealed thousands of heads heaped one upon another, something like the balls in a park of artillery.

The surface of this mob was gray, dirty and squalid. The spectacle which it was awaiting was evidently one of those which have the privilege of extracting and collecting all that is most unclean in the population. Nothing could be more hideous than the noise which arose from that swarm of soiled caps and unkempt heads. In this crowd

there was more laughter than shouting, more women than men.

Ever and anon some sharp, shrill voice pierced the general uproar.

* * * * * *

"Hi! Mahiet Baliffre! Is she to be hanged yonder?"

"Simpleton! 'tis here she is to do penance in her shift. The priest will spit a little Latin in her face. That is always done here at mid-day. If 'tis the gallows you want, you must e'en go to the Grève."

"I'll go there afterwards."

* * * * * *

"Tell me, Boucanbry, is it true that she has refused a confessor?"

"So it seems, La Bechaigne."

"Look at that, the heathen!"

* * * * * *

"Sir, it is the custom. The Palace bailiff is bound to deliver the malefactor, ready sentenced, for execution; if 'tis a layman, to the provost of Paris; if 'tis a clerk, to the official of the bishopric."

"Thank you, sir."

* * * * * *

"Oh, heavens!" said Fleur-de-Lys, "the poor creature!"

This thought filled with sadness the glance which she cast upon the crowd. The captain,

much more occupied with her than with that pack of rabble, was amorously fingering her girdle behind. She turned around with smiling entreaty.

"For pity's sake, let me alone, Phœbus! if my mother were to return she would see your hand."

At that moment, the clock of Notre-Dame slowly struck twelve. A murmur of satisfaction burst from the crowd. The last vibration of the twelfth stroke had hardly died away, when all the heads surged like the waves before a sudden gale, and an immense shout went up from the pavement, from the windows, and from the roofs, "There she is!"

Fleur-de-Lys covered her eyes with her hands, that she might not see.

"My charmer," said Phœbus, "will you go in?"

"No," replied she; and those eyes which she had just closed through fear, she opened again through curiosity.

A tumbrel drawn by a strong Norman dray horse, and quite surrounded by horsemen in violet livery with white crosses, had just entered the square from the Rue Saint-Pierre-aux-Bœufs. The sergeants of the watch cleared a passage for it through the crowd by a vigorous use of their whit-leather whips.

Beside the tumbrel rode some officers of justice and police, recognizable by their black costume and their awkwardness in the saddle. Maître Jacques Charmolue paraded at their head.

In the fatal cart sat a young girl, her hands tied behind her, and with no priest at her side. She was in her shift; her long black hair (the custom then was to cut it only at the foot of the gibbet) fell in disorder upon her half-bared throat and shoulders.

Athwart that waving hair, more glossy than a raven's plumage, a rough, gray cord was seen, twisted and knotted, chafing her delicate skin and winding about the poor girl's graceful neck like an earthworm around a flower. Beneath that rope glittered a small amulet, ornamented with bits of green glass, which had been left to her, no doubt, because nothing is refused to those about to die. The spectators at the windows could see in the bottom of the tumbrel her naked legs, which she strove to conceal under her as by a final feminine instinct. At her feet lay a little goat, bound. The prisoner was holding together with her teeth her ill-tied chemise. It seemed as if even in her misery she still suffered from being thus exposed almost naked before all eyes. Alas! it was not for such shocks that modesty was made.

"Jesus!" said Fleur-de-Lys hastily to the captain, "look there, fair cousin—it is that horrid gypsy-girl with the goat."

So saying, she turned to Phœbus. His eyes were fixed on the tumbrel. He was very pale.

"What gypsy-girl with the goat?" he stammered.

"Why," rejoined Fleur-de-Lys, "do you not remember?"

Phœbus interrupted her:

"I do not know what you mean."

He stepped back to re-enter the room, but Fleur-de-Lys, whose jealousy, already so deeply stirred by this same gypsy-girl, was now re-awakened, cast at him a glance full of penetration and mistrust. She now vaguely recollected having heard a captain mentioned who had been implicated in the trial of this sorceress.

"What ails you?" said she to Phœbus; "one would think that this woman disturbed you."

Phœbus forced a sneering smile.

"Me! not the least in the world! Me, indeed!"

"Remain, then," returned she imperiously, "and let us see the end."

The unlucky captain was obliged to remain. He was somewhat reassured by the fact that

the condemned girl kept her eyes fixed upon the bottom of the tumbrel. It was but too truly La Esmeralda. In this last stage of ignominy and misfortune she was still beautiful; her great, dark eyes looked larger on account of the hollowness of her cheeks; her pale profile was pure and sublime. She resembled what she had been, as a virgin of Masaccio resembles a Virgin of Raphael's, weaker, thinner, more delicate.

Moreover, her whole being was tossed hither and thither, and, save for her sense of modesty, she had abandoned everything, so utterly was she crushed by stupor and despair. Her body rebounded at every jolt of the cart, like some shattered, lifeless thing; her gaze was fixed and unconscious; a tear still lingered in her eye, but motionless, and as it were frozen.

Meanwhile, the dismal cavalcade had traversed the crowd, amid shouts of joy and stare of the curious. Nevertheless, historical fidelity calls upon us to state that on seeing her so beautiful and so forlorn, many were moved to pity, even among the most hard-hearted. The tumbrel entered the Parvis.

Before the central doorway of the church it stopped. The escort drew up in line on either side. The mob was silenced; and amid this silence so solemn and anxious the

two halves of the great door turned, as if of themselves, upon their hinges, which creaked like the sound of a fife. Then the deep interior of the church was seen in its whole extent, gloomy, hung with black, faintly lighted by a few wax tapers twinkling afar off upon the high altar, yawning like the mouth of a cavern upon the square resplendent with sunshine. At the farthest extremity in the dusk of the chancel, was dimly seen a colossal silver cross, standing out in relief against a black cloth, which hung from the roof to the pavement. The whole nave was deserted; but heads of priests were seen moving confusedly in the distant choir stalls; and at the moment when the great door opened there burst from the church a loud, solemn and monotonous chant, hurling as it were in gusts, fragments of doleful psalms at the head of the condemned one:—

"... *Non timebo millia populi circumdantis me; exsurge, Domine: salvum me fac, Deus!*" (... I will not fear the thousands of the people gathered about me; arise, O Lord! save me, O my God.)

"... *Salvum me fac, Deus, quoniam intraverunt aquæ usque ad animam meam!*" (... Save me, O God; albeit the waters have entered, even unto my soul.)

"... *Infixus sum in limo profundi; et*

non est substantia." (. . . . Behold, I am set fast in the slime of the great deep and there is no ground under my feet.)

At the same time another voice, separate from the choir, intoned from the steps of the high altar, this mournful offertory:

" . . . *Qui verbum meum audit, et credit ei qui misit me, habet vitam æternam, et in judicium non venit; sed transit a morte in vitam.*" (. . . Whoso heareth my word, and believeth in him that sent me, hath life everlasting; he cometh not into judgment, but from death he passeth unto life.)

This chant, which a few old men, buried in their own gloom, sang from afar over this beautiful creature full of youth and life, wooed by the warm air of spring, and bathed in sunshine, was the mass for the dead.

The people listened devoutly.

The unfortunate girl, bewildered, seemed to lose her sight and her consciousness in the dark interior of the church. Her pale lips moved as if in prayer; and when the hangman's assistant approached to help her down from the cart, he heard her repeating in a whisper, this word: "Phœbus."

They untied her hands, made her alight, accompanied by her goat, which was also unbound, and which bleated with joy at finding itself free. She was then led barefoot over the

hard pavement to the foot of the steps leading to the portal. The cord about her neck trailed behind her like a serpent pursuing her.

Then the chanting in the church ceased. A great golden cross and a row of wax candles began to move through the gloom. The halberds of the motley dressed beadles clanked, and a few moments later a long procession of priests in chasubles and deacons in dalmatics marched solemnly towards the prisoner, singing psalms as they came into view. But her eyes were riveted upon him who walked at their head, immediately after the cross-bearer.

"Oh!" she said in a low tone with a shudder, "'tis he again! the priest!"

It was in fact the archdeacon. On his left walked the sub-chanter; and on his right, the precentor, carrying his staff of office. He advanced with head thrown back, eyes fixed and opened wide, chanting in a loud voice:

"*De ventre inferi clamavi, et exaudisti vocem meam.*" (Out of the bowels of the earth I have called unto thee, and thou hast heard my voice.)

"*Et projecisti me in profundum in corde maris, et flumen circumdedit me.*" (And thou hast cast me into the depths of the sea, and the waters have gone about me.)

When he appeared in the broad daylight, beneath the lofty arched portal, covered with an ample cope of silver, barred with a black cross, he was so pale that more than one amongst the crowd thought that one of the marble bishops kneeling upon the monuments in the choir had risen and had come forth to receive on the threshold of the tomb her who was about to die.

She, equally pale and rigid, hardly noticed that they had placed in her hand a heavy lighted taper of yellow wax. She had not heard the shrill voice of the clerk, reading the fatal lines of the penance; only, when told to answer amen, she said "Amen!" It was only the sight of the priest making a sign to her guards to retire, and himself advancing toward her, that brought back to her any sense of life and strength.

Then the blood boiled in her veins, and a lingering spark of indignation was re-kindled in that already numb, cold soul.

The archdeacon approached her slowly. Even in this extremity she saw him gaze upon her nakedness with eyes glittering with passion, jealousy and desire. Then he said to her in a loud voice, "Young woman, have you asked pardon of God for your sins and your offences?" He bent to her ear, and added (the spectators supposed that he was

receiving her last confession), "Wilt thou be mine? I can even yet save thee!"

She looked steadily at him: "Begone, demon! or I denounce thee!"

He smiled—a horrible smile. "They will not believe thee. Thou wilt but add scandal to guilt. Answer quickly! wilt thou be mine?"

"What hast thou done with my Phœbus?"

"He is dead," said the priest.

At this moment the miserable archdeacon raised his head mechanically, and saw, at the opposite side of the square, on the balcony of the Gondelaurier house, the captain standing by Fleur-de-Lys. He staggered, passed his hand over his eyes, looked again, muttered a malediction, and all his features were violently contorted.

"Well, then, die, thou!" said he, between his teeth; "no one shall have thee!"

Then raising his hand over the gypsy, he exclaimed, in a sepulchral voice, "*I nunc anima anceps, et sit tibi Deus misericors.*" (Go thy way now, lingering soul, and may God have mercy upon thee!)

This was the awful formula with which it was the custom to close that gloomy ceremonial. It was the signal given by the priest to the executioner.

The people knelt.

"*Kyrie Eleison!*" (Lord, have mercy upon us!) said the priests, who remained beneath the arch of the portal.

"*Kyrie Eleison!*" repeated the throng, with that murmur which runs over a sea of heads, like the waves of a troubled sea.

"Amen!" said the archdeacon.

He turned his back upon the prisoner; his head again fell upon his breast; his hands were crossed; he rejoined his train of priests, and a moment later he disappeared with cross, candles and copes beneath the dim arches of the cathedral, and his sonorous voice gradually died away down the choir while chanting these words of despair:—

"*Omnes gurgites tui et fluctus tui super me transierunt!*" (All thy whirlpools, O Lord, and all thy waves, have gone over me!)

At the same time, the intermittent clang of the iron butts of the beadles' halberds dying away by degrees among the columns of the nave, sounded like a clock hammer striking the last hour of the condemned.

The doors of Notre-Dame remained open, showing the interior of the church, empty, deserted, draped in mourning, torchless and voiceless.

The condemned girl remained motionless in her place, awaiting her doom. One of the vergers was obliged to notify Maître

Charmolue of the fact, who, during all this scene, had set himself to study that bas-relief of the great portal, representing, according to some, Abraham's sacrifice, according to others the great Alchemical Operation, the sun being typified by the angel, the fire by the fagot and the operator by Abraham.

He was with some difficulty withdrawn from this contemplation; but at length he turned, and at a sign from him, two men in yellow, the executioner's assistants, approached the gypsy-girl to bind her hands once more.

The unhappy creature at the moment of re-mounting the fatal cart, and setting out on her last stage, was perhaps seized with some poignant clinging to life. She raised her dry, red eyes to heaven, to the sun, to the silvery clouds, intermingled with patches of brilliant blue; then she cast them around her upon the ground, the people, the houses. All at once, while the man in yellow was pinioning her arms, she uttered a terrible cry, a cry of joy. Yonder, on that balcony, at the corner of the Place, she had just caught sight of him, her friend, her lord, Phœbus, the other apparition of her life!

The judge had lied! the priest had lied! it was he indeed, she could not doubt it. He was there, handsome, alive, dressed in his

brilliant uniform, his plume on his head, his sword by his side!

"Phœbus!" she cried, "my Phœbus!"

And she tried to stretch towards him arms trembling with love and rapture, but they were bound.

Then she saw the captain knit his brows; a fine young woman, leaning upon his arm, looked at him with scornful lip and angry eye; then Phœbus uttered some words which did not reach her; and then he and the lady both disappeared precipitately through the window of the balcony, which closed after them.

"Phœbus!" she cried, wildly; "dost thou too believe it?"

A monstrous thought had dawned upon her. She recollected that she had been condemned for the murder of Phœbus de Chateaupers.

She had borne up until now, but this last blow was too severe. She fell senseless upon the ground.

"Come," said Charmolue, "carry her to the cart, and make an end of it."

No one had observed in the gallery of statues of the kings, carved just above the arches of the portal, a strange-looking spectator, who, until now, watched all that passed with such impassiveness, a neck so outstretched, a visage so deformed, that, but for

his parti-colored red and violet garb, he might have been taken for one of the stone monsters through whose jaws the long gutters of the cathedral have disgorged themselves for six centuries past. This spectator had missed nothing that had taken place since midday in front of the portal of Notre-Dame. And at the very beginning, without any one noticing him, he had securely fastened to one of the small columns of the gallery a strong knotted rope, the other end of which trailed on the top of the steps below. This done, he began to look on tranquilly, whistling from time to time when a blackbird flitted past.

Suddenly, at the moment when the executioner's assistants were preparing to execute Charmolue's phlegmatic order, he threw his leg over the balustrade of the gallery, gripped the rope with his feet, his knees and his hands; then he was seen to slide down the façade, as a drop of rain slips down a window-pane, run up to the two sub-executioners with the speed of a cat just dropped from a house-top, knock them down with two enormous fists, pick up the gypsy with one hand, as a child might a doll, and leap, at one bound, into the church, lifting the girl above his head, and shouting in a tremendous voice, "Sanctuary!"

This was done with such rapidity that, had it been night, the whole might have been seen by the glare of a single flash of lightning.

"Sanctuary! Sanctuary!" repeated the crowd; and the clapping of ten thousand hands made Quasimodo's only eye sparkle with joy and pride.

This shock restored the prisoner to her senses. She raised her eyelids, looked at Quasimodo, then closed them again suddenly, as if terrified at her deliverer.

Charmolue, the executioners and the whole escort were confounded. In fact, within the precincts of Notre-Dame the condemned was inviolable. The cathedral was a recognized place of refuge; all temporal jurisdiction expired upon its threshold.

Quasimodo had stopped under the great portal. His broad feet seemed to rest as solidly upon the floor of the church as the heavy Roman pillars themselves. His big bushy head was buried between his shoulders like the head of a lion, which also has a mane, but no neck. He held the trembling girl, suspended in his horny hands, like a piece of white drapery, but he carried her with as much care as if he feared he should break or injure her. He seemed to feel that a thing so delicate, exquisite and precious was not made for such hands as his. At times he looked as

if he dared not touch her, even with his breath. Then, all at once, he would press her close in his arms to his angular breast, as his own, his treasure, as her mother might have done. His gnome-like eye, resting upon her, flooded her with tenderness, grief and pity, and was suddenly lifted, flashing fire. Then the women laughed and wept, the crowd stamped their feet with enthusiasm, for at that moment Quasimodo had a beauty of his own. He was fine; he, that orphan, that foundling, that outcast; he felt himself august and strong; he looked full in the face that society from which he was banished, and into which he had so powerfully intervened; that human justice from which he had snatched its prey; all those tigers whose jaws perforce remained empty; those myrmidons, those judges, those executioners; all that royal power which he, poor, insignificant being, had foiled with the power of God.

Then, too, there was something touching in the protection afforded by a being so deformed to a being so unfortunate; in the circumstance of a poor girl condemned to death being saved by Quasimodo. They were the two extremes, natural and social wretchedness, coming into contact and aiding each other.

However, after a few moments of triumph,

Quasimodo plunged abruptly into the church with his burden. The people, fond of any display of prowess, sought him with their eyes under the gloomy nave, regretting that he had so quickly withdrawn from their acclamations. All at once he was seen to reappear at one extremity of the gallery of the kings of France. He ran along it like a madman, holding his conquest aloft, and shouting: "Sanctuary!" Fresh plaudits burst from the multitude. Having traversed the gallery, he plunged again into the interior of the church. A moment later he reappeared upon the upper platform, with the gypsy still in his arms, still running wildly along, still shouting "Sanctuary!" and the throng applauded. Finally he made a third appearance on the top of the tower of the great bell: from thence he seemed to show exultingly to the whole city her whom he had saved; and his thundering voice, that voice so rarely heard by any one, and never by himself, thrice repeated with frenzy that pierced the very clouds: "Sanctuary! Sanctuary! Sanctuary!"

"Noël! Noël!" cried the people in their turn; and that prodigious shout resounded upon the opposite shore of the Seine, to the astonishment of the crowd assembled in the Place de Grève, and of the recluse who was still waiting with her eyes fixed on the gibbet.

BOOK NINE

BOOK IX

I.

DELIRIUM

Claude Frollo was no longer in Notre-Dame when his adopted son thus abruptly cut the fatal knot in which the unhappy archdeacon had bound the gypsy-girl and caught himself. On returning into the sacristy, he had torn off the albe, cope and stole; flung them all into the hands of the amazed verger; fled through the private door of the cloister; ordered a boatman of the Terrain to carry him over to the left bank of the Seine, and plunged in among the hilly streets of the University, going he knew not whither; meeting, at every step, parties of men and women hastening gaily towards the Pont Saint Michel, in the hope that they might still "arrive in time" to see the witch hanged—pale, wild, more troubled, more blind and more fierce than a night bird let loose and pursued by a troop of children in broad daylight. He

knew not where he was, what he did, whether he dreamed. He went forward, walking, running, taking any street at random, making no choice, only urged ever by the Grève, that horrible Grève, which he confusedly felt to be behind him.

In this manner he skirted Mount Sainte Geneviève, and finally emerged from the town by the Porte Saint Victor. He continued his flight so long as he could see, on turning, the towered enclosure of the University, and the scattered houses of the faubourg; but when at last a ridge completely hid that odious Paris—when he could imagine himself a hundred leagues from it—in the country—in a desert—he paused, and it seemed to him as if he breathed more freely.

Then frightful ideas rushed upon his mind. He saw once more clear into his soul, and shuddered. He thought of that unfortunate girl who had destroyed him, and whom he had destroyed. He cast a haggard eye over the two winding paths, along which fate had driven their separate destinies, to that point of intersection at which she had pitilessly dashed them against each other. He thought of the folly of eternal vows, the emptiness of chastity, science, religion, virtue, the uselessness of God. He indulged in evil thoughts to his heart's content, and, while

plunging deeper into them, he felt as if the fiend were laughing within him.

And, as he thus sifted his soul to the bottom, when he perceived how large a space Nature had prepared there for the passions, he sneered more bitterly still. He stirred up in the depths of his heart all his hatred, all his malevolence; and he discovered with the cool eye of a physician examining a patient, that this hatred, this malevolence, were but vitiated love, that love, the source of every virtue in man, turned to horrible things in the heart of a priest, and that a man constituted as he was, by making himself a priest, made himself a demon. Then he laughed frightfully, and suddenly became pale again, in contemplating the worst side of his fatal passion, of that corroding, venomous, malignant, implacable love, which had driven one of them to the gibbet, the other to hell-fire; her to condemnation, him to damnation.

And then he laughed anew, as he reflected that Phœbus was alive; that, after all, the captain lived, was light-hearted and happy, had finer doublets than ever, and a new mistress, whom he brought to see the old one hanged. And he sneered at himself with redoubled bitterness, when he reflected that, of all the living beings whose death he had desired, the only creature he did not

hate, was the only one who had not escaped him.

Then his thoughts wandered from the captain to the populace, and he was overcome with jealousy of an unheard of kind. He reflected that the people, also, the entire mob, had had before their eyes the woman he loved, in her shift, almost naked. He wrung his hands in agony at the thought that the woman, whose form half seen by him alone in darkness, would have afforded him supreme delight, had been exposed, in broad daylight, at noontide, to the gaze of a whole multitude, clad as for a bridal night. He wept with rage over all those mysteries of love profaned, sullied, exposed, withered forever. He wept with rage, picturing to himself the foul eyes that had been gratified by that scanty covering, that this lovely girl, this virgin lily, this cup of purity and delight, to which he dared not place his lips without trembling, had been converted, as it were, into a public trough, at which the vilest rabble of Paris, thieves, beggars, lackeys, had come to quaff together a shameless, impure and depraved pleasure.

And when he strove to picture to himself the felicity which he might have found upon earth, had she not been a gypsy and he not a priest, had Phœbus never existed, and had she but loved him; when he imagined the

life of serenity and love which might have been possible for him too; when he thought that there were at that very instant happy couples here and there upon the earth, engaged in sweet converse, in orange groves, on the banks of murmuring streams, in the light of the setting sun, or under a starry sky, and that, had it been God's will, he might have formed with her one of those blessed couples—his heart melted in tenderness and despair.

Oh, she—still she! It was this fixed idea that haunted him incessantly, that tortured him, that turned his brain and gnawed his vitals. He regretted nothing, repented nothing; all that he had done, he was ready to do again; he liked better to see her in the hands of the executioner than in the arms of the captain. But he suffered; suffered so intensely, that at moments he tore out his hair by handfuls to see if it were not turning white.

There was one moment, among the rest, when it occurred to him that, perhaps at that very minute, the hideous chain which he had seen that morning, was drawing its iron noose closer and closer around that slender, graceful neck; this idea made the perspiration start from every pore.

There was another moment when, laughing diabolically at himself, he pictured to his

imagination, at one and the same time, La Esmeralda as on the first day he had seen her —lively, careless, joyous, gaily attired, dancing, winged, harmonious—and La Esmeralda of the last day, in her scanty shift, with the rope about her neck, slowly ascending with her naked feet the rough ladder to the gibbet. This double picture was so vivid that he uttered a terrific cry.

While this whirlwind of despair overturned, broke, tore up, bent to the earth, uprooted all within him, he gazed upon nature around him. At his feet some fowls were pecking and scratching about among the bushes, enameled beetles crawled in the sunshine. Over his head groups of dappled gray clouds sailed over a blue sky. In the horizon, the spire of the abbey of Saint Victor shot up its obelisk of slate above the intervening ridge of ground. And the miller of the Butte Copeaux whistled light-heartedly as he watched the steady-turning sails of his mill. All this active, industrious, tranquil life recurring around him in a thousand forms hurt him. He resumed his flight.

Thus he sped through the country until nightfall. This flight from Nature, life, himself, man, God, everything, lasted the whole day. Sometimes he threw himself face downward upon the earth, and tore up the young

corn with his nails. Sometimes he paused in some deserted village street, and his thoughts were so unendurable that he would seize his head in both hands, as if to tear it from his shoulders and dash it on the stones.

Toward the hour of sunset he examined himself again, and found himself almost mad. The storm which had been raging within him from the moment when he had lost all hope and wish to save the gypsy, had left him unconscious of a single sound idea, a single rational thought. His reason lay prostrate, almost utterly destroyed. His mind retained but two distinct images, La Esmeralda and the gibbet, all the rest was black. These two images together formed a horrible group; and the more he fixed upon them such power of attention and thought as he was yet master of, the more they seemed to increase according to a fantastic progression—the one in grace, in charm, in beauty, in light, the other in horror—until, at last, La Esmeralda appeared like a star, the gibbet as an enormous fleshless arm.

It is remarkable that, during all this torture, he never seriously thought of putting an end to himself. The wretch was made thus; he clung to life—perhaps, indeed, he really saw hell in prospect.

Meanwhile, daylight was declining. The

living being still existing within him began vaguely to think of returning. He believed himself to be far from Paris; but, on looking around, he discovered that he had only made the circuit of the University. The spire of Saint Sulpice and the three lofty pinnacles of Saint Germain-des-Près, shot up above the horizon on his right. He bent his steps in that direction. When he heard the challenge of the abbot's men-at-arms around the battlemented walls of Saint Germain, he turned aside, took a path that lay before him, between the abbey mill and the lazaretto of the suburb, and in a few minutes found himself upon the border of the Pré-aux-Clercs. This meadow was celebrated by reason of the brawls which went on there night and day; it was the *hydra* of the poor monks of Saint Germain. *Quod monachis Sancti Germani Pratensis hydra fuit, clericis nova semper dissidiorum capita suscitantibus.* (Which was the *hydra* of the monks of Saint Germain-des-Près, the laymen constantly raising some new heads of dissension.) The archdeacon was afraid of meeting some one there; he dreaded any human face; he had avoided the University and the hamlet of Saint Germain; he wished to go through the streets again as late as possible. He passed along the side of the Pré-aux-Clercs, took the deserted path which separated it from the

Dieu-Neuf, and at length reached the water-side. There Dom Claude found a boatman, who, for a few farthings, took him up the Seine to the extremity of the island of the city, and landed him upon that uninhabited tongue of land where the reader has already beheld Gringoire musing, and which extended beyond the king's gardens, parallel to the islet of the Passeur-aux-Vaches.

The monotonous rocking of the boat, and the murmur of the water, had somewhat stupefied the unhappy Claude. When the boatman had left him, he remained standing stupidly upon the bank, staring straight before him, and seeing everything in a sort of tremulous mist, which made all seem like a phantasmagoria. It is no uncommon thing for the exhaustion of violent grief to produce this effect upon the mind.

The sun had set behind the lofty Tour de Nesle. It was now the twilight hour. The sky was white; the water of the river was white. Between these two white expanses the left bank of the Seine, on which his eyes were fixed, extended its sombre length, which, gradually diminishing in the perspective, plunged into the gray horizon like a black spire. It was covered with houses, of which nothing was distinguishable but the dark outline standing out in strong relief in the dark

from the clear light of the sky and the water. Lights began to glimmer here and there in the windows. The immense black obelisk, thus isolated between the two white masses of sky and river, the latter very broad just here, produced a singular effect on Dom Claude, such as might be felt by a man lying flat on his back at the foot of the Strasburg Cathedral and gazing up at the enormous spire piercing the twilight shadows above his head; only in this case it was Claude who was erect, and the obelisk which was horizontal. But as the river, reflecting the sky, deepened indefinitely the abyss beneath him, the vast promontory seemed to shoot into space as boldly as any cathedral spire, and the impression produced was the same. The impression was made even stronger and more profound; that, although it was indeed the steeple of Strasburg, it was the steeple of Strasburg two leagues high; something unheard of, gigantic, immeasurable; a structure such as no human eye ever beheld; a Tower of Babel. The chimneys of the houses, the battlements of the walls, the fantastically-cut gables of the roofs, the spire of the Augustines, the Tour de Nesle—all these projections which indented the profile of the colossal obelisk—added to the illusion by their odd resemblance to the outline of a florid and fanciful sculpture.

Claude, in the state of hallucination in which he then was, believed that he saw—saw with his bodily eyes—the pinnacles of hell. The innumerable lights gleaming from one end to the other of the fearful tower, seemed to him to be so many openings of the vast furnace within; the voices and the sounds which arose from it like so many shrieks and groans. Then he was terrified; he clapped his hands to his ears that he might not hear, turned his back that he might not see, and fled from the frightful vision with hasty strides.

But the vision was within him.

When he once more entered the streets, the people passing to and fro in the light of the shop-windows appeared to him like an everlasting coming and going of spectres about him. There were strange noises in his ears; extraordinary fancies disturbed his brain. He saw neither houses, nor pavement, nor vehicles, nor men and women, but a chaos of undefined objects blending one into another. At the corner of the Rue de la Barillerie, there was a chandler's shop, which had its sloping roof above the window, according to immemorial custom, hung with tin hoops, from each of which was suspended a circle of wooden candles, which shook in the wind and rattled like cas-

tanets. He fancied he heard the heap of skeletons at Montfaucon knocking their bones against one another.

"Oh!" muttered he, "the night wind dashes them one against another, and mingles the clanking of their chains with the rattling of their bones. Perhaps she too is there among them!"

Distracted, he knew not whither he went. Presently he found himself upon the Pont Saint Michel. There was a light in the window of a ground-floor room—he went up to it. Through a cracked pane he saw a dirty room, which awakened confused recollections in his mind. In this room, ill-lighted by a small lamp, there was a young man, fair and fresh-looking, with a merry face, throwing his arms, with boisterous laughter, about a girl very immodestly attired; and near the lamp there was an old woman spinning and singing in a quavering voice. As the young man did not laugh constantly, the old woman's song made its way in fragments to the ear of the priest; it was something unintelligible yet frightful:

"Growl, Grève! bark, Grève!
Spin away, my distaff brave!
Let the hangman have his cord,
That whistles in the prison-yard.
Growl, Grève! bark, Grève!

"Hemp, that makes the pretty rope—
Sow it widely, give it scope—
Better hemp, than wheaten sheaves;
Thief there's none that ever thieves
The pretty rope, the hempen rope.

"Bark, Grève! growl, Grève!
To see the girl of pleasure brave
Dangling on the gibbet high,
Every window is an eye—
Bark, Grève! growl, Grève!"

Thereupon the young man laughed and caressed the wench. The old woman was La Falourdel; the girl was a courtesan; the young man was his brother Jehan.

He continued to gaze; as well this sight as another.

He saw Jehan go to a window at the back of the room, open it, cast a glance at the quay, where countless lighted windows gleamed in the distance, and heard him say, as he shut the window again:

"By my soul, 'tis night already! The townsfolk are lighting their candles, and God Almighty his stars."

Then Jehan came back to the wench, and smashing a bottle that stood on a table, exclaimed:

"Empty already, by Jove! and I have no more money. Isabeau, my dear, I shall not be satisfied with Jupiter until he has changed

your two white nipples into two black bottles, that I may suck Beaune wine from them day and night."

This fine piece of wit made the courtesan laugh, and Jehan took his departure.

Dom Claude had barely time to fling himself on the ground, in order to escape being met, looked in the face, and recognized by his brother. Luckily the street was dark, and the student drunk. Nevertheless, he noticed the archdeacon lying on the pavement in the mud.

"Oh! oh!" said he, "here's a fellow who has been leading a jolly life to-day."

He pushed Dom Claude with his foot, and the archdeacon held his breath.

"Dead drunk!" resumed Jehan. "Come! he's full! a very leech loosed from a cask. He's bald," added he, stooping over him; "'tis an old man—*Fortunate old man!*"

Then Dom Claude heard him move off, saying:

"All the same! reason is a fine thing, and my brother, the archdeacon, is a lucky fellow to be wise and have money!"

Then the archdeacon rose, and ran without halting to Notre-Dame, whose enormous towers he could see rising in the dark above the houses.

When he arrived, panting, at the Place du

Parvis, he shrunk back, and dared not lift his eyes toward the fatal edifice.

"Oh," he murmured to himself, "is it possible that such a thing took place here to-day, this very morning!"

However, he ventured to glance at the church. The front was dark, the sky beyond it glittered with stars, the crescent moon, in her flight upward from the horizon, at that moment reached the summit of the right hand tower, and seemed to have perched upon it, like a luminous bird, on the edge of the black trifoliated balustrade.

The cloister door was closed; but the archdeacon always carried about him the key of the tower, in which was his laboratory; availing himself of it he entered the church.

He found within it the gloom and silence of a cave. By the heavy shadows falling on all sides in broad masses, he knew that the hangings put up for the morning's ceremony had not been removed. The great silver cross shone from the depths of the gloom, dotted with glittering points, like the milky way of that sepulchral night. The long windows of the choir showed the tops of their pointed arches above the black drapery, their stained glass panes admitting a faint ray of moonlight, had only the doubtful colors of the night, a sort of violet, white and blue, of

a tint to be found nowhere else but on the faces of the dead. The archdeacon, seeing these wan spots all round the choir, thought he beheld the mitres of bishops gone to perdition. He closed his eyes; and when he opened them again, he thought they were a circle of pale visages gazing at him.

He fled across the church. Then it seemed to him as if the church itself took life and motion—that each of the great columns was turning into an enormous paw that beat the ground with its big stone spatula, and that the gigantic cathedral was a sort of prodigious elephant, breathing and marching, with its pillars for legs, its two towers for tusks, and the immense black cloth for its housings.

This fever, or madness, had reached such a pitch of intensity, that the external world was no longer anything to the unhappy man but a species of Apocalypse, visible, palpable, terrible.

He had one moment of relief. As he plunged into the side aisles, he perceived a reddish light behind a group of pillars. He rushed towards it as to a star. It was the feeble lamp which burned day and night above the public breviary of Notre-Dame beneath its iron grating. He cast his eye eagerly upon the sacred book, in the hope of finding there some sentence of consolation or

encouragement. The volume was open at this passage of Job, over which he ran his burning eye:

"And a spirit passed before my face; and I heard a small voice; and the hair of my flesh stood up."

On reading this dismal sentence, he felt as a blind man would whose fingers are pricked by the staff which he has picked up. His knees failed him, and he sank upon the pavement, thinking of her who had that day suffered death. Such awful fumes rose up and penetrated his brain, that it seemed to him as if his head had become one of the mouths of hell.

He must have remained long in this posture—neither thinking, nor feeling, helpless and passive, in the hands of the demon. At length some strength returned to him; it occurred to him to take refuge in the tower, near his faithful Quasimodo. He rose; and, as fear was upon him, he took the lamp of the breviary to light him. This was a sacrilege; but he had ceased to heed such trifles.

He slowly climbed the stairs of the towers, filled with a secret dread, which must have been shared by the few passers-by in the square, who saw the mysterious light of his lamp moving at that late hour from loophole to loophole, to the top of the tower.

All at once he felt a breath of cool air on his face, and found himself under the doorway of the upper gallery. The night was cold; the sky was streaked with hurrying clouds, whose large, white masses drifted one upon another like river ice breaking up after a frost. The crescent moon, stranded in the midst of them, looked like a celestial vessel caught among those icebergs of the air.

He lowered his gaze and contemplated for a moment through the railing of slender columns which unites the towers, afar off, through a light veil of mist and smoke, the silent throng of the roofs of Paris, steep, innumerable, crowded and small as the ripples of a calm sea on a summer night.

The moon gave but a feeble light, which imparted to earth and sky an ashy hue.

At this moment the Cathedral clock raised its shrill, cracked voice. Midnight rang out. The priest thought of mid-day. Twelve o'clock had come again.

"Oh," he whispered to himself, "she must be cold by this time."

Suddenly a puff of wind extinguished his lamp, and almost at the same instant there appeared, at the opposite corner of the tower, a shade, a something white, a shape, a female form. He started. By the side of this female form was that of a little goat,

that mingled its bleat with the last sound of the bell.

He had strength enough to look—it was she!

She was pale, she was sad. Her hair fell over her shoulders as in the morning, but there was no rope about her neck, her hands were no longer bound; she was free, she was dead.

She was clad in white, and over her head was thrown a white veil.

She came toward him slowly, looking up to heaven. The unearthly goat followed her. He felt as if turned to stone, and too heavy to escape. At each step that she advanced he took one backwards, and that was all. In this way he retreated beneath the dark arch of the stairway. He froze at the thought that she might perhaps enter there too; had she done so, he would have died of terror.

She did, in fact, approach the staircase door, paused there for some moments, looked steadily into the darkness, without appearing to perceive the priest, and passed on. He thought she looked taller than when she was alive. He saw the moon through her white robes; he heard her breathe.

When she had passed on, he began to descend the stairs as slowly as he had seen the spectre move, imagining himself a spectre also—haggard, his hair erect, his extinguished lamp still in his hand—and, as he descended

the spiral stairs, he distinctly heard in his ear a mocking voice repeating: "And a spirit passed before my face; and I heard a small voice; and the hair of my flesh stood up."

II.

HUNCH-BACKED, ONE-EYED, LAME

Every town in the Middle Ages, and up to the time of Louis XII., every town in France had its places of refuge, or sanctuaries. These sanctuaries, amid the deluge of penal laws and barbarous jurisdictions that inundated the state, were like so many islands rising above the level of human justice. Any criminal that landed upon them was saved. In each district there were almost as many of these places of refuge as there were of execution. The abuse of a privilege went side by side with the abuse of punishment—two bad things endeavoring to correct each other. The royal palaces, the mansions of princes, and especially the churches, had right of sanctuary. Sometimes an entire town which stood in need of re-population was made temporarily a place of refuge for criminals; thus Louis XI. made all Paris a sanctuary in 1467.

When once he had set foot within the asylum, the criminal was sacred; but he must

beware of leaving it; one step outside the sanctuary, and he fell back into the flood. The wheel, the gibbet, the strappado, kept close guard around the place of refuge, watching incessantly for their prey like sharks around a vessel. Condemned persons thus rescued have been known to grow gray in a cloister, on the staircase of a palace, in the garden of an abbey, in the porch of a church; in this way the sanctuary itself was but a prison under another name. It sometimes happened that a solemn ordinance of the Parliament violated the sanctuary and gave up the condemned to the hands of the executioner, but this was a rare occurrence. The parliaments stood in fear of the bishops; for when there was friction between these two robes, the gown had but a poor chance against the cassock. Occasionally, however, as in the case of the assassins of Petit-Jean, the headsman of Paris, and in that of Emery Rousseau, the murderer of Jean Valleret, justice overleaped the Church and passed on to the execution of its sentences. But, except by virtue of a decree of Parliament, woe to him who violated a place of sanctuary! Everyone knows the fate of Robert de Clermont, marshal of France, and Jean de Châlons, marshal of Champagne; and yet the case in question was merely that of one Perrin Marc, a money-changer's man,

a miserable assassin; but the two marshals had forced the doors of Saint Méry; therein lay the crime.

Such was the respect with which sanctuaries were invested, that, according to tradition, it occasionally extended even to animals. Aymoin relates that a stag, chased by Dagobert, having taken refuge at the tomb of Saint Denis, the hounds stopped short, barking.

Churches had usually a small retreat prepared for the reception of the suppliants. In 1407 Nicolas Flamel had built for them upon the arches of Saint Jacques-de-la-Boucherie, a chamber which cost him four pounds sixpence, sixteen Paris farthings.

At Notre-Dame it was a tiny chamber, situated on the roof of the side aisle beneath the flying buttresses, precisely at the spot where the wife of the present keeper of the towers has made a garden, which compares with the hanging gardens of Babylon, as a lettuce with a palm tree, or as a porter's wife with a Semiramis.

Here it was that, after his wild and triumphal race along the towers and galleries, Quasimodo deposited La Esmeralda. So long as that race lasted, the damsel had not recovered her senses, half stupefied, half awake, having only a vague perception that she was ascending in the air, that she was floating, flying there, that something was carrying her

upward from the earth. From time to time she heard the loud laugh and the harsh voice of Quasimodo at her ear. She half-opened her eyes; then beneath her she saw, confusedly, Paris, all checkered with its countless roofs of tile and slate, like a red and blue mosaic, and above her head Quasimodo's frightful but joy-illumined face. Her eyelids fell; she believed that all was over, that she had been executed during her swoon, and that the misshapen spirit which had presided over her destiny had laid hold of her and was bearing her away. She dared not look at him, but surrendered herself to fate.

But when the breathless and disheveled bell-ringer laid her down in the cell of refuge; when she felt his clumsy hands gently untying the cord that had cut into her arms, she experienced that kind of shock which startles out of their sleep those on board a ship that runs aground in the middle of a dark night. Her ideas awoke also, and returned to her one by one. She saw that she was in Notre-Dame; she remembered having been snatched from the hands of the executioner; that Phœbus was living; that Phœbus loved her no longer; and these two ideas, one of which imparted so much bitterness to the other, presenting themselves at once to the poor girl, she turned to Quasimodo, who remained standing before

her, and whose aspect frightened her, and said to him: "Why did you save me?"

He looked anxiously at her, as if striving to guess what she said. She repeated her question. He then gave her another look of profound sadness, and fled.

She was amazed.

A few moments later he returned, bringing a bundle, which he laid at her feet. It contained apparel which certain charitable women had left for her at the threshold of the church.

Then she looked down at herself, saw that she was almost naked, and blushed. Life had returned.

Quasimodo seemed to participate in this feeling of modesty. Covering his eye with his broad hand, he again departed, but with lingering steps.

She hastily dressed herself. It was a white robe with a white veil, the habit of a novice of the Hôtel-Dieu.

She had scarcely finished before Quasimodo returned. He carried a basket under one arm and a mattress under the other. This basket contained a bottle, bread and some other provisions. He set the basket on the ground, and said, "Eat." He spread out the mattress on the flag-stones, and said, "Sleep."

It was his own meal, his own bed, that the bell-ringer had brought her.

The Egyptian lifted her eyes to his face to thank him, but could not utter a word. The poor fellow was absolutely hideous. She drooped her head with a thrill of horror.

Then he said to her:

"I frighten you. I am very ugly, am I not? Do not look at me, only listen to me. In the daytime you will stay here; at night you can walk about all over the church. But stir not a step out of it, either by night or by day. You would be lost. They would kill you, and I should die."

Moved by his words, she raised her head to reply, but he was gone. Alone once more, she pondered on the singular words of this almost monstrous being, and struck by the tone of his voice, so hoarse and yet so gentle.

She then began to examine her cell. It was a little room, some six feet square, with a small window and a door upon the slightly sloping roof of flat stones. A number of gutter-spouts, terminating in figures of animals, seemed bending over her, and stretching their necks to look at her through the window. Beyond the roof she discerned many chimney-tops, from which issued the smoke of all the fires of Paris, a sad spectacle for the poor gypsy-girl, a foundling, condemned to death —an unfortunate creature, with neither country, family nor home.

Just as the thought of her forlorn situation wrung her heart more keenly than ever, she felt a hairy, shaggy head push between her hands upon her lap. She started (everything alarmed her now), and looked down. It was the poor goat, the nimble Djali, who had escaped with her when Quasimodo scattered Charmolue's men, and who had been lavishing caresses on her feet for nearly an hour without obtaining a single glance. The gypsy covered it with kisses. "Oh, Djali," said she, "how I have forgotten thee! And yet thou thinkest of me. Oh, thou art not ungrateful!"

At the same time, as if an invisible hand had lifted the weight which had so long held back her tears, she began to weep; and as her tears flowed, she felt the sharpest and bitterest of her grief depart with them.

When evening came she thought the night so beautiful, the moonlight so soft, that she made the circuit of the gallery which surrounds the church. It afforded her some relief, so calm did the earth appear when viewed from that height.

III.

DEAF

On the following morning she perceived, on awaking, that she had slept. This strange fact amazed her; she had been so long unaccustomed to sleep! A bright beam from the rising sun came in at her window, and shone in on her face. But with the sun, she saw at the window an object that frightened her—the unfortunate face of Quasimodo. She involuntarily closed her eyes again, but in vain; she fancied that she still saw, through her rosy lids, that gnome's mask, one-eyed and gap-toothed. Then, still keeping her eyes shut, she heard a rough voice saying, very gently:

"Do not be afraid. I am your friend. I came to watch you sleep. It does not hurt you, does it, that I should come and see you sleep? What does it matter to you if I am here when you have your eyes shut? Now I am going. Stay, I have placed myself behind the wall; now you may open your eyes again."

There was something still more plaintive than these words; it was the tone in which they were uttered. The gypsy, touched by it, opened her eyes. He was no longer at the window. She went to it and saw the poor hunch-back crouching in a corner of the wall, in a sad and resigned attitude. She made an effort to overcome the repugnance with which he inspired her. "Come hither," she said to him, gently. From the motion of her lips Quasimodo thought she was bidding him to go away; then he rose up and retreated, limping, slowly, with drooping head, not venturing to raise to the young girl his face full of despair. "Come hither, I say," cried she; but he continued to move off. Then she darted out of the cell, ran to him, and took hold of his arm. On feeling her touch, Quasimodo trembled in every limb. He lifted a beseeching eye; and finding that she was trying to draw him with her, his whole face beamed with joy and tenderness. She tried to make him enter her cell; but he persisted in remaining on the threshold. "No, no," said he, "the owl enters not the nest of the lark."

Then she threw herself gracefully upon her couch, with her goat fast asleep at her feet. Both were motionless for several minutes, contemplating in silence—he, so much grace

—she, so much ugliness. Every moment she discovered in Quasimodo some additional deformity. Her eye wandered from his crooked legs to the hump on his back, from the hump on his back to his one eye. She could not understand how a being so awkwardly fashioned could be in existence. But withal there was so much sadness and gentleness about him that she began to be reconciled to it.

He was the first to break silence. "So you were telling me to return."

She nodded affirmatively, and said, "Yes."

He understood the motion of her head. "Alas!" said he, as though hesitating whether to finish, "I am—I am deaf."

"Poor man!" exclaimed the gypsy-girl, with an expression of kindly pity.

He smiled sorrowfully.

"You think that was all I lacked, do you not? Yes, I am deaf. That is the way I am made. It is horrible, is it not? And you—you are beautiful."

There was so deep a sense of his wretchedness in the poor creature's tone, that she had not the courage to say a word. Besides, he would not have heard it. He continued:

"Never did I see my ugliness as now. When I compare myself with you, I do indeed pity myself, poor unhappy monster that

I am. I must look to you like a beast, eh? You—you are a sunbeam, a dewdrop, a bird's song. As for me—I am something frightful, neither man nor beast—something harder, and more trodden under foot, and more unshapely than a flint-stone."

Then he began to laugh, and that laugh was the most heart-breaking thing in the world. He went on:

"Yes, I am deaf, but you will speak to me by gestures, by signs. I have a master who talks to me that way. And then, I shall, very soon, know your wish from the movement of your lips, and from your look."

"Well then," replied she, smiling, "tell me why you saved me."

He watched her attentively as she spoke.

"I understand," he answered, "you ask me why I saved you. You have forgotten a poor wretch that tried to carry you off one night—a poor wretch to whom you brought relief, the very next day, on their infamous pillory; a drop of water and a little pity. That is more than I can repay with my life. You have forgotten that poor wretch, but he remembers."

She listened to him with deep emotion. A tear started in the bell-ringer's eye, but it did not fall; he seemed to make it a point of honor to repress it.

"Listen," he resumed, when he no longer feared that this tear would fall. "We have here very high towers; a man who should fall from one would be dead before he touched the pavement; when it shall please you to have me to fall, you will not have to even utter a word; a glance will suffice."

Then he rose. This odd being, unhappy as the gypsy was, still aroused some compassion in her breast. She motioned to him to remain.

"No, no," said he, "I must not stay too long, I am not at my ease. It is out of pity that you do not turn away your eyes. I will go where I can see you without your seeing me; it will be better so."

He drew from his pocket a small metal whistle. "There," said he; "when you want me, when you wish me to come, when you do not feel too much horror at the sight of me, use this whistle. I can hear this sound."

He laid the whistle on the ground and fled.

IV.

EARTHENWARE AND CRYSTAL

Time went on.

Calm gradually returned to the soul of La Esmeralda. Excessive grief, like excessive joy, is a violent thing, which is of short duration. The human heart cannot long remain in either extremity. The gypsy had suffered so much that surprise was now the only emotion of which she was capable.

With the feeling of security, hope had returned to her. She was out of the pale of society, out of the pale of life; but she vaguely felt that it might not perhaps be impossible to return to them. She was like one dead, keeping in reserve a key to her tomb.

She felt the terrible images which had so long beset her gradually fading away. All the hideous phantoms, Pierrat Torterue, Jacques Charmolue, vanished from her mind—all, even the priest himself.

And then, Phœbus was alive; she was sure of it; she had seen him. To her the life of

Phœbus was everything. After the series of fatal shocks which had laid waste all within her, she found but one thing intact in her soul, one sentiment—her love for the captain. Love is like a tree; it shoots of itself; it sends its deep roots through all our being, and often continues to flourish over a heart in ruins.

And the inexplicable part of it is that the blinder this passion the more it is tenacious. It is never stronger than when it is most unreasonable.

No doubt La Esmeralda could not think of the captain without a tinge of bitterness. No doubt it was frightful that he too should have been deceived; that he too should have deemed such a thing possible; that he too should have conceived of a dagger's thrust coming from her who would have given a thousand lives to save him. But, after all, she must not blame him too severely; for had she not acknowledged her crime? had she not yielded, weak woman as she was, to the torture? The fault was all her own; she ought rather to have let them tear the nails from her feet than such an avowal from her lips. But then, could she but see Phœbus once more, for a single minute, a word, a look, would suffice to undeceive him, to bring him back. She had no doubt of it. She also strove to account to herself

for many singular things; for the accident of Phœbus's presence on the day of her penance, and for his being with a young lady. It was his sister, no doubt—an explanation by no means plausible, but with which she contented herself, because she must needs believe that Phœbus still loved her, and her alone. Had he not sworn it to her? And what stronger assurance did she require, simple and credulous as she was? And, furthermore, in the sequel of the affair, were not appearances much more strongly against herself than against him? Therefore she waited and hoped.

We may add that the church itself, the vast edifice which enveloped her upon every side, protecting her, guarding her, was a sovereign tranquilizer. The solemn lines of its architecture, the religious attitude of all the objects by which the girl was surrounded, the pious and serene thoughts escaping, as it were, from every pore of those venerable stones, acted upon her unconsciously. The structure had sounds, too, of blessedness and such majesty, that they soothed that suffering spirit. The monotonous chant of the performers of the service, the services of the people to the priests, now inarticulate, now in thundering loudness; the organs bursting forth like the voice of a hundred trumpets; the three bell-towers humming like hives of enormous bees

—all that orchestra, with its gigantic gamut, incessantly ascending and descending from the voice of the multitude to that of the tower, overruled her memory, her imagination and her sorrow. The bells especially soothed her. It was like powerful magnetism which those vast machines poured in large waves over her.

Thus each sunrise found her less pale, calmer, and breathing more freely. In proportion as her internal wounds healed, grace and beauty bloomed again on her countenance, but more retiring and composed. Her former character also returned—something even of her gaiety, her pretty pout, the fondness for her goat, her love of singing, her feminine bashfulness. She was careful to dress each morning in the corner of her little chamber, lest some inhabitant of the neighboring garrets should see her through her window.

When her thoughts of Phœbus allowed her leisure, the gypsy-girl sometimes thought of Quasimodo. He was the only link, the only means of communication with mankind, with the living, that remained to her. Poor child! She was even more out of the world than Quasimodo himself. She knew not what to make of the strange friend whom chance had given her. Often she reproached herself for not having a gratitude sufficient to shut her

eyes; but, positively, she could not reconcile herself to the sight of the ringer; he was too ugly.

She had left the whistle he had given her lying upon the ground. This, however, did not prevent Quasimodo from reappearing, from time to time, during the first days. She strove hard to restrain herself from turning away with too strong an appearance of repugnance when he came to bring her the basket of provisions or the pitcher of water; but he always perceived the slightest motion of the kind, and went away sorrowful.

One day he came at the moment she was caressing Djali. For a while he stood, full of thought, before the graceful group of the goat and the gypsy; at length he said, shaking his heavy and misshapen head:

"My misfortune is, that I am still too much like a man—would that I were wholly a beast, like that goat."

She raised her eyes towards him with a look of astonishment.

To this look he answered, "Oh, I well know why!" and went his way.

Another time he came to the door of the cell (which he never entered) at that moment when La Esmeralda was singing an old Spanish ballad, the words of which she did not understand, but which had lingered in her ear

because the gypsy-woman had lulled her to sleep with it when quite a child. At the sight of that ugly face, which made its appearance so abruptly in the middle of her song, the girl broke it off with an involuntary gesture of alarm. The unhappy bell-ringer fell upon his knees on the threshold, and with a beseeching look clasped his clumsy, shapeless hands. "Oh!" said he, sorrowfully, "go on, I pray you, and send me not away." She was unwilling to pain him; and so, trembling all over, she resumed her song. By degrees her alarm subsided, and she abandoned herself wholly to the expression of the plaintive air she was singing. He, the while, remained upon his knees, with his hands joined as in prayer, attentive, hardly breathing, his gaze riveted upon the gypsy's brilliant eyes. It seemed as if he was reading her song from her eyes.

On another occasion he came to her with an awkward and timid air. "Listen," said he, with an effort; "I have something to say to you." She made him a sign that she was listening. Then he began to sigh, half opened his lips, seemed for a moment to be on the point of speaking, then looked at her again, shook his head, and slowly withdrew, his hand pressed to his brow, leaving the gypsy stupefied.

Among the grotesque figures carved upon the wall, there was one for which he had a particular affection, and with which he often seemed to exchange fraternal glances. Once the gypsy heard him say to it: "Oh! why am I not of stone like thee!"

At last, one morning, La Esmeralda had advanced to the verge of the roof, and was looking into the Place over the pointed roof of Saint-Jean-le-Rond. Quasimodo was there behind her. He used to so place himself of his own accord, in order to spare the young girl as much as possible the unpleasantness of seeing him. Suddenly the gypsy started; a tear and a flash of joy sparkled simultaneously in her eyes; she knelt down on the edge of the roof, and stretched out her arms in anguish toward the Place, crying out "Phœbus! oh, come! come hither! One word! but one word, in heaven's name! Phœbus! Phœbus!" Her voice, her face, her gesture, her whole person had the heart-rending aspect of a shipwrecked mariner making the signal of distress to some gay vessel passing in the distant horizon in a gleam of sunshine.

Quasimodo leaned over and saw that the object of this tender and agonizing prayer was a young man, a captain, a handsome cavalier, glistening with arms and accoutre-

ments, prancing across the end of the square, and saluting with his plume a beautiful young lady smiling at her balcony. The officer, however, did not hear the unhappy girl calling him, for he was too far off.

But the poor deaf man heard it. A deep sigh heaved his breast. He turned round. His heart was swollen with the tears which he repressed; his convulsively clenched fists struck against his head, and when he withdrew them there was in each of them a handful of red hair.

The gypsy was paying no attention to him. He said, in an undertone, grinding his teeth:

"Damnation! That is how one ought to look, then! One need but have a handsome outside!"

Meanwhile she remained kneeling, crying with extraordinary agitation:

"Oh, there! he alights from his horse. He is going into that house. Phœbus! He does not hear me. Phœbus! Oh! that wicked woman, to talk to him at the same time that I do! Phœbus! Phœbus!"

The deaf man was watching her. He understood this pantomime. The poor ringer's eye filled with tears, but he let none fall. All at once he pulled her gently by the border of her sleeve. She turned round He had as-

sumed a look of composure, and said to her: "Shall I go and fetch him?"

She uttered a cry of joy.

"Oh, go! go! Run! quick!—that captain, that captain! bring him to me! I will love thee!"

She clasped his knees. He could not help shaking his head sorrowfully.

"I will bring him to you," said he, in a faint voice. Then he turned his head, and plunged hastily down the staircase, his heart bursting with sobs.

When he reached the Place, he found only the handsome horse fastened at the door of the Gondelaurier mansion; the captain had just gone in.

He looked up at the roof of the church. La Esmeralda was still there, on the same spot, in the same posture. He made her a melancholy sign of the head; then set his back against one of the posts of the porch of the mansion, determined to wait until the captain should come forth.

In the Gondelaurier house it was one of those gala days which precede a marriage. Quasimodo saw many people enter, and no one come out. From time to time he looked up at the roof of the church; the gypsy did not stir any more than he. A groom came and untied the horse, and led him to the stable of the household.

The entire day passed thus—Quasimodo against the post, La Esmeralda upon the roof, Phœbus, no doubt, at the feet of Fleur-de-Lys.

At length night came; a dark, moonless night. In vain did Quasimodo fix his gaze upon La Esmeralda; she was but a white spot in the twilight, then nothing was to be seen. All had vanished, all was black.

Quasimodo saw the front windows from top to bottom of the Gondelaurier mansion illuminated. He saw the other casements in the Place lighted one by one; he also saw them extinguished to the very last, for he remained the whole evening at his post. The officer did not come forth. When the last passers-by had returned home, when the windows of all the other houses were in darkness, Quasimodo remained entirely alone, entirely in the dark. There were at that time no lamps in the square of Notre-Dame.

But the windows of the Gondelaurier mansion continued lighted, even after midnight. Quasimodo, motionless and attentive, beheld a throng of lively dancing shadows pass athwart the many colored painted panes. Had he not been deaf, in proportion as the murmur of slumbering Paris died away, he would have heard more and more distinctly, from within the Logis Gondelaurier, a sound of feasting, laughter and music.

Towards one o'clock in the morning the guests began to take their leave. Quasimodo, wrapped in darkness, watched them all pass out through the porch; none of them was the captain.

He was full of melancholy thoughts; at times he looked up into the air, like one weary of waiting. Great black clouds, heavy, torn, split, hung like ragged festoons of crape beneath the starry arch of night.

In one of those moments he suddenly saw the long folding window that opened upon the balcony, whose stone balustrade projected above his head, mysteriously open. The frail glass door gave passage to two persons, then closed noiselessly behind them. It was not without difficulty that Quasimodo, in the dark, recognized in the man the handsome captain, in the woman, the young lady whom he had seen in the morning welcoming the officer from that very balcony. The square was quite dark, and a double crimson curtain, which had fallen behind the glass door the moment it closed, allowed no light to reach the balcony from the apartment.

The young man and the young girl, as far as our deaf man could judge without hearing a word they said, appeared to abandon themselves to a very tender tête-à-tête. The young lady seemed to have permitted the officer to

make a girdle for her waist of his arm, and was gently resisting a kiss.

Quasimodo looked on from below this scene, all the more interesting to witness, as it was not intended to be seen. He contemplated, with bitterness, that happiness, that beauty. After all, nature was not silent in the poor fellow, and his vertebral column, wretchedly distorted as it was, quivered no less than another's. He thought of the miserable portion which Providence had allotted to him; that woman, love and its pleasures, would pass forever before his eyes without his ever doing anything but witness the felicity of others. But what pained him most of all in this spectacle, what mingled indignation with his chagrin, was the thought of what the gypsy would suffer could she behold it. True it was that the night was very dark, that La Esmeralda, if she had remained at the same place, as he doubted not she had, was at a considerable distance, and that it was all that he himself could do to distinguish the lovers on the balcony; this consoled him.

Meanwhile their conversation grew more and more animated. The young lady seemed to be entreating the officer to ask nothing more from her. Quasimodo could only distinguish the fair clasped hands, the mingled smiles and tears, the young girl's glances

directed to the stars, and the eyes of the captain lowered ardently upon her.

Fortunately, for the young girl was beginning to resist but feebly, the door of the balcony suddenly reopened, and an old lady made her appearance; the young beauty looked confused, the officer annoyed, and all three went in.

A moment later a horse was prancing under the porch, and the brilliant officer, enveloped in his night cloak, passed rapidly before Quasimodo.

The bell-ringer allowed him to turn the corner of the street, then ran after him, with his ape-like agility, shouting: "Hi! captain!"

The captain halted.

"What does the rascal want with me?" said he, espying in the dark that uncouth figure running toward him limping.

Quasimodo, however, had come up to him, and boldly taken his horse by the bridle: "Follow me, captain; there is one here who desires to speak with you."

"By Mahound's horns," grumbled Phœbus, "here's a villainous ragged bird that I fancy I've seen somewhere. Hello! sirrah! leave hold of my horse's bridle!

"Captain," answered the deaf man, "do you not ask me who it is?"

"I tell thee to let go my horse," returned Phœbus, impatiently. "What means the rogue hanging thus from my bridle rein? Dost thou take my horse for a gallows?"

Quasimodo, far from releasing the bridle, was preparing to make him turn round. Unable to comprehend the captain's resistance, he hastened to say to him:

"Come, captain; 'tis a woman who is waiting for you." He added, with an effort, "a woman who loves you."

"A rare varlet!" said the captain, "who thinks me obliged to go after every woman that loves me, or says she does—and if perchance she resembles thee with thy face of a screech-owl? Tell her that sent thee that I am going to be married, and that she may go to the devil."

"Hark ye!" cried Quasimodo, thinking to overcome his hesitation with a word; "come, monseigneur; 'tis the gypsy-girl that you know of."

This word did, in fact, make a great impression on Phœbus, but not that which the deaf man expected. It will be remembered that our gallant officer had retired with Fleur-de-Lys several moments before Quasimodo had rescued the condemned girl from the hands of Charmolue. Since then, in all his visits at the Logis Gondelaurier, he had taken care not

to mention that woman, the recollection of whom was besides painful to him; and Fleur-de-Lys, on her part, had not deemed it politic to tell him that the gypsy was alive. Hence, Phœbus believed poor *Similar* dead a month or two ago. Add to this, for some moments the captain had been thinking of the extreme darkness of the night, the supernatural ugliness and sepulchral voice of the strange messenger; that it was past midnight; that the street was as solitary as the night that the spectre monk had accosted him, and that his horse panted as it looked at Quasimodo.

"The gypsy!" he exclaimed, almost frightened. "How now! Art thou come from the other world?" And he laid his hand on the hilt of his dagger.

"Quick! quick!" said the deaf man, endeavoring to drag the horse along; "this way!"

Phœbus dealt him a vigorous kick in the breast.

Quasimodo's eye flashed. He made a movement as if to fling himself upon the captain. Then, checking himself, he said:

"Oh, how happy you are to have some one who loves you!"

He emphasized the words "some one," and leaving hold of the horse's bridle, said:

"Begone!"

Phœbus spurred on in all haste, swearing. Quasimodo watched him disappear in the misty darkness of the street.

"Oh!" said the poor deaf creature to himself, "to refuse that!"

He returned to Notre-Dame, lighted his lamp, and climbed up the tower again. As he expected, the gypsy-girl was still at the same spot.

The moment she perceived he was coming she ran to meet him.

"Alone!" she cried, clasping her pretty hands in anguish.

"I could not find him again," said Quasimodo coldly.

"You should have waited for him all night," returned she passionately.

He saw her angry gesture, and understood the reproof.

"I'll watch him better another time," said he, hanging his head.

"Get you gone," said she.

He left her. She was dissatisfied with him. He would have preferred being chided by her than to cause her pain. He had kept all the grief for himself.

From that day forward the gypsy saw him no more; he ceased coming to her cell. Now and then, indeed, she caught a distant glimpse of the ringer's countenance looking mourn-

fully upon her from the top of some tower; but as soon as she perceived him, he would disappear.

We must admit that she was but little troubled by the voluntary absence of the poor hunch-back. At the bottom of her heart she felt grateful to him for it. Nor was Quasimodo himself under any delusion upon this point.

She saw him no more, but she felt the presence of a good genius about her. Her provisions were renewed by an invisible hand while she slept. One morning she found upon her window-sill a cage of birds. Over her cell there was a piece of sculpture that frightened her. She had repeatedly evinced this feeling in Quasimodo's presence. One morning (for all these things were done in the night) she saw it no longer; it had been broken off. He who had climbed to that piece of carving must have risked his life.

Sometimes, in the evening, she heard the voice of one concealed behind the great blind of the belfry, singing, as if to lull her to sleep, a melancholy and fantastic song, verses without rhyme or rhythm, such as a deaf man might make:

Oh, look not on the face,
Young maid, look on the heart:
The heart of a fine young man is oft deformed;
There are some hearts will hold no love for long.

Young maid, the pine's not fair to see,
Not fair to the eye as the poplar,
Yet it keeps its leaves in winter-time.
Alas! it's vain to talk of this:
What is not fair ought not to be—
Beauty will only beauty love—
April looks not on January.

Beauty is perfect,
Beauty wins all,
Beauty alone exists not by half.

The crow flies but by day;
The owl flies but by night;
The swan flies night and day.

On waking one morning, she saw in her window two jars full of flowers; one of them a glass vessel, very beautiful and brilliant, but cracked; it had let all the water escape, and the flowers it contained were faded. The other vessel was of earthenware, rude and common, but it had kept the water, so that its flowers were fresh and blooming.

I do not know whether she did it intentionally, but La Esmeralda took the faded nosegay and wore it all day in her bosom.

That day she did not hear the voice from the tower singing.

She felt little concern about it. She passed her days in caressing Djali, watching the door of the Logis Gondelaurier, in talking low to

herself about Phœbus, and crumbling her bread to the swallows.

She had altogether ceased to see or to hear Quasimodo. The poor ringer seemed to have departed from the church. One night, however, as she lay wakeful, thinking of her handsome captain, she heard a sigh, near to her cell. She rose up affrighted, and saw, by the moonlight, a shapeless mass lying before her door. It was Quasimodo sleeping there upon the stones.

V.

THE KEY OF THE RED DOOR

Meanwhile public rumor had acquainted the archdeacon with the miraculous manner in which the gypsy-girl had been saved. When he learned this, he felt he knew not what. He had reconciled his mind to the thought of La Esmeralda's death, and thus he had become calm; he had touched the depths of possible grief. The human heart (and Dom Claude had meditated upon these matters) cannot contain more than a certain quantity of despair. When the sponge is thoroughly soaked, the sea may pass over it without its imbibing one tear more.

Now, Esmeralda being dead, the sponge was filled to its utmost; all was over for Dom Claude upon this earth. But to feel that she was alive, and Phœbus also—that was the recommencement of torture, of pangs, of vicissitudes, of life—and Dom Claude was weary of all that.

When this piece of intelligence reached

him, he shut himself in his cloister cell. He appeared neither at the conferences of the chapter, nor at the services in the church. He closed his door against every one, even the bishop. He kept himself thus immured for several weeks. He was thought to be ill, and so indeed he was.

What was he doing, shut up thus? With what thoughts was the unfortunate man contending? Was he making a final struggle against his formidable passion? Was he combining some final plan of death for her and perdition for himself?

His Jehan, his cherished brother, his spoiled child, came once to his door, knocked, swore, entreated, announced himself ten times over. Claude would not open.

He passed whole days with his face pressed against the casement of his window. From that window, situated in the cloister, he could see the cell of Esmeralda; he often saw herself, with her goat—sometimes with Quasimodo. He remarked the assiduities of the ugly deaf man, his obedience, his delicate and submissive behavior to the gypsy-girl. He recollected—for he had a good memory, and memory is the tormentor of the jealous—he recollected the singular look which the ringer had cast upon the dancing-girl on a certain evening. He asked himself what

motive could have urged Quasimodo to save her. He was an eye-witness to a thousand little scenes which passed between the gypsy and the ringer; where, in their gestures, as seen at that distance and commented on by his passion, appeared to him most tender. He distrusted woman's capriciousness. Then he felt confusedly arising within him a jealousy such as he had never imagined; a jealousy which made him redden with shame and indignation. "As for the captain," thought he, "that might pass—but this one!" And the idea overpowered him.

His nights were frightful. Since he knew the gypsy-girl to be alive, those cold images of spectres and the grave, which had beset him for a whole day, had vanished from his spirit, and the flesh began again to torment him. He writhed upon his bed at the thought that the dark-skinned damsel was so near him.

Each night his delirious imagination represented to him La Esmeralda in all the attitudes that had most strongly excited his passion. He beheld her stretched across the body of the poniarded captain, her eyes closed, her fair neck crimsoned with the blood of Phœbus; at that moment of wild delight when the archdeacon had imprinted on her pale lips that kiss of which the unfortunate girl, half dying

as she was, had felt the burning pressure. Again he beheld her undressed by the savage hands of the torturers, letting them thrust her little foot naked into the horrid iron-screwed buskin, her round and delicate leg, her white and supple knee; and then he saw that ivory knee alone appearing, all below it being enveloped in Torterue's horrible apparatus. He figured to himself the young girl, in her slight chemise, with the rope about her neck, with bare feet and uncovered shoulders, almost naked, as he had seen her upon the last day. These voluptuous images made him clench his hands, and sent a shiver through his frame.

One night in particular, they so cruelly inflamed his priestly virgin blood, that he tore his pillow with his teeth, leaped from bed, threw a surplice over his night-robe, and went out of his cell with his lamp in hand, half naked, wild, with flaming eyes.

He knew where to find the key of the red door, opening from the cloister into the church; and, as the reader is aware, he always carried about him a key of the tower staircase.

VI.

SEQUEL TO THE KEY OF THE RED DOOR

That night La Esmeralda had fallen asleep in her little chamber, full of forgetfulness, of hope and of happy thoughts. She had been sleeping some time, dreaming, as usual, of Phœbus, when she thought she heard some noise about her. Her sleep was light and restless—the sleep of a bird; the slightest thing awakened her. She opened her eyes. The night was very dark. Yet she discerned at the little window a face regarding her; there was a lamp which cast its light upon this apparition. The moment that it perceived itself to be observed by La Esmeralda, it blew out the lamp. Nevertheless, the young girl had caught a glimpse of its features; her eyelids dropped with terror. "Oh!" said she in a faint voice, "the priest!"

All her past misfortune flashed upon her mind, and she fell back frozen upon her bed with horror.

A moment after, she felt a contact the

whole length of her body, which made her shudder so violently that she started up in bed wide awake and furious. The priest had glided to her side and clasped her in his arms.

She strove to cry out, but could not.

"Begone, monster! begone, assassin!" said she, in a voice low and faltering with anger and horror.

"Mercy! mercy!" murmured the priest, pressing his lips to her shoulders.

She seized his bald head with both her hands by the remaining hairs, and strove to repel his kisses, as if he had been biting her.

"Mercy!" repeated the wretched man. "Didst thou but know what is my love for thee! 'Tis fire! 'tis molten lead! 'tis a thousand daggers in my heart!"

And he held back both her arms with superhuman strength. Quite desperate, "Let me go," she cried, "or I spit in thy face!"

He released her. "Villify me, strike me, be cruel, do what thou wilt, but have mercy! love me!"

Then she struck him with the fury of a child. She drew up her beautiful hands to tear his face. "Begone, demon!"

"Love me! love me! have pity!" cried the poor priest, rolling upon her and answering her blows with caresses.

All at once she felt that he was overpower-

ing her. "There must be an end of this," said he, grinding his teeth.

She was conquered, crushed and quivering in his arms. She felt a lascivious hand wandering over her. She made a last effort, and shrieked: "Help! help me! A vampire! a vampire!"

But nothing came. Only Djali was awake and bleated piteously.

"Silence!" said the panting priest.

Suddenly, in the midst of her struggles, as the gypsy retreated upon the floor, her hand came in contact with something cold and metallic. It was Quasimodo's whistle. She seized it with a convulsion of hope, put it to her lips, and blew with all her remaining strength. The whistle sounded clear, shrill, piercing.

"What is that?" said the priest.

Almost at the same instant he felt himself lifted by a vigorous arm. The cell was dark; he could not clearly distinguish who it was that held him thus; but he heard teeth clenching with rage, and there was just light enough mingled with the darkness for him to see shining over his head a large cutlass.

The priest thought he could discern the form of Quasimodo. He supposed it could be no other. He recollected having stumbled, in entering, over a bundle that was lying across

the doorway outside. Yet, as the new-comer uttered no word, he knew not what to think. He threw himself upon the arm that held the cutlass, crying, "Quasimodo!" forgetting, in that moment of distress, that Quasimodo was deaf.

In the twinkling of an eye the priest was thrown upon the floor, and felt a knee of lead weighing upon his breast. By the angular imprint of that knee he recognized Quasimodo. But what was he to do? how was he to make himself known to the other? Night made the deaf man blind.

He was lost. The young girl, devoid of pity, as an enraged tigress, did not interfere to save him. The cutlass approached his head; the moment was critical. Suddenly his adversary appeared to hesitate. "No blood upon her!" said he, in an undertone.

It was, in fact, the voice of Quasimodo.

Then the priest felt the great hand dragging him by the foot out of the cell; it was there he was to die. Luckily for him, the moon had been risen for a few moments.

When they had cleared the door of the chamber, its pale rays fell upon the features of the priest. Quasimodo looked in his face; a tremor came over him; he relaxed his hold of the priest and shrank back.

The gypsy having come forward to the

threshold of her cell, was surprised to see them suddenly change parts; for now it was the priest who threatened, and Quasimodo who implored.

The priest, heaping gestures of anger and reproof upon the deaf man, violently motioned to him to withdraw.

The deaf man bowed his head, then came and knelt before the gypsy's door. "Monseigneur," said he, in a tone of gravity and resignation, "afterwards you will do what you please, but kill me first."

So saying, he presented his cutlass to the priest; and the priest, beside himself, rushed forward to grasp it; but the girl was quicker than he. She snatched the cutlass from Quasimodo's hand, and burst into a frantic laugh. "Approach!" said she to the priest.

She held the blade aloft. The priest hesitated. She would certainly have struck. "Thou durst not approach now, coward!" she exclaimed. Then she added, in a pitiless accent, and well knowing that it would be plunging a red-hot iron into the heart of the priest: "Ha! I know that Phœbus is not dead!"

The priest overthrew Quasimodo with a kick, and plunged, trembling with rage, under the vault of the staircase.

When he had gone, Quasimodo picked up the whistle that had just saved the gypsy.

"It was growing rusty," said he, as he gave it to her, and then he left her alone.

The young girl, overpowered by this violent scene, fell exhausted upon her couch, and burst into a flood of tears. Again her horizon was growing overcast.

As for the priest, he had groped his way back into his cell.

'Twas done. Dom Claude was jealous of Quasimodo. He repeated pensively to himself his fatal sentence: "No one shall have her!"

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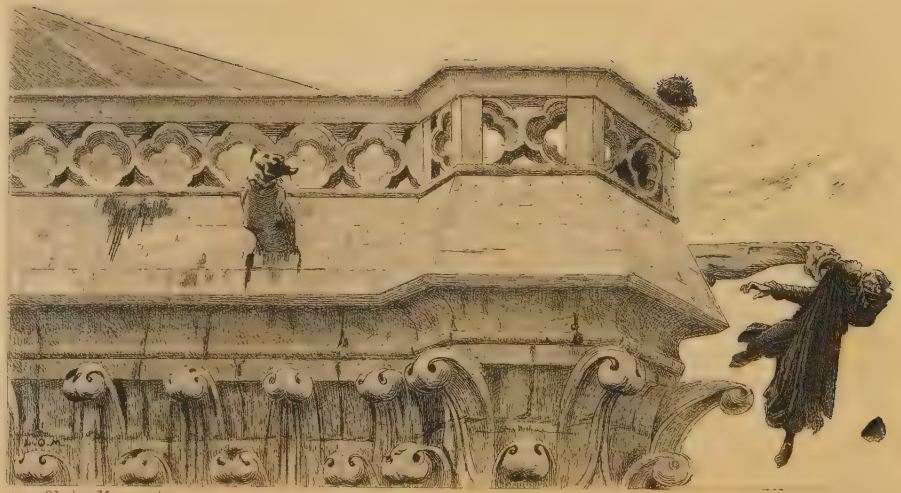

ıc-Olivier Merson inv.

Géry-Bichard sc.

Once, he glanced below him into the Place, into the abyss; the head which he raised again had its eyes closed and its hair erect.—N. D., Vol. IV., 211.

BOOK TEN

BOOK X

I.

GRINGOIRE HAS
A SUCCESSION OF BRIGHT IDEAS
IN THE RUE DES BERNARDINS

From the time that Pierre Gringoire had seen the turn that this affair was taking, and that torture, hanging and various other disagreeables were decidedly in store for the principal personages in this comedy, he no longer felt any desire to take part in it. The Truands, amongst whom he had remained, considering that, after all, they were the best company in Paris—the Truands had continued to feel interested in the gypsy. This he found very natural in people who, like herself, had nothing but Charmolue and Torterue in prospect, and who did not, like himself, soar into the regions of imagination between the two wings of Pegasus. He had learned from their discourse that his bride of the broken pitcher

had found refuge in Notre-Dame, and he was glad of it. But he did not even feel tempted to go and see her there. He sometimes thought of the little goat, and that was all. For the rest, by day he exerted his wits to get his bread; and by night he lucubrated a memorial against the Bishop of Paris, for he remembered being drenched by his mill-wheels, and he bore him malice therefor. He occupied himself also with a commentary upon the fine work of Baudry-le-Rouge, Bishop of Noyon and of Tournay, de *Cupâ Petrarum*, which had given him a violent inclination for architecture, an inclination which had supplanted in his breast his passion for hermetics, of which, too, it was but a natural consequence, seeing that there is an intimate connection between the hermetic philosophy and masonry. Gringoire had passed from the love of an idea to the love of the form of that idea.

One day he had stopped near the church of Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois, at the corner of a building called *le For-l'Evêque*, which was opposite another called *le For-le-Roi*. There was at this For-l'Evêque a beautiful chapel of the Fourteenth century, whose apsis was on the street. Gringoire was examining devoutly its external sculptures. It was one of those moments of selfish, exclusive and supreme enjoyment in which the artist sees nothing in

the world but his art, and the world itself in that art. All at once, he felt a hand fall heavily on his shoulder; he turned round—it was his old friend, his old master, monsieur, the archdeacon.

He was quite confounded. It was long since he had seen the archdeacon; and Dom Claude was one of those grave and ardent beings, a meeting with whom always disturbs the equilibrium of a sceptical philosopher.

The archdeacon maintained silence for some moments, during which Gringoire had leisure to observe him. He found Dom Claude much altered, pale as a winter morning, with hollow eyes and hair almost white. The priest was the first to break this silence, by saying in a calm but freezing tone: "How do you do, Maître Pierre?"

"As to my health," answered Gringoire, "eh! eh! one can say both one thing and another on that score. Still it is good, on the whole. I do not take too much of anything. You know, master, the secret of keeping well, according to Hippocrates: *Id est: cibi, potus, somni, venus, omnia moderata sint.*" (That is: love of food, drink, slumber, let all things be in moderation.)

"You have no care, then, Maître Pierre?" resumed the archdeacon, looking steadily at Gringoire.

"'Faith, not I!"

"And what are you doing now?"

"As you see, master. I am examining the cutting of these stones, and the style in which this bas-relief is executed."

The priest began to smile with that bitter smile which raises only one corner of the mouth. "And that amuses you?"

"'Tis paradise!" exclaimed Gringoire. And, leaning over the sculptures with the fascinated air of a demonstrator of living phenomena: "Now, for example, do you not think that that metamorphosis, in bas-relief, is executed with a great deal of skill, delicacy and patience? Look at that small column; was ever capital entwined with leaves more graceful or more exquisitely touched by the chisel? Here are three alto-relievos by Jean Maillevin. They are not the finest specimens of that great genius. Nevertheless, the simplicity, the sweetness of those faces, the sportiveness of the attitudes and the draperies, and that undefinable charm which is mingled with all the imperfections, render the small figures very light and delicate — perchance even too much so. You do not find it interesting?"

"Oh, yes!" said the priest.

"And if you were to see the interior of the chapel!" continued the poet, with his loqua-

cious enthusiasm. "Carvings everywhere! 'Tis as thickly clustered as the heart of the cabbage! The apsis is of a very devout fashion, and so peculiar that I have never seen anything like it anywhere else!"

Dom Claude interrupted him: "You are happy, then?"

Gringoire replied with conviction: "On my honor, yes! First, I loved women, then animals; now I love stones. They are quite as amusing as animals or women, and less treacherous."

The priest passed his hand across his brow. It was his habitual gesture.

"Indeed!"

"Hark you," said Gringoire; "one has one's enjoyments." He took the arm of the priest, who yielded to his guidance, and led him under the staircase turret of the For-l'Evêque. "There's a staircase!" he exclaimed. "Whenever I see it I am happy. That flight of steps is the most simple and the most uncommon in Paris. Every step is chamfered underneath. Its beauty and simplicity consist in the circumstance of the steps, which are a foot broad, or thereabout, being interlaced, mortised, jointed, enchained, enchased, set one in the other, and biting into each other, in a way that is truly firm and admirable."

"And you desire nothing?" said the priest.

"No!"

"And you regret nothing?"

"Neither regret nor desire. I have arranged my mode of life."

"What man arranges," said Claude, "circumstances disarrange."

"I am a Pyrrhonian philosopher," answered Gringoire, "and hold everything in equilibrium."

"And how do you earn your living?"

"I still write, now and then, epics and tragedies; but that which brings me in the most is that certain industry of mine, of which you are aware, master—carrying pyramids of chairs on my teeth."

"A scurvy trade for a philosopher!"

"It is still equilibrium," said Gringoire. "When one has an idea, one finds it in everything."

"I know that," replied the archdeacon.

After a short silence, the priest resumed:

"You are, nevertheless, poor enough?"

"Poor? Yes, but not unhappy."

At that moment the sound of horses was heard; and our two interlocutors saw filing off at the end of the street a company of the king's archers, with their lances raised, and an officer at their head. The cavalcade was brilliant, and its march resounded on the pavement.

"How you look at that officer!" said Gringoire to the archdeacon.

"I think I know him!" was the reply.

"How do you call him?"

"I believe," said Claude, "his name is Phœbus de Châteaupers."

"Phœbus! a curious sort of a name! There's Phœbus, too, Count of Foix. I recollect I knew a girl once who never swore but by Phœbus."

"Come hither," said the priest; "I have something to say to you."

Since the passing of the troop, some agitation was perceptible under the frozen exterior of the archdeacon. He walked on. Gringoire followed him, being wont to obey him, like all who had once approached that commanding personality. They reached in silence the Rue des Bernardins, which was almost deserted. Dom Claude stopped.

"What have you to say to me, master?" asked Gringoire.

"Do you not think," answered the archdeacon, with an air of profound reflection, "that the dress of those cavaliers, whom we have just seen, is handsomer than yours and mine?"

Gringoire shook his head.

"I' faith, I like better my red and yellow jerkin than those scales of iron and steel. A

fine sort of thing, to make a noise in going along like an iron quay in an earthquake!"

"Then, Gringoire, you have never envied those fine fellows in their warlike hacquetons?"

"Envied what, monsieur the archdeacon? their strength, their armor, their discipline? Give me rather philosophy and independence in rags. I would rather be the head of a fly than the tail of a lion."

"That is singular," said the musing priest. "A fine uniform is a fine thing, nevertheless."

Gringoire, seeing him absorbed in thought, quitted him to go and admire the porch of a neighboring house. He returned, clapping his hands.

"If you were less occupied with the fine clothes of men of war, monsieur the archdeacon, I would beg you to go and see that doorway. I have always said it; the Sieur Aubry's house has the most superb entrance in the world."

"Pierre Gringoire," said the archdeacon, "what have you done with that little gypsy dancer?"

"Esmeralda? You change the conversation very abruptly."

"Was she not your wife?"

"Yes, by virtue of a broken pitcher. We were in for it for four years. By-the-by," added Gringoire, looking at the archdeacon

with a half-bantering air, "you think of her still, then?"

"And you—do you no longer think of her?"

"Very little. I have so many things! Good heavens! how pretty the little goat was!"

"Did not that Bohemian girl save your life?"

"'Tis true, pardieu."

"Well, what became of her? what have you done with her?"

"I cannot tell you. I believe they have hanged her."

"You believe?"

"I am not sure. When I saw there was hanging in the case, I kept out of the business."

"And that is all you know of it?"

"Stay. I was told she had taken refuge in Notre-Dame, and that she was there in safety; and I am delighted at it; and I have not been able to discover whether the goat escaped with her, and that is all I know about the matter."

"I will tell you more," cried Dom Claude; and his voice, till then low, deliberate and hollow, became like thunder. "She has, indeed, taken refuge in Notre-Dame. But in three days justice will drag her again from thence, and she will be hanged at the Grève. There is a decree of the Parliament for it!"

"Now, that is a shame," said Gringoire.

The priest in a moment had become cool and calm again.

"And who the devil," continued the poet, "has taken the trouble to solicit a decree of reintegration? Could they not leave the Parliament alone? Of what consequence can it be that a poor girl takes shelter under the buttresses of Notre-Dame, among the swallows' nests?"

"There are Satans in the world," answered the archdeacon.

"That's a devilish bad piece of work," observed Gringoire.

The archdeacon resumed, after a short silence:

"So then, she saved your life?"

"Yes, among my good friends the Truands. I was within an inch of being hanged. They would have been sorry for it now."

"Will you not do something for her, then?"

"I should rejoice to be of service, Dom Claude; but if I were to bring a bad piece of business about my ears!"

"What can it signify?"

"The deuce! what can it signify! You are very kind, master! I have two great works begun."

The priest struck his forehead. In spite of the composure which he affected, a violent gesture betrayed from time to time his inward struggles.

"How is she to be saved?"

"Master," said Gringoire, "I will answer you—*Il padelt*—which means, in the Turkish, 'God is our hope.'"

"How is she to be saved?" repeated Claude, dreamily.

Gringoire, in his turn, struck his forehead.

"Hark you, master; I have some imagination. I will find expedients for you. What if we were to entreat the king's mercy?"

"Mercy! of Louis XI.!"

"Why not?"

"Go take from the tiger his bone!"

Gringoire began to seek fresh expedients.

"Well, stay. Shall I address a memorial to the midwives, declaring that the girl is with child?"

At this the priest's sunken eyeballs glared.

"With child! Fellow! do you know anything about it?"

Gringoire was terrified at his manner. He hastened to say:

"Oh, not I. Our marriage was a regular *forismaritagium*. I'm altogether out of it. But, at any rate, one would obtain a reprieve."

"Madness! infamy! hold thy peace!"

"You are wrong to be angry," muttered Gringoire. "One gets a respite; that does no harm to anybody, and it puts forty deniers parisis into the pockets of the midwives, who are poor women."

The priest heard him not.

"She must leave there, nevertheless," murmured he. "The decree is to be put in force within three days. Otherwise, it would not be valid. That Quasimodo! Women have very depraved tastes!" He raised his voice: "Maître Pierre, I have well considered the matter. There is but one means of saving her."

"And what is it? For my part, I see none."

"Hark ye, Maître Pierre; remember that you owe your life to her. I will tell you candidly my idea. The church is watched day and night; no one is allowed to come out but those who have been seen to go in. Thus you can go in. You shall come, and I will take you to her. You will change clothes with her. She will take your doublet, and you will take her petticoat."

"So far, so good," observed the philosopher; "and what then?"

"What then? Why, she will go out in your clothes, and you will remain in hers. You may get hanged, perhaps, but she will be saved."

Gringoire scratched his ear with a very serious air.

"Well!" said he, "there is an idea that would never have come into my head of itself."

At Dom Claude's unexpected proposal, the open and benign countenance of the poet had abruptly clouded over, like a smiling

Italian landscape when an unlucky gust of wind throws a cloud across the sun.

"Well, Gringoire, what say you to the plan?"

"I say, master, that I shall not be hanged perhaps, but that I shall be hanged indubitably."

"That concerns us not."

"The deuce!" said Gringoire.

"She saved your life. 'Tis a debt you are discharging."

"There are many others which I do not discharge."

"Maître Pierre, it must absolutely be so."

The archdeacon spoke imperiously.

"Hark you, Dom Claude," answered the poet, in great consternation. "You hold to that idea, and you are wrong. I don't see why I should get myself hanged instead of another."

"What have you, then, which attaches you so strongly to life?"

"Ah! a thousand reasons."

"What are they, pray?"

"What are they? The air, the sky, the morning, the evening, the moonlight, my good friends the Truands, our jeers with the old hags, the fine architecture of Paris to study, three great books to write, one of them against the bishop and his mills; more than I can tell. Anaxagoras used to say he had come into the world to admire the sun.

And then, I have the felicity of passing the whole of my days, from morning till night, with a man of genius—who is myself—which is very agreeable."

"A head fit for a mule bell!" muttered the archdeacon. "Speak, then; this life that thou findst so charming, who preserved it for thee? To whom art thou indebted for the privilege of breathing that air, of seeing that sky, of being still able to amuse thy linnet-head with humbugs and follies? Had it not been for her, where wouldst thou be? Thou wilt have her die then, she through whom thou livest; thou wilt have her die, that creature so lovely, so sweet, so adorable —a creature necessary to the light of the world, more divine than divinity itself; whilst thou, half sage, half fool, a mere sketch of something, a sort of vegetable which fancies it walks and thinks, thou wouldst continue to live with the life thou hast stolen from her, as useless as a taper at noonday! Come, Gringoire, a little pity! be generous in thy turn; she has set the example."

The priest was vehement. Gringoire listened to him, at first with an air of indecision, then became moved, and concluded with making a tragical grimace which made his wan countenance resemble that of a newborn child in a fit of the colic.

"You are pathetic!" said he, wiping away a tear. "Well! I will think about it. 'Tis an odd idea of yours." . . . "After all," pursued he, after a moment's silence, "who knows? perhaps they'll not hang me; there's many a slip between the cup and the lip. When they find me in that box, so grotesquely muffled in cap and petticoat, perhaps they'll burst out laughing. . . . And if they do hang me, what then? The rope—'tis a death like another. Or, rather, 'tis not a death like another. 'Tis a death worthy of the sage who has wavered all his life; a death which is neither fish nor flesh, like the mind of the true sceptic; a death fully marked with Pyrrhonism and hesitation, which holds the medium between heaven and earth, which leaves you in suspense. 'Tis a philosopher's death, and I was predestined thereto, perchance. It is magnificent to die as one has lived—"

The priest interrupted him: "Is it agreed?"

"What is death, after all?" pursued Gringoire, with exaltation. "A disagreeable moment, a turnpike-gate, the passage from littleness to nothingness. Some one having asked Cercidas of Megalopolis whether he could die willingly: 'Why should I not?' answered he; 'for after my death, I shall see those great men, Pythagoras among the philosophers,

Hecatæus among the historians, Homer among the poets, Olympus among the musicians.' "

The archdeacon held out his hand to him. "It is settled, then? you will come to-morrow?"

The gesture brought Gringoire back to reality.

"'Faith, no!" said he, with the tone of a man just awaking. "To get hanged! 'tis too absurd. I will not."

"Farewell, then;" and the archdeacon added between his teeth, "I will find thee again."

"I do not want that devil of a man to find me again," thought Gringoire; and he ran after Dom Claude. "Stay, monsieur the archdeacon," said he; "old friends should not fall out. You take an interest in that girl—my wife, I mean. 'Tis well. You have devised a scheme for getting her out of Notre-Dame; but your plan is extremely unpleasant for me, Gringoire. Now, if I could suggest another, myself!—I beg to say, a most luminous inspiration has just occurred to me. If I had an expedient for extracting her from her sorry plight, without compromising my neck in the smallest degree with a slip-knot, what would you say? would not that suffice you? Must I absolutely be hanged before you are content?"

The priest was tearing the buttons from his cassock with impatience. "Stream of words! What is thy plan?"

"Yes," resumed Gringoire, talking to himself, and clapping his forefinger to his nose in sign of deep cogitation; "that is it! The Truands are fine fellows! The tribe of Egypt love her! They will rise at the first word! Nothing easier! A bold stroke! Under cover of the disorder, they will easily carry her off! To-morrow evening. Nothing would please them better."

"The plan!—speak!" said the priest, shaking him.

Gringoire turned majestically toward him: "Let me alone! you see that I am composing!" He reflected a few moments more, then began to clap his hands at his thought, exclaiming: "Admirable! success is sure!"

"The plan!" repeated Claude, angrily.

Gringoire was radiant.

"Come hither," said he; "let me tell you this in your ear. 'Tis truly a gallant counterplot, which will get us all out of the scrape. Egad! you must admit that I am no fool!"

He stopped short.

"Ah! by the way, is the little goat with the girl?"

"Yes—the devil take thee!"

"They would have hanged it also, would they not?"

"What is that to me?"

"Yes, they would have hanged it. They hanged a sow last month. The executioner likes that; he eats the animal after. Hang my pretty Djali! poor little lamb!"

"A curse upon thee!" cried Dom Claude. "The hangman is thyself. What means of safety hast thou found, fellow! Wilt thou never be delivered of thy scheme?"

"Softly, master! You shall hear."

Gringoire bent towards the archdeacon, and spoke very low in his ear, casting an anxious look from one end of the street to the other, though no one was near. When he had done, Dom Claude took his hand, and said, coolly: "'Tis well. To-morrow."

"To-morrow," repeated Gringoire; and while the archdeacon withdrew one way, he went off the other, saying low to himself: "This is a grand affair, Monsieur Pierre Gringoire. Never mind—it's not to be said that because one is of little account one is to be frightened at a great undertaking. Biton carried a great bull on his shoulders; wagtails, linnets and buntings traverse the ocean."

II.

TURN VAGABOND!

On re-entering the cloister, the archdeacon found at the door of his cell his brother, Jehan du Moulin, who was waiting for him, and who had beguiled the tedium of waiting by drawing on the wall, with a piece of charcoal, a profile of his elder brother, embellished with a nose of immoderate dimensions.

Dom Claude scarcely looked at his brother; his thoughts were elsewhere. That merry scamp's face, whose radiance had so often cleared away the gloom from the physiognomy of the priest, was now powerless to dissipate the cloud which each day gathered thicker and thicker over that corrupt, mephitic and stagnant soul.

"Brother," said Jehan, timidly, "I am come to see you."

The archdeacon did not so much as raise his eyes toward him.

"Well?"

"Brother," continued the hypocrite, "you

are so good to me, and give me such wise counsel, that I always return to you."

"What next?"

"Alas! brother, you were very right when you used to say to me: 'Jehan! Jehan, *cessat doctorum doctrina, discipulorum disciplina.* (Cease the doctrine of the doctors, the discipline of the disciples.) Jehan, be prudent. Jehan, be studious. Jehan, pass not the night outside of the college without lawful occasion and leave of the master. Cudgel not the Picards. *Noli, Joannes, verberrare Picardos.* (Beat not the Picards.) Rot not like an unlettered ass, *quasi asinus illiteratus* (like unlettered asses) upon the straw seats of the schools. Jehan, allow yourself to be punished at the discretion of the master. Jehan, go every evening to chapel, and sing an anthem with verse and orison to our lady, the glorious Virgin Mary.' Alas! how excellent was that advice!"

"And then?"

"Brother, you see before you a culprit, a criminal, a miscreant, a libertine, a reprobate! My dear brother, Jehan hath made of your counsels straw and dung to trample under foot. Well am I chastised for it—and God Almighty is exceeding just. So long as I had money, I feasted and led a joyous, foolish life. Oh! how grim-faced and vile

behind is debauchery which is so charming in front! Now I have not a coin left; I have sold my table-cloth, my shirt and my towel. A merry life no longer! the bright taper is extinguished, and nothing is left me but noisome tallow dip, which stinks under my nostrils. The girls mock at me. I drink water. I am tormented with remorse and creditors."

"The rest?" said the archdeacon.

"Alas! my very dear brother, I would fain lead a better life. I come to you full of contrition. I am penitent. I confess my faults. I beat my breast with heavy blows. You are very right to wish I should one day become a licentiate and sub-monitor of the Torchi College. At the present moment I feel a remarkable vocation for that office. But I have no more ink—I must buy some; I have no more pens—I must buy some; I have no more paper, no more books—I must buy some. For these purposes I am greatly in need of a little money, and I come to you, brother, with my heart full of contrition."

"Is that all?"

"Yes," said the student. "A little money."

"I have none."

The student then said, with an air at once grave and decided: "Well, brother, I am sorry to be obliged to tell you that I have re-

ceived from other quarters very advantageous offers and proposals. You will not give me any money? No? In that case I will turn Truand."

On pronouncing this monstrous word, he assumed the mien of an Ajax expecting to see the thunderbolt fall on his head.

The archdeacon said coldly to him: "Turn Truand then."

Jehan made him a low bow, and descended the cloister stairs whistling.

As he was passing through the court-yard of the cloister, beneath the window of his brother's cell, he heard that window open, raised his head, and saw the archdeacon's stern face looking through the opening. "Get thee to the devil!" said Dom Claude; "here is the last money thou shalt have of me."

So saying the priest flung Jehan a purse, which made a great bump on the student's forehead, and with which Jehan set off, both vexed and content, like a dog that is pelted with marrow-bones.

III.

LONG LIVE MIRTH!

The reader has probably not forgotten that a part of the Court of Miracles was enclosed within the ancient walls of the Town, a goodly number of whose towers were beginning, even at that epoch, to fall into decay. One of these towers had been converted into a pleasure resort by the Truands. There was a dram-shop on the lowest floor, and the rest was carried on in the upper stories. This tower was the point the most alive, and consequently the most hideous of the whole outcast den. It was a sort of monstrous hive, which was humming day and night. At night, when the remainder of the rabble were asleep, when not a lighted window was to be seen in the dingy fronts of the houses bordering the square, when not a sound was heard to issue from its innumerable families, from those ant-hills of thieves, loose women, and stolen or bastard children, the joyous tower might always be distinguished by the noise

which proceeded from it, by the crimson light which, gleaming at once from the air-holes, the windows, the crevices in the gaping walls, escaped, as it were, from every pore.

The cellar, then, formed the public-house. One entered it through a low door and down a staircase as steep as a classic Alexandrine. Over the door, by way of a sign, was a marvelous daub representing new-coined sols and dead chickens, with this punning inscription underneath: *Aux sonneurs pour les trépassés.* ("The ringers for the dead.")

One evening, at the moment when the curfew was ringing from all the belfries in Paris, the sergeants of the watch might have remarked, had they been permitted to enter the formidable Court of Miracles, that more tumult than usual was going on in the Truands' tavern; that they were drinking deeper and swearing louder. Without, in the square, were numerous groups, conversing in low tones, as if some great plot was hatching; while here and there a knave squatted down, whetting some wicked-looking blade upon the pavement.

Meanwhile, within the tavern, wine and gaming so powerfully diverted the minds of the Truandry from the ideas which occupied them that evening, that it would have been difficult to have divined from the conver-

sation of the drinkers what was the affair in hand. Only they had a gayer air than usual, and between the legs of each some weapon was seen glittering, a pruning-hook, a hatchet, a large bludgeon, or the crook of an old hackbut.

The apartment, of a circular form, was very spacious; but the tables were so close together and the tipplers so numerous, that the whole contents of the tavern, men, women, benches, beer-jugs, the drinkers, the sleepers, the gamblers, the able-bodied, the crippled, seemed thrown pell-mell together with about as much order and arrangement as a heap of oyster shells. A few tallow dips were burning upon the tables; but the real light of the tavern, that which sustained in the pot-house the character of the chandelier in an opera house, was the fire. That cellar was so damp that the fire was never allowed to go out, even in the height of summer; an immense chimney, with a carved mantel, and thick-set with heavy iron dogs and kitchen utensils, had in it, then, one of those large fires composed of wood and peat, which, at night, in a village street, bring out in red relief the windows of some forge upon the opposite wall. A large dog, gravely seated in the ashes, was turning before the glowing fire a spit loaded with meat.

In spite of the confusion, after the first

glance, one might distinguish amid this multitude, three principal groups, pressing around three several personages with whom the reader is already acquainted. One of these personages, fantastically bedizened with many an Oriental trinket, was Mathias Hungadi Spicali, Duke of Egypt and Bohemia. The old rogue was seated on the table, with his legs crossed and his finger in the air, while in a loud voice he explained his skill in white and black magic to the many gaping faces which surrounded him. Another crowd was gathered thick around our old friend, the valiant King of Tunis, armed to the teeth; Clopin Trouillefou, with a very serious air and in a low voice, was superintending the pillage of an enormous cask of arms, staved wide before him, from which were issuing in profusion axes, swords, bassinets, coats of mail, lance and pike heads, cross-bow bolts and arrows, like apples and grapes out of a cornucopia. Each one was taking something from the heap; one a head-piece, another a long rapier, and a third, the cross-handled *misericorde* or small dagger. The very children were arming; and even the cripples in bowls were barbed and cuirassed, and moved between the legs of the drinkers, like large beetles.

And lastly, a third audience, the most noisy, the most jovial, and the most numerous of all,

was crowding the benches and the tables, from the midst of which a flute-like voice, haranguing and swearing, escaped from under a heavy suit of mail, complete from casque to spurs. The individual who had thus screwed himself up in full panoply, was so hidden by his warlike trappings that nothing was seen of his person but a red, impudent, turned-up nose, a lock of fair hair, a red mouth and two daring eyes. His belt was full of daggers and poniards; a large sword hung by his hip; a rusty cross-bow was on his left, and an immense wine-pot before him, without counting a strapping, disheveled wench who was seated on his right. All the mouths around him were laughing, swearing and drinking.

Add to these twenty secondary groups; the waiters, male and female, running backward and forward with pitchers on their heads; the gamesters stooping over taws, *merèlles*, dice, *vachettes*, the exciting game of the tringlet (a kind of backgammon); quarrels in one corner—kisses in another; and some idea may then be formed of the whole collective scene; over which wavered the light of a great flaming fire, making a thousand grotesque and enormous shadows dance upon the wall.

As for the noise, it might be likened to the interior of a bell in full peal.

The dripping-pan, in which a shower of

grease was crackling from the spit, filled up, with its continuous snapping, the intervals of those thousand dialogues which crossed each other in all directions from one side to another of the great circular room.

Amidst all this uproar there was, on one side of the tavern, upon the bench within the great open fireplace, a philosopher meditating, with his feet in the ashes, and his eyes upon the burning brands. It was Pierre Gringoire.

"Be quick! make haste! get under arms! we must march in an hour," said Clopin Trouillefou to his Argotiers.

A wench was humming an air:

> "Father and mother, good-night;
> The latest up rake the fire."

Two card players were disputing. "Knave," cried the reddest-faced of the two, shaking his fist at the other, "I'll mark thee with a club. Thou might go and take Mistigri's place in messeigneur the king's own card party."

"Ugh!" roared a Norman, easily known by his nasal accent, "we're all heaped together here like the saints of Pebbletown!"

"My children," said the Duke of Egypt to his auditory, speaking in a falsetto voice, "the witches of France go to the sabbath without ointment, broomstick, or anything to ride on, with only a few magic words. The witches of

Italy have always a he-goat that waits for them at their door. All of them are bound to go out up the chimney."

The voice of the young scamp armed from head to foot was heard above the general hum.

"Noël! Noël!" cried he. "My first day in armor! A Truand! I'm a Truand, ventre de Christ! Fill my glass. Friends, my name is Jehan Frollo du Moulin, and I'm a gentleman. 'Tis my opinion that if God were a guardsman he'd turn robber. Brethren, we go upon a noble expedition. We are valiant fellows. Besiege the church, force the doors, bring away the pretty girl, save her from the judges, save her from the priests; dismantle the cloister, burn the bishop in his house; we will do all that in less time than a burgomaster takes to eat a spoonful of soup. Our cause is just; we'll plunder Notre-Dame, and that's all about it. We'll hang Quasimodo. Do you know Quasimodo, mesdemoiselles? Have you seen him puffing upon the great bell on a Pentecost festival? By Beelzebub's horns, it is very fine. You'd take him for a devil astride of a ghoul. Hark ye, my friends, I'm a Truand from the bottom of my heart; I'm a vagabond in my soul, a cadger born. I was very rich, and I have spent my all. My mother wanted to make me an

officer; my father, a sub-deacon; my aunt, a councilor of the inquests; my grandmother, king's prothonotary; my great aunt, treasurer of the short robe; but I would make myself a Truand. I told my father so, and he spit his malediction in my face. I told my mother so, and she, poor old lady, began to cry and chatter like yonder fagot on the iron dogs there. Let's be merry! I'm a real Bicêtre. Barmaid, my dear, more wine! I've still some money left. But mind, I'll have no more of that Surène wine—it hurts my throat. I'd as lief gargle myself, cor-bœuf, with a basket!"

Meanwhile the rabble applauded with boisterous laughter; and, finding that the tumult was redoubling around him, the scholar exclaimed:

"Oh, what a glorious noise! *Populi debacchantis populosa debacchatio!*" (The ravings of the people, popular fury.) Then he began to sing out, with an eye as if swimming in ecstasy, and the tone of a canon leading the vesper chant: "*Quæ cantica! quæ organa! quæ cantilenæ! quæ melodiæ hic sine fine decantatur! Sonant melliflua hymnorum organa, suavissima angelorum melodia, cantica canticorum mira!*" (What songs, what instruments, what chants here without end are sung! Here sound sweet-toned instruments of hymns, most sweet melodies of angels, wonderful song of

songs!) He broke off. "Hey, you there, the devil's own barmaid! give me some supper!"

There followed a moment of comparative silence, during which the shrill voice of the Duke of Egypt was heard in its turn, instructing his Bohemians.

"The weasel," said he, "goes by the name of Aduine; a fox is called Blue-foot or the Woodranger; a wolf, Gray-foot or Gilt-foot; a bear, the Old one or the Grandfather. A gnome's cap makes one invisible, and makes one see invisible things. Whenever a toad is to be christened, it ought to be dressed in velvet, red or black, with a little bell at its neck and one at its feet. The godfather holds it by the head, and the godmother by the hinder parts. 'Tis the demon Sidragasum who hath the power to make wenches dance naked."

"By the mass," interrupted Jehan, "I should like to be the demon Sidragasum!"

Meanwhile, the Truands continued to arm themselves and whisper at the other end of the tavern.

"That poor Esmeralda!" exclaimed one of the gypsy-men; "she is our sister; we must release her."

"Is she still at Notre-Dame?" asked a Jew-looking peddler.

"Yes, pardieu!" was the reply.

"Well, then, comrades," cried the peddler, "to Notre-Dame! All the more because there in the chapel of Saints Férêol and Ferrution there are two statues, the one of Saint John the Baptist, the other of Saint Anthony, of solid gold, weighing together seventeen gold marks and fifteen esterlins; and the pedestals, of silver gilt, weigh seventeen marks five ounces. I know that; I am a goldsmith."

Here they set Jehan's supper before him. He exclaimed, as he threw himself upon the bosom of the girl that sat by him:

"By Saint-Voult-de-Lucques, called by the people Saint Goguelu, I am perfectly happy! I see a blockhead there, straight before me, that's looking at me with a face as smooth as an archduke. Here's another, at my left hand, with teeth so long that one can't see his chin. And then, I'm like the Maréchal de Gié at the siege of Pontoise; I've my right resting upon a hillock. Ventre-Mahom! comrade! you look like a tennis-ball merchant! and you come and sit down by me! I am noble, my friend. Trade is incompatible with nobility. Get thee away. Hello! you there! don't fight! What! Baptiste Croque-Oison! with a fine nose like thine! wilt thou go and risk it against that blockhead's great fists? You simpleton! *Non cuiquam datum est habere nasum.* (Not to everyone is it given to have a nose.) Truly,

thou'rt divine, Jacqueline-of-the-Red-Ear! it's a pity thou hast no hair on thy head! Hello! My name is Jehan Frollo, and my brother's an archdeacon! the devil fly away with him! All that I tell you's the truth. By turning Truand I've given up one-half of a house, situate in Paradise, which my brother had promised me—*dimidam domum in paradiso* (half a dwelling in Paradise)—those are the very words. I've a fief in the Rue Tirechappe, and all the women are in love with me, as true as it is that Saint Eloi was an excellent goldsmith, and that the five trades of the good city of Paris are the tanners, the leather dressers, the baldric-makers, the purse-makers and the cordwainers; and that Saint Laurence was broiled over egg-shells. I swear to you, comrades,

> For full twelve months I'll drink no wine,
> If this be any lie of mine!

"My charmer, 'tis moonlight. See yonder, through the air-hole, how the wind rumples those clouds, just as I do thy gorgerette! Girls, snuff the candles and the children. Christ and Mahom, what am I eating now, in the name of Jupiter? Hey, there, old jade! the hairs that are not to be found on thy wenches' heads we find in the omelets. Do you hear, old woman? I like my omelets bald. The devil flatten thy nose! A fine tavern of Beelzebub is this,

where the wenches comb themselves with the forks?" And thereupon he broke his plate upon the floor and began to sing with all his might:

"And for this self of mine,
By the Blood Divine!
No creed I crave,
Nor law to save:
I have no fire,
I have no hut,
Nor faith to put
In sovereign high
Or Deity!"

Meanwhile, Clopin Trouillefou had finished his distribution of weapons. He approached Gringoire, who seemed absorbed in profound reverie, with his feet on an andiron.

"Friend Pierre," said the King of Tunis, "what the devil art thou thinking about?"

Gringoire turned to him with a melancholy smile:

"I love the fire, my dear lord. Not for the trivial reason that fire warms the feet or cooks the soup, but because it throws out sparks. Sometimes I pass whole hours in watching the sparks. I discover a thousand things in those stars that sprinkle the dark background of the chimney-place. Those stars are also worlds."

"Thunder, if I understand thee," said the Truand. "Dost know what o'clock it is?"

"I do not know," answered Gringoire.

Clopin then went up to the Duke of Egypt.

"Comrade Mathias," said he, "this is not a good time we've hit upon. King Louis XI. is said to be in Paris."

"The more need to get our sister out of his clutches," answered the old gypsy.

"You speak like a man, Mathias," said the King of Tunis. "Moreover, we will act promptly. No resistance is to be feared in the church. The canons are like so many hares, and we are in force. The Parliament's men will be finely balked to-morrow when they come to seek her. Guts of the Pope! I would not have them hang the pretty girl!"

Clopin went out of the tavern.

Meantime, Jehan was shouting in a hoarse voice: "I drink! I eat! I'm drunk! I'm Jupiter! Hey! you there, Pierre the Slaughterer! look at me like that again and I'll fillip the dust off your nose."

Gringoire, on the other hand, roused from his meditations, had begun to contemplate the wild and noisy scene around him, and muttered between his teeth: "*Luxurioso res vinum et tumultuosa ebrietas.* (Wine is a thing of luxury, drunkenness of tumult.) Alas! what good reason I have to abstain from drinking! and how excellent is the saying of Saint Benedict: *Vinum apostatare facit etiam sapientes!*" (To abjure wine also makes wise men.)

At that moment Clopin re-entered, and

shouted in a voice of thunder, "Midnight!"

At this word, which produced the effect of a call to boot and saddle on a regiment at halt, all the Truands—men, women and children—rushed in a mass from the tavern with great noise of arms and iron implements.

The moon was now obscured.

The Court of Miracles was entirely dark. Not a light was to be seen; but it was far from being deserted. A crowd of men and women talking in low tones could be distinguished. They could be heard buzzing, and all sorts of weapons were glittering in the darkness. Clopin mounted upon a large stone.

"To your ranks, Argot!" cried he. "Fall into line, Egypt! To your ranks, Galilee!"

A movement began in the darkness. The immense multitude seemed to be forming in column. In a few minutes the King of Tunis again raised his voice:

"Now, silence! to march through Paris. The password is, *Petite flambe en bagnenaud.* (Little light in a bladder-nut.) The torches must not be lighted till we reach Notre-Dame. March!"

Ten minutes later the horsemen of the watch fled in terror before a long procession of men descending in darkness and silence toward the Pont-au-Change, through the winding streets that intersect in every direction the close-built neighborhood of the Halles.

IV.

AN AWKWARD FRIEND

That same night Quasimodo slept not. He had just gone his last round through the church. He had not noticed, at the moment when he was closing the doors, that the archdeacon had passed near him and had displayed some degree of ill-humor at seeing him bolt and padlock with care the enormous iron bars which gave to these closed portals the solidity of a wall. Dom Claude appeared even more preoccupied than usual. Moreover, since the nocturnal adventure of the cell, he was constantly ill-treating Quasimodo; but in vain he used him harshly, even striking him sometimes; nothing could shake the submission, the patience, the devoted resignation of the faithful ringer. From the archdeacon he could endure anything—insults, threats, blows—without murmuring a reproach, without uttering a complaint. At most he would follow Dom Claude anxiously with his eye, as he ascended the staircase of the towers; but the

archdeacon had of himself abstained from again appearing before the gypsy-girl.

On that night, accordingly, Quasimodo, after casting one look toward his poor forsaken bells, Jacqueline, Marie, and Thibault, mounted to the top of the northern tower, and there, placing his well-closed dark-lantern on the leads, took a survey of Paris. The night, as we have already said, was very dark. Paris, which, comparatively speaking, was not lighted at that period, presented to the eye a confused heap of black masses, intersected here and there by the whitish curve of the Seine. Not a light could Quasimodo see except from the window of a distant edifice, the vague and gloomy profile of which was distinguishable, rising above the roofs in the direction of the Porte Saint Antoine. There, too, was some one wakeful.

While his only eye was thus hovering over that horizon of mist and darkness, the ringer felt within him an inexpressible uneasiness. For several days he had been upon the watch. He had seen constantly wandering around the church men of sinister aspect, who never took their eyes from the young girl's asylum. He feared lest some plot might be hatching against the unfortunate refugee. He fancied that she was an object of popular hatred as well as himself, and that something sinister

might probably happen soon. Thus he remained on his tower, on the lookout, "dreaming in his dream-place," as Rabelais says his eye alternately directed on the cell and on Paris, keeping faithful watch like a trusty dog, with a thousand suspicions in his mind.

All at once, while he was reconnoitring the great city with that eye which nature, as if by way of compensation, had made so piercing that it almost supplied the deficiency of other organs in Quasimodo, it struck him that there was something unusual in the appearance of the outline of the quay of the Vielle-Pelleterie, that there was some movement at that point, that the line of the parapet which stood out black against the whiteness of the water was not so straight and tranquil as that of the other quays, but that it undulated before the eye like the waves of a river, or the heads of a crowd in motion.

This appeared strange to him. He redoubled his attention. The movement appeared to be towards the city. No light was to be seen. It remained some time on the quay, then flowed off it by degrees, as if whatever was passing along was entering the interior of the island; then it ceased entirely, and the line of the quay became straight and motionless again.

Just as Quasimodo was exhausting himself in conjectures, it seemed to him that the

movement was reappearing in the Rue du Parvis, which runs into the city perpendicularly to the front of Notre-Dame. In fact, notwithstanding the great darkness, he could see the head of a column issuing from that street, and in an instant a crowd spreading over the square, of which he could distinguish nothing further than that it was a crowd.

This spectacle was not without its terror. It is probable that that singular procession, which seemed so anxious to conceal itself in profound darkness, observed a silence no less profound. Still some sound must have escaped from it, were it only the tramping of the feet. But even this noise could not reach the deaf watcher; and this great multitude, of which he could see scarcely anything, and of which he could hear nothing, though it was marching and moving so near him, produced on him the effect of an assemblage of dead men, mute, impalpable, lost in vapor. He seemed to see advancing toward him a mist peopled with men, to see shades moving in the shade.

Then his fears returned; the idea of an attempt against the Egyptian presented itself again to his mind. He had a vague feeling that he was about to find himself in a critical situation. In this crisis he held counsel with himself, and his reasoning was more just and prompt than might have been expected from

a brain so ill-organized. Should he awaken the Egyptian? assist her to escape? Which way? The streets were beset; behind the church was the river; there was no boat, no egress! There was but one measure to be taken: to meet death on the threshold of Notre-Dame; to resist at least until some assistance came, if any were to come, and not to disturb the sleep of Esmeralda. The unhappy girl would be awakened soon enough to die. This resolution once taken, he proceeded to reconnoitre the *enemy* more calmly.

The crowd seemed to be increasing every moment in the Parvis. He concluded, however, that very little noise was made, since the windows of the streets and the square remained closed. All at once a light flashed up, and in an instant seven or eight lighted torches were waving above the heads, shaking in the darkness their tufts of flame. Quasimodo then saw distinctly surging, in the Parvis, a frightful troop of men and women in rags, armed with scythes, pikes, pruning-hooks, partisans, the thousand points of which all glittered. Here and there black pitchforks formed horns to those hideous visages. He had a confused recollection of that populace, and thought he recognized all the heads which, a few months before, had saluted him Pope of the Fools. A man holding a torch in one hand and a club

in the other mounted a stone post and appeared to be haranguing them. At the same time the strange army performed some evolutions, as if taking post around the church. Quasimodo picked up his lantern and descended to the platform between the towers, to obtain a nearer view and to arrange his means of defense.

Clopin Trouillefou, having arrived before the principal door of Notre-Dame, had, in fact, ranged his troops in order of battle. Although he did not anticipate any resistance, yet, like a prudent general, he wished to preserve such a degree of order as would, in case of need, enable him to face a sudden attack of the watch or of the guardsmen. He had accordingly stationed his brigade in such a manner that, seen from on high and at a distance, it might have been taken for the Roman triangle of the battle of Ecnoma, the pig's head of Alexander, or the famous wedge of Gustavus Adolphus. The base of this triangle was formed along the back of the square, so as to bar the entrance to the Rue du Parvis ; one of the sides looked toward the Hôtel-Dieu, the other toward the Rue Saint-Pierre-aux-Bœufs. Clopin Trouillefou had placed himself at the point, with the Duke of Egypt, our friend Jehan, and the boldest of the scavengers.

An enterprise such as the Truands were now

attempting against Notre-Dame was no uncommon occurrence in the cities of the Middle Ages. What we in our day call police did not then exist. In populous towns, in capitals especially, there was no central power, sole and commanding all the rest. Feudality had constructed those great municipalities after a strange fashion. A city was an assemblage of innumerable seigneuries, which divided it into compartments of all forms and sizes. From thence arose a thousand contradictory establishments of police, or, rather, no police at all. In Paris, for example, independently of the hundred and forty-one lords claiming censive or manorial dues, there were twenty-five claiming administration of justice and quitrent from the Bishop of Paris, who had five hundred streets, to the Prior of Notre-Dame-des-Champs, who had only four. All these feudal justiciaries recognized only nominally the authority of their suzerain, the king. All had right of superintendence of highways. All were their own masters. Louis XI., that indefatigable workman, who had commenced so effectively the demolition of the feudal edifice, carried on by Richelieu and Louis XIV. to the advantage of the royalty, and completed by Mirabeau to the advantage of the people—Louis XI. had indeed striven to burst this network of seig-

neuries which covered Paris, by throwing violently athwart it two or three ordinances of general police. Thus, in 1465, the inhabitants were ordered to light candles in their windows at nightfall, and to shut up their dogs, under pain of the halter; in the same year they were ordered to close the streets in the evening with iron chains, and forbidden to carry daggers or other offensive weapons in the streets at night. But in a short time all these attempts at municipal legislation fell into disuse. The townspeople allowed the candles at the windows to be extinguished by the wind, and their dogs to stray; the iron chains were only stretched in time of public disturbance; and the prohibition against carrying daggers brought about no other change than that of the name of the Rue Coupe-gueule into Rue Coupe-gorge [Cut-jaws into Cut-throat?], which, to be sure, was a manifest improvement. The old framework of the feudal jurisdictions remained standing—an immense accumulation of bailiwicks and seigneuries, crossing one another in all directions throughout the city, straitening and entangling each other, interwoven with each other, and projecting one into another—a useless thicket of watches, under-watches, counter-watches, through the midst of which the armed hand of brigandage,

rapine and sedition was constantly passing. Hence, in this state of disorder, deeds of violence on the part of the populace directed against a palace, a hôtel, or an ordinary mansion, in the most thickly populated quarters, were not unheard of occurrences. In most cases, the neighbors did not interfere in the affair unless the pillage reached themselves. They stopped their ears against the report of the musketry, closed their shutters, barricaded their doors, and let the struggle exhaust itself with or without the watch; and the next day it was in Paris, "Last night, Etienne Barbette was broken open;" or, "The Marêchal de Clermont was seized, etc." Hence, not only the royal residences—the Louvre, the Palais, the Bastile, the Tournelles—but such as were simply seigneurial, the Petit-Bourbon, the Hôtel-de-Sens, the Hôtel d'Angoulême, etc., had their battlemented walls and their machicolated gates. The churches were protected by their sanctity. Some of them, nevertheless, among which was Notre-Dame, were fortified. The Abbé of Saint-Germain-des-Près was fortified like a baron, and there was more weight of metal to be found in his house in bombards than in bells. His fortress was still to be seen in 1630. To-day barely the church remains.

To return to Notre-Dame.

When the first arrangements were completed —and we must say, to the honor of Truand discipline, that Clopin's orders were executed in silence and with admirable precision—the worthy leader mounted the parapet of the Parvis, and raised his hoarse and surly voice, his face turned toward Notre-Dame, and brandishing his torch, whose flame, tossed by the wind and veiled at intervals by its own smoke, made the glowing front of the church by turns appear and disappear before the eye:

"Unto thee, Louis de Beaumont, Bishop of Paris, councilor in the court of parliament: thus say I, Clopin Trouillefou, King of Tunis, Grand-Coësre, Prince of Argot, Bishop of the Fools: Our sister, falsely condemned for magic, has taken refuge in thy church. Thou owest to her shelter and safeguard. But now, the court of parliament is to take her thence, and thou consentest to it; so that to-morrow she would be hanged at the Grève, if God and the Truands were not on hand. Therefore, we are come to thee, bishop. If thy church is sacred, so is our sister; if our sister is not sacred, neither is thy church. Wherefore we summon thee to give up the girl, if thou wilt save thy church; or we will take the girl and plunder the church. Which will be good. In witness

whereof, I here plant my banner, and God have thee in his keeping, Bishop of Paris."

Quasimodo, unfortunately, could not hear these words, which were uttered with a sort of sullen, savage majesty. A Truand presented the standard to Clopin, who gravely planted it between two of the paving-stones. It was a pitchfork, from the prongs of which hung a bleeding quarter of carrion.

This done, the King of Tunis turned about, and cast his eyes over his army, a ferocious multitude whose eyes flashed almost like the pikes. After a moment's pause:

"Forward, my sons!" cried he. "To your work, locksmiths."

Thirty stout men, fellows with brawny limbs and the faces of blacksmiths, sprang from the ranks, with hammers, pincers and iron crows on their shoulders. They advanced toward the principal door of the church; ascended the steps; and directly they were to be seen stooping down under the pointed arches of the portal, heaving at the door with pincers and levers. A crowd of Truands followed them, to assist or look on; so that the whole eleven steps were covered with them.

The door, however, stood firm. "Diable! but she's hard and headstrong," said one. "She's old, and her gristles are tough," said

another. "Courage, my friends!" cried Clopin. "I'll wager my head against a slipper that you'll have burst the door, taken the girl, and undressed the great altar, before there is one beadle awake. Stay! I think the lock is giving way."

Clopin was interrupted by a frightful noise which at that moment resounded behind him. He turned round; an enormous beam had just fallen from on high, crushing a dozen of the Truands upon the church steps, and rebounding upon the pavement with the sound of a piece of artillery; breaking legs here and there in the crowd of vagabonds who sprang aside with cries of terror. In a twinkling the narrow precincts of the Parvis were cleared. The locksmiths, though protected by the deep arches of the portal, abandoned the door, and Clopin himself fell back to a respectful distance from the church.

"I have escaped fine!" cried Jehan; "I felt the wind of it, by the head of the bull! but Pierre the Slaughterer is slaughtered!"

It is impossible to describe the astonishment mixed with dread which fell upon the bandits with this beam. They remained for some minutes gazing fixedly upward, in greater consternation at this piece of wood than they would have been at twenty thousand king's archers.

"Satan!" growled the Duke of Egypt, "but this smells of magic!"

"'Tis the moon that throws this log at us," said Andry-le-Rouge.

"Why," remarked François Chanteprune, "they say the moon's a friend of the Virgin."

"A thousand Popes!" exclaimed Clopin, "you are all imbeciles!" Yet he knew not how to account for the fall of the beam.

All this while nothing was distinguishable upon the grand front of the building, to the top of which the light from the torches did not reach. The ponderous piece of timber lay in the middle of the Parvis; and groans were heard from the miserable wretches who had received its first shock, and been almost cut in two upon the angles of the stone steps.

At last the King of Tunis, his first astonishment over, hit upon an explanation which his comrades thought plausible.

"God's throat!" said he, "are the canons making a defense? To the sack, then! to the sack!"

"To the sack!" repeated the mob with a furious hurrah. And they made a general discharge of cross-bows and hackbuts against the front of the church.

This report awoke the peaceable inhabitants of the neighboring houses; several window-shutters were seen to open, and nightcaps

and hands holding candles appeared at the casements.

"Fire at the windows!" cried Clopin. The windows were immediately shut again, and the poor citizens, who scarcely had time to cast a bewildered look upon that scene of glare and tumult, went back shaking with fear to their wives, asking themselves whether the witches' Sabbath was now held in the Parvis Notre-Dame, or whether there was an assault by the Burgundians, as in the year '64. Then the husbands dreamt of robbery, the wives of violence, and all trembled.

"To the sack!" repeated the Argotiers; but they dared not approach. They looked first at the church and then at the marvelous beam. The beam lay perfectly still; the edifice kept its calm and solitary look; but something froze the courage of the Truands.

"To your work, locksmiths!" cried Trouillefou. "Come! force the door!"

Nobody advanced a step.

"Beard and belly!" said Clopin; "here are men afraid of a rafter!"

An old lock-picker now addressed him:

"Captain, it is not the rafter that we care about; 'tis the door, that's all sewed up with iron bars. The pincers can do nothing with it."

"What should you have, then, to burst it open with?" asked Clopin.

"Why, we should have a battering ram."

The King of Tunis ran bravely up to the formidable piece of timber, and set his foot upon it. "Here's one!" cried he; "the canons have sent it to you." And he made a mock reverence to the cathedral. "Thank you, canons," he added.

This bravado had great effect; the spell of the wonderful beam was broken. The Truands recovered courage; and soon the heavy timber, picked up like a feather by two hundred vigorous arms, was driven with fury against the great door which had before been attacked. Seen thus, by the sort of half light which the few scattered torches of the Truands cast over the Place, the long beam, borne along by that multitude of men rushing on with its extremity pointed against the church, looked like some monstrous animal, with innumerable legs, running, head foremost, to attack a stone giantess.

At the shock given by the beam, the half metal door sounded like an immense drum. It was not burst in, but the whole cathedral shook, and in its deepest recesses could be heard rumblings. At the same moment, a shower of great stones began to fall from the upper part of the façade upon the assailants.

"The devil!" cried Jehan, "are the towers shaking down their balustrades upon our heads?"

But the impulse was given. The King of Tunis stuck to his text. It was decidedly the bishop making a defense. And so they only battered the door the more furiously, in spite of the stones that were fracturing their skulls right and left.

It must be remarked that these stones all fell one by one; but they followed one another closely. The Argotiers always felt two of them at one and the same time, one against their legs, the other upon their heads. Nearly all of them took effect; and already the dead and wounded were thickly strewn, bleeding and panting under the feet of the assailants, who, now grown furious, filled up instantly and without intermission the places of the disabled. The long beam continued battering the door with periodical strokes, like the clapper of a bell, the stones to shower down, the door to groan.

The reader has undoubtedly not waited till this time to divine that this unexpected resistance which had exasperated the Truands proceeded from Quasimodo.

Accident had unfortunately favored but too well the brave deaf mute.

When he had descended upon the platform

between the towers, his ideas were all in confusion. He ran to and fro along the gallery for some minutes, like one insane, beholding from above the compact mass of the Truands ready to throw themselves against the church, demanding of the devil or of God to save the gypsy. He once thought of mounting the southern steeple, and sounding the tocsin; but before he could have set the bell in motion, before Marie's voice could have uttered a single sound, was there not time for the door of the church to be forced ten times over? It was precisely the time when the lock-pickers were advancing toward it with their tools. What was to be done?

All at once he recollected that some masons had been at work all day, repairing the wall, the timber-work and the roofing of the southern tower. This was a flash of light. The wall was of stone; the roof was of lead; the timber-work of wood. (That prodigious timber-work was so dense that it went by the name of "the forest.")

Quasimodo ran to this tower. The lower chambers were, in fact, full of materials. There were piles of rough blocks of stone, sheets of lead rolled up, bundles of laths, heavy beams already notched with the saw, heaps of rubbish; in short, an arsenal complete.

Time pressed. The pikes and hammers

were at work below. With a strength multiplied tenfold by the sense of danger, he seized one of the beams, the heaviest and longest. He managed to push it through one of the loopholes; then, grasping it again outside the tower, he shoved it over the outer angle of the balustrade surrounding the platform, and launched it into the abyss.

The enormous beam, in this fall of a hundred and sixty feet, grazing the wall, breaking the carvings, turned several times on its centre, like the arm of a windmill, flying off alone through space. At last it reached the ground; the horrible cry arose; and the black beam, as it rebounded from the pavement, was like a serpent making a leap.

Quasimodo saw the Truands scattered by the fall of the beam, like ashes at the breath of a child. He took advantage of their fright, and while they fixed their superstitious gaze upon the immense log fallen from heaven, and while they peppered the stone saints of the portal with a discharge of bolts and bullets, Quasimodo was silently piling up rubbish, rough blocks of stone, and even the masons' bags of tools, on the edge of that balustrade from which the beam had already been hurled.

Thus, as soon as they began to batter the great door, the shower of blocks of stone began

to fall, and it seemed to them that the church was demolishing itself over their heads.

Any one who could have seen Quasimodo at that moment would have been frightened. Independently of the missiles which he had piled up on the balustrade, he had collected a heap of stones on the platform itself. As fast as the blocks heaped on the outer edge were exhausted, he had recourse to this latter heap. Then he stooped, rose, stooped and rose again, with incredible agility. He thrust his great gnome's head over the balustrade; then there dropped an enormous stone, then another, then another. Now and then he followed some big stone with his eye; and when it did good execution, he ejaculated: "Hum!"

The beggars, meanwhile, did not lose courage. The massive door which they were so furiously assailing had already trembled more than twenty times beneath the weight of their oaken battering-ram, multiplied by the strength of a hundred men. The panels cracked, the carvings flew in splinters; the hinges, at each shock, leaped from their hooks; the planks were forced out of their places, the wood was falling in dust, ground between the sheathings of iron. Fortunately for Quasimodo, there was more iron than wood.

Nevertheless he felt that the great door was yielding. Although he did not hear it, each stroke of the battering-ram reverberated in the caverns of the church, and within him. From above he beheld the Truands, full of exultation and rage, shaking their fists at the dark front of the edifice; and he coveted, for the gypsy-girl and himself, the wings of the owls that were flocking away affrighted over his head.

His shower of stone blocks was not sufficient to repel the assailants.

At this moment of anguish he noticed a little below the balustrade from which he had been crushing the Argotiers, two long stone gutters which disgorged immediately over the great door. The inner orifice of these gutters was on a level with the platform. An idea struck him. He ran to his bell-ringer's lodge for a fagot; laid over the fagot many bundles of laths and rolls of lead—ammunition of which he had not yet made any use; and having placed this pile in front of the hole of the two gutters, he set fire to it with his lantern.

While he was thus employed, since the stones no longer fell, the Truands ceased to gaze into the air. The brigands, panting like a pack of hounds baying the wild boar in his lair, pressed tumultuously round the great door, all disfigured and shapeless from the blows of the ram, but still erect. They awaited

with a thrill of impatience the last grand blow, the blow which was to burst it in. Each was striving to get nearest, in order to be the first, when it should open, to rush into that well-stored cathedral, a vast repository in which had been successively accumulating the riches of three centuries. They reminded one another, with roars of exultation and greedy desire, of the fine silver crosses, the fine brocade copes, the fine silver gilt monuments, of all the magnificence of the choir, the dazzling holiday displays, the Christmas illuminations with torches, the Easter suns, all those splendid solemnities, in which shrines, candlesticks, pixies, tabernacles, and reliquaries, embossed the altars as it were with a covering of gold and jewels. Assuredly, at that hopeful moment, thieves and pseudo-sufferers, doctors in stealing and vagabonds, were thinking much less of delivering the gypsy-girl than of pillaging Notre-Dame. Nay, we could even believe that, for a goodly number among them, La Esmeralda was only a pretext—if thieves needed a pretext.

All at once, at the moment that they were crowding about the battering-ram for a final effort, each one holding in his breath and stiffening his muscles, so as to give full force to the decisive stroke, a howl more frightful still than that which had burst forth and

expired beneath the beam, arose from the midst of them. Those who did not cry out, those who were still alive, looked. Two jets of melted lead were falling from the top of the edifice into the thickest of the rabble. That sea of men had gone down under the boiling metal, which, at the two points where it fell, had made two black and smoking holes in the crowd, like hot water thrown on snow. There were to be seen dying wretches burned half to a cinder, and moaning with agony. Around the two principal jets there were drops of that horrible rain which scattered upon the assailants, and entered their skulls like fiery gimlet points. It was a ponderous fire which riddled the crowd with a thousand hailstones.

The outcry was heart-rending. They fled in disorder, hurling the beam upon the dead bodies—the boldest as well as the most timid—and the Parvis was left empty a second time.

All eyes were raised to the top of the church. They beheld there an extraordinary sight. On the crest of the highest gallery, higher than the central rose window, was a great flame ascending between the two towers, with whirlwinds of sparks; a great flame, irregular and furious, a tongue of which, by the action of the wind, was at times borne into the smoke. Underneath that flame,

underneath the trifoliated balustrade showing darkly against its glare, two monster-headed gutters were vomiting incessantly that burning shower, whose silver stream shone out against the darkness of the lower façade. As they approached the earth, these two jets of liquid lead spread out into myriads of drops like water sprinkled from the many holes of a watering-pot. Above the flame the huge towers, two sides of each of which were visible in sharp outline, the one wholly black, the other wholly red, seemed still more vast by all the immensity of shadow which they cast even into the sky. Their innumerable sculptured demons and dragons assumed a formidable aspect. The restless, flickering light from the unaccountable flame, made them seem as if they were moving. There were griffins which seemed to be laughing, gargoyles to be heard yelping; salamanders puffing fire, tarasques sneezing in the smoke. And among the monsters, thus awakened from their stony slumber by this unearthly flame, by this clamor, there was one who walked about and who was seen from time to time passing across the glowing front of the pile like a bat before a torch.

Assuredly, this strange beacon-light must have awakened the wood-cutter far away on

the Bicêtre hills, terrified to behold the gigantic shadows of the towers of Notre-Dame quivering over his heaths.

A terrified silence ensued among the Truands; during which nothing was heard but the cries of alarm from the canons, shut up in their cloisters and more uneasy than horses in a burning stable, the furtive sound of windows hastily opened, and still more hastily closed, the stir in the interior of the houses and of the Hôtel-Dieu, the wind agitating the flame, the last groans of the dying, and the continued crackling of the shower of boiling lead upon the pavement.

Meanwhile the principal Truands had retired beneath the porch of the Logis Gondelaurier, and were holding a council of war. The Duke of Egypt, seated on a stone post, was contemplating with religious awe the phantasmagoric pile blazing two hundred feet aloft in the air. Clopin Trouillefou was gnawing his huge fists with rage.

"Impossible to get in!" muttered he between his teeth.

"An old church enchanted!" growled the old Bohemian, Mathias Hungadi Spicali.

"By the Pope's whiskers!" added a gray-headed scamp of a soldier, who had once been in service, "here are two church gutters

that spit molten lead at you better than the fortifications at Lectoure!"

"Do you see that demon, going back and forth before the fire?" cried the Duke of Egypt.

"Par-Dieu!" said Clopin, "tis the damned ringer—'tis Quasimodo."

The Bohemian shook his head. "I tell you, no; 'tis the spirit Sabnac, the great marquis, the demon of fortifications. He has the form of an armed soldier, with a lion's head. Sometimes he rides a hideous horse. He turns men into stones, and builds towers of them. He commands fifty legions. 'Tis he, indeed. I recognize him. Sometimes he is clad in a fine robe of gold, figured after the Turkish fashion."

"Where is Bellevigne-de-l'Etoile?" demanded Clopin.

"He is dead," answered a Truandess.

Andry-le-Rouge laughed idiotically.

"Notre-Dame makes work for the hospital."

"Is there then no way of forcing this door?" said the King of Tunis, stamping his foot.

The Duke of Egypt pointed sadly to the two streams of boiling lead, which continued to streak the black front of the building like two long phosphoric distaffs.

"Churches have been known to defend

themselves so," observed he with a sigh. "St. Sophia's, at Constantinople, forty years ago, hurled to the ground, three times in succession, the crescent of Mahound, by shaking her domes, which are her heads. William of Paris, who built this one, was a magician."

"Must we then slink away pitifully, like so many running footmen?" said Clopin. "What! leave our sister there, for those hooded wolves to hang to-morrow!"

"And the sacristy—where there are cart-loads of gold!" added a rascal, whose name we regret that we do not know.

"Beard of Mahound!" exclaimed Trouillefou.

"Let us try once more," rejoined the Truand.

Mathias Hungadi shook his head.

"We shall never get in by the door. We must find the defect in the old elf's armor, a hole, a false postern, some joint or other."

"Who's for it?" said Clopin. "I'll go at it again. By-the-by, where's the little student, Jehan, who was so incased in iron?"

"He's dead, no doubt," answered some one, "for no one hears him laugh."

The King of Tunis knit his brows. "So much the worse!" said he. "There was a

stout heart under that ironmongery. And Maître Pierre Gringoire?"

"Captain Clopin," said Andry-le-Rouge, "he slipped away before we had got as far as the Pont-aux-Changeurs."

Clopin stamped his foot. "*Gueule-Dieu!* 'Tis he who pushed us on hither, and then leaves us here just in the thick of the job. Cowardly chatterer, with a slipper for a helmet!"

"Captain Clopin," cried Andry-le-Rouge, looking up the Rue de Parvis, "yonder comes the little student!"

"Praise be to Pluto!" said Clopin. "But what the devil is he dragging after him?"

It was in fact Jehan, coming as quick as he found practicable under his ponderous knightly accoutrements, with a long ladder, which he was dragging stoutly over the pavement, more breathless than an ant harnessed to a blade of grass twenty times its own length.

"Victory! *Te Deum!*" shouted the student. "Here's the ladder belonging to the unladers of Saint Landry's wharf."

Clopin went up to him.

"Child, what are you going to do, *corne-Dieu!* with this ladder?"

"I have it," replied Jehan, panting. "I knew where it was. Under the shed of the

lieutenant's house. There's a girl there, whom I know, who thinks me a Cupid for beauty. I made use of her to get the ladder, and now I have the ladder, *Pasque-Mahom!* The poor girl came out in her shift to let me in."

"Yes, yes," said Clopin; "but what are you going to do with this ladder?"

Jehan gave him a roguish, knowing look, and snapped his fingers like castanets. At that moment he was sublime. He had upon his head one of those overloaded helmets of the fifteenth century which daunted the enemy by their monstrous-looking peaks. His was jagged with no less than ten beaks of steel, so that Jehan might have disputed the formidable epithet of ten beaks with the Homeric ship of Nestor.

"What am I going to do with it, august King of Tunis?" said he. "Do you see that row of statues there, that look like block-heads, over the three portals?"

"Yes. Well?"

"'Tis the gallery of the Kings of France."

"What is that to me?" said Clopin.

"Wait a bit. At the end of that gallery there's a door that's always on the latch. With this ladder I reach it, and I am in the church."

"Boy, let me go first."

"No, comrade; the ladder is mine. Come, you shall be the second."

"Beelzebub strangle thee!" said surly Clopin. "I'll be second to no one."

"Then, Clopin, find a ladder."

Jehan set off on a run across the Place, dragging his ladder, and shouting: "Follow me, boys!"

In an instant the ladder was raised and placed against the balustrade of the lower gallery, over one of the side doorways. The crowd of Truands, uttering loud acclamations, pressed to the foot of it for the purpose of ascending. But Jehan maintained his right, and was the first to set foot on the steps of the ladder. The way was somewhat long. The gallery of the Kings of France is, at this day, about sixty feet from the ground; to which elevation was, at that period, added the height of the eleven steps of entrance. Jehan mounted slowly, much encumbered with his heavy armor, with one hand upon the ladder and the other grasping his cross-bow. When he reached the middle of the ladder he cast a melancholy glance upon the poor dead Truands strewn upon the steps of the grand portal. "Alas!" said he, "here is a heap of dead worthy of the fifth book of the Iliad!" Then he continued his ascent. The Truands followed him. There was one upon each step of

the ladder. To see that line of cuirassed backs thus rise, undulating, in the darkness, one might have imagined it a serpent with steely scales, rearing itself up to assail the church. Jehan formed the head, and whistled shrilly; this completed the illusion.

The student at length reached the parapet of the gallery, and sprang lightly over it, amid the applause of the whole Truandry. Thus master of the citadel, he uttered a joyful shout, but stopped short, suddenly petrified. He had just discovered, concealed behind one of the royal statues, Quasimodo, his eye glittering in the shadow.

Before another of the besiegers had time to gain foothold on the gallery, the formidable hunch-back sprang to the head of the ladder, seized, without saying a word, the ends of the two uprights with his powerful hands; heaved them away from the edge of the balustrade; balanced for a moment, amid cries of anguish, the long bending ladder, crowded with Truands from top to bottom; then suddenly, with superhuman strength, he threw back that clustering mass of men into the square. For a moment or two the most resolute trembled. The ladder thus hurled backward, with all that living burden, remained perpendicular for an instant; then it wavered; then, suddenly describing a frightful arc of eighty feet radius,

it came down upon the pavement, with its load of brigands, more swiftly than a drawbridge when its chains give way. There arose one vast imprecation ; then all was still, and a few mutilated creatures were seen crawling from under the heap of dead.

A mingled murmur of pain and resentment among the besiegers succeeded their first shouts of triumph. Quasimodo, unmoved, his elbows resting upon the balustrade, was quietly looking on, with the mien of some old long-haired king looking out at his window.

Jehan Frollo, on the other hand, was in a critical situation. He found himself in the gallery with the redoubtable ringer—alone, separated from his companions by eighty feet of perpendicular wall. While Quasimodo was dealing with the ladder, the student had run to the postern, which he expected to find on the latch. Not so. The ringer, upon entering the gallery, had fastened it behind him. Jehan had then hidden himself behind one of the stone kings, not daring to draw breath, but fixing upon the monstrous hunch-back a look of wild apprehension, like the man who, making love to the wife of a menagerie-keeper, and going one evening to meet her by appointment, scaled the wrong wall, and suddenly found himself tête-à-tête with a white bear.

For the first few moments the hunch-back took no notice of him; but at length he turned his head and started, for the scholar had just caught his eye.

Jehan prepared for a rude encounter, but his deaf antagonist remained motionless; he had only turned toward the scholar, at whom he continued looking.

"Ho, ho!" said Jehan, "why dost thou look at me with that one melancholy eye of thine?"

And so saying, the young rogue was stealthily adjusting his cross-bow.

"Quasimodo," he cried, "I'm going to change thy surname. They shall call thee the blind."

The arrow parted and whistled through the air, burying its point into the left arm of the hunch-back. This no more disturbed Quasimodo than a scratch would have done his stone neighbor, King Pharamond. He laid his hand to the dart, drew it out of his arm, and quietly broke it over his big knee. Then he dropped, rather than threw, the two pieces on the ground. But he did not give Jehan time to discharge a second shaft. The arrow broken, Quasimodo, breathing heavily, bounded like a grasshopper upon the scholar, whose armor was flattened against the wall by the shock.

Then, through that atmosphere in which

wavered the light of torches, was dimly seen a terrible sight.

Quasimodo had grasped in his left hand both the arms of Jehan, who made no struggle, so completely did he give himself up for lost. With his right hand the hunch-back took off, one after another, with ominous deliberation, the several pieces of his armor—the sword, the daggers, the helmet, the breastplate, the arm-pieces—as if it had been a monkey peeling a walnut. Quasimodo dropped at his feet, piece after piece, the scholar's iron shell.

When the scholar had found himself disarmed and undressed, feeble and naked, in those terrible hands, he did not offer to speak to his deaf enemy; but he fell to laughing audaciously in his face, and singing, with the careless assurance of a boy of sixteen, a popular air of the time:

> "She is clad in bright array,
> The city of Cambray;
> Marafin plundered her one day. . . ."

He did not finish. Quasimodo was seen standing upon the parapet of the gallery, holding the scholar by the feet with one hand only, and swinging him round like a sling over the abyss. Then a noise was heard like a box made of bone dashing against a wall; and something was seen falling, which stopped a third part of the way down, being arrested

in its descent by one of the architectural projections. It was a dead body which hung there, bent double, the loins broken, and the skull empty.

A cry of horror arose from the Truands.

"Vengeance!" cried Clopin. "Sack!" answered the multitude. "Assault! assault!"

Then there was a prodigious howling, mixed with all languages, all dialects and all tones of voice. The poor student's death inspired the crowd with a frantic ardor. They were seized with shame and resentment at having been so long kept in check, before a church, by a hunch-back. Their rage found them ladders, multiplied their torches, and in a few minutes Quasimodo, in confusion and despair, saw a frightful swarm ascending from all sides to the assault of Notre-Dame. Those who had not ladders had knotted ropes; and those who had not ropes climbed up by means of the projections of the sculpture. They clung to one another's rags. No means of resisting this rising tide of frightful visages. Fury seemed to writhe in those ferocious countenances; their dirty foreheads streamed with perspiration; their eyes flashed; all these varieties of grimace and ugliness beset Quasimodo. It seemed as if some other church had sent her gorgons, her dogs, her mediæval creatures, her demons, all her most fantastic

carvings, to assail Notre-Dame. It was a coat of living monsters covering the stone monsters of the façade.

Meanwhile, a thousand torches had kindled in the square. This scene of disorder, buried until then in thick obscurity, was wrapped in a sudden blaze of light. The Parvis shone resplendent, and cast a radiance on the sky, while the beacon that had been lighted on the high platform of the church still burned and illumined the city far around. The vast outline of the two towers, projected afar upon the roofs of Paris, cast amid that light a deep shadow. The whole town seemed to be roused. Distant tocsins were mournfully sounding; the Truands were howling, panting, swearing, climbing; and Quasimodo, powerless against so many enemies, trembling for the gypsy, watched those furious faces approach nearer and nearer to his gallery, and implored a miracle from heaven, as he wrung his arms in despair.

V.

THE RETREAT IN WHICH MONSIEUR LOUIS OF FRANCE SAYS HIS PRAYERS

The reader has probably not forgotten that Quasimodo, a moment before he perceived the nocturnal band of the Truands in motion, while looking over Paris from the height of his belfry, saw but one remaining light, twinkling at a window in the topmost story of a lofty and gloomy building close by the Porte Saint Antoine. That building was the Bastile, and that twinkling light was the candle of Louis XI.

Louis XI. had, in fact, been two days in Paris. He was to set out again the next day but one for his citadel of Montilz-les-Tours. His visits to his good city of Paris were rare and short, as he did not there feel himself surrounded by a sufficient number of trap-doors, gibbets and Scottish archers.

He had come that day to sleep at the Bastile. His great chamber at the Louvre, five

toises square, with its huge chimney-piece loaded with twelve great beasts and thirteen great prophets, and his grand bed, eleven feet by twelve, were little to his taste. He felt himself lost amidst all those grandeurs. This burgher king preferred the Bastile with a chamber and a bed of humbler dimensions. Besides, the Bastile was stronger than the Louvre.

This little chamber which the king reserved for himself in that famous state prison was also tolerably spacious, occupying the topmost floor of a turret in the keep. This retreat was circular in shape, carpeted with mats of shining straw; ceiled with wooden beams decorated with raised fleurs-de-lys of gilt metal, with colored spaces between them; wainscoted with rich carvings interspersed with rosettes of white metal, and painted of a fine light green made of orpiment and fine indigo.

There was but one window, a long pointed casement, latticed with iron bars and brass wire, still further darkened with fine glass painted with the arms of the king and queen, each pane of which had cost two-and-twenty sols.

There was but one entrance, a modern door with an overhanging arch, covered inside with a piece of tapestry, and outside with one of

those porches of Irish wood, frail structures of curious cabinet-work, which were still to be seen abounding in old French mansions a hundred and fifty years ago. "Although they disfigure and encumber the places," says Sauval in despair, "yet our old gentlemen will not get rid of them, but keep them in spite of everybody."

In this chamber was to be seen none of the furniture of ordinary apartments; neither benches, nor trestles, nor forms, nor common box stools, nor fine stools supported by pillars and counter pillars, at four sols a-piece. There was only one folding arm-chair, very magnificent; the wood was painted with roses on a red ground; the seat was of scarlet Spanish leather, garnished with long silken fringe and studded with abundance of gold-headed nails. This solitary chair testified that one person only was entitled to be seated in that apartment. By the chair, and near the window, there was a table, the cover of which was figured with birds. On this table stood an ink-horn, spotted with ink, some scrolls of parchment, some pens and a large goblet of chased silver. A little further on were a brazier, and, for the purpose of prayer, a praying-stool of crimson velvet embossed with studs of gold. Finally, at the extreme end, a simple bed of yellow and pink damask, with

neither tinsel nor lace, having only an ordinary fringe. This bed, famous for having borne the sleep or the sleeplessness of Louis XI., was still to be seen two hundred years ago, at the house of a councilor of state, where it was seen by the aged Madame Pilou, celebrated in the great romance of "Cyrus" under the name *Arricidie* and of *La Morale Vivante.*

Such was the chamber which was called "the retreat where Louis of France says his prayers."

At the moment when we have introduced the reader, this retreat was very dark. The curfew had sounded an hour before; night was come, and there was but one flickering wax candle set on the table to light five persons variously grouped in the chamber.

The first upon whom the light fell was a seigneur splendidly attired in a doublet and hose of scarlet striped with silver, and a loose coat with half sleeves of cloth of gold with black figures. This splendid costume, as the light played upon it, glittered flamingly at every fold. The man who wore it had upon his breast his arms embroidered in brilliant colors—a chevron accompanied by a deer passant. The escutcheon was flanked on the right by an olive branch, on the left by a stag's horn. This man wore in his girdle a rich dagger, whose hilt, of silver gilt, was chased

in the form of a helmet, and surrounded by a count's coronet. He had a forbidding air, a haughty mien and a head held high. At the first glance one read arrogance in his face; at the second, craftiness.

He was standing bareheaded, a long written scroll in his hand, behind the arm-chair, in which was seated, his body ungracefully doubled up, his knees thrown one across the other, and his elbow resting on the table, a person in shabby habiliments. Imagine, in fact, on the rich seat of Cordova leather, a pair of crooked joints, a pair of lean thighs poorly clad in knitted black worsted, a body enveloped in a cloak of fustian with fur trimming, of which more leather than hair was visible, and, to crown all, an old greasy hat of the meanest cloth, bordered with a circular string of small leaden figures. This, together with a dirty skull-cap, which allowed scarcely a hair to straggle from beneath it, was all that could be seen of the sitting personage. He held his head so bent upon his breast that nothing could be seen of his face thus thrown into shadow, excepting the tip of his nose, on which a ray of light fell, and which was evidently long. The thinness of his wrinkled hand showed it to be an old man. It was Louis XI.

At some distance behind them were con-

versing in low tones two men habited after the Flemish fashion, who were not so completely lost in the darkness but that any one who had attended the performance of Gringoire's mystery could recognize in them two of the principal Flemish envoys, Guillaume Rym, the sagacious pensionary of Ghent, and Jacques Coppenole, the popular hosier. It will be recollected that these two men were concerned in the secret politics of Louis XI.

And quite behind all the rest, near the door, in the dark, there stood motionless as a statue, a stout, brawny, thick-set man, in military accoutrements, with an emblazoned surcoat, whose square face, with prominent eyes, slit with an immense mouth, his ears concealed each under a great mat of hair, and with scarcely any forehead, partook at once of the dog and the tiger.

All were uncovered except the king.

The nobleman standing near the king was reading over to him a sort of long memorial, to which his majesty seemed to listen attentively. The two Flemings were whispering.

"By the rood!" muttered Coppenole, "I am tired of standing. Is there never a chair here?"

Rym answered by a negative gesture, accompanied by a discreet smile.

"By the mass!" resumed Coppenole, quite

wretched at being obliged thus to lower his voice, "I feel a mighty itching to sit myself down on the floor, with my legs across, hosier-like, as I do in my own shop."

"Beware of doing so, Maître Jacques!"

"Hey-day! Maître Guillaume—must one only remain here on one's feet?"

"Or on his knees," said Rym.

At that moment the king's voice was raised. They were silent.

"Fifty sols for the gowns of our valets, and twelve pounds for the cloaks of the clerks of our crown! That's it! Pour out gold by the ton! Are you mad, Olivier?"

So saying the old man raised his head. The golden shells of the collar of Saint Michel could be seen to glitter about his neck. The candle shone full upon his gaunt and morose profile. He snatched the paper from the other's hands.

"You are ruining us," cried he, casting his hollow eyes over the scroll. "What is all this? What need have we of so prodigious a household? Two chaplains at the rate of ten pounds a month each, and a chapel clerk at a hundred sols! A valet-de-chambre at ninety pounds a year! Four head cooks at six score pounds a year each! A spit-cook, an herb-cook, a sauce-cook, a butler, an armory-keeper, two sumpter-men, at ten pounds

a month each! Two turnspits at eight pounds! A groom and his two helpers at four-and-twenty pounds a month! A porter, pastry-cook, a baker, two carters, each sixty pounds a year! And the farrier six score pounds! And the master of our exchequer chamber twelve hundred pounds! And the comptroller five hundred! And how do I know what else! 'Tis monstrous! The wages of our domestics are laying France under pillage! All the treasure in the Louvre will melt away in such a blaze of expense! We shall have to sell our plate! And next year, if God and Our Lady" (here he raised his hat from his head) "grant us life, we shall drink our potions from a pewter pot!"

So saying, he cast his eye upon the silver goblet that was glittering on the table. He coughed, and continued:

"Maître Olivier! princes who reign over great estates, as kings and emperors, should not let sumptuousness be engendered in their households, for 'tis a fire that will spread from thence into their provinces. Therefore, Maître Olivier, consider this said once for all. Our expenditure increases every year. The thing displeases us. Why? Pasque-Dieu! until the year '79, it never exceeded thirty-six thousand pounds; in '80, it rose to forty-three thousand six hundred and nineteen pounds; I

have the figures in my head. In '81, it came to sixty-six thousand six hundred and eighty; and this year, by the faith of my body, it will reach eighty thousand pounds! Doubled in four years! Monstrous!"

He paused, breathless, then resumed vehemently:

"I behold around me only people who fatten upon my leanness. You suck crowns from me at every pore!"

All kept silence. It was one of those fits of passion which must have its run. He continued:

"'Tis like that Latin memorial from the gentlemen of France, requesting that we reestablish what they call the great offices of the crown. Charges, indeed! charges that crush! Ha! messieurs, you tell us that we are no king to reign *dapifero nullo, buticulario nullo.* (With no steward, no butter.) We will let you see, Pasque-Dieu! whether we are not a king."

Here he smiled in the consciousness of his power; his ill-humor was allayed by it, and he turned to the Flemings:

"Look you, Compère Guillaume, the grand baker, the grand butler, the grand chamberlain, the grand seneschal, are not worth the meanest valet. Bear this in mind, Compère Coppenole; they are of no service whatever. Standing thus useless around the king, they put me in mind of the four evangelists that

surround the face of the big clock of the Palace, and that Philippe Brille has just been renovating. They are gilt, but they do not mark the hour, and the hands can get on without them."

He remained thoughtful for a moment, and then added, shaking his aged head:

"Ho, ho! by Our Lady, but I am not Philippe Brille, and I will not regild the great vassals. Proceed, Olivier."

The person whom he designated by this name again took the scroll in his hands, and began again reading aloud:

"To Adam Tenon, keeper of the seals of the provostry of Paris, for the silver, workmanship and engraving of the said seals, which have been made new, because the former ones, by reason of their being old and worn out, could no longer be used, twelve pounds parisis.

"To Guillaume, his brother, the sum of four pounds four sols parisis, for his trouble and cost in having fed and nourished the pigeons in the two pigeon-houses at the Hôtel des Tournelles, during the months of January, February and March of this year, for the which he has furnished seven sextiers of barley.

"To a gray friar, for confessing a criminal, four sols parisis."

The king listened in silence. From time to time he coughed; then lifted the goblet to his lips, and swallowed a draught, making a wry face.

"In this year have been made," continued the reader, "by judicial order, and to sound of trumpet, through the squares of Paris, fifty-six proclamations. Account to be paid.

"For search made in divers places, in Paris and elsewhere, after treasure said to have been concealed in the said places, but nothing has been found, forty-five pounds parisis—"

"Burying a crown to dig up a sou!" said the king.

"For setting in the Hôtel des Tournelles six panes of white glass, at the place where the iron cage is, thirteen sols. For making and delivering, by the king's command, on the day of the musters, four escutcheons, bearing the arms of our said lord, and wreathed all round with chaplets of roses, six pounds. For two new sleeves to the king's old doublet, twenty sols. For a box of grease to grease the king's boots, fifteen deniers. A new sty for keeping the king's black swine, thirty pounds parisis. Divers partitions, planks and trap-doors, for the safe keeping of the lions at the Hôtel Saint Pol, twenty-two pounds."

"Costly beasts, those!" said Louis XI. "But no matter; 'tis a seemly piece of royal

magnificence. There's a great red lion that I love for his pretty ways. Have you seen him, Maître Guillaume? Princes must have those wondrous animals. For dogs we kings should have lions, and for cats, tigers. What is great befits a crown. In the time of the pagans of Jupiter, when the people offered up at the churches a hundred oxen and a hundred sheep, the emperors gave a hundred lions and a hundred eagles. That was very wild and very fine. The kings of France have always had those roarings about their throne. Nevertheless, this justice must be done me, that I spend less money in that way than my predecessors, and that I have a more moderate stock of lions, bears, elephants and leopards. Go on, Maître Olivier. We had a mind to say thus much to our Flemish friends."

Guillaume Rym made a low bow, while Coppenole, with his gruff countenance, looked much like one of the bears of whom his majesty spoke. The king did not observe it; he had just then put the goblet to his lips, and was spitting out what remained in his mouth of the unsavory beverage, saying, "Foh! the nauseous herb-tea!" He who read continued:

"For the food of a rogue and vagabond, locked up for these six months in the lodge of the slaughter-house till it is settled what to do with him, six pounds four sols."

"What's that?" interrupted the king. "Feeding what ought to be hanged? Pasque-Dieu! I'll not give a single sol toward such feeding. Olivier, arrange that matter with Monsieur d'Estouteville, and this very night you'll make preparations for uniting this gentleman in holy matrimony to a gallows.—Go on."

Olivier made a mark with his thumb-nail at the rogue and vagabond article, and went on:

"To Henriet Cousin, executioner-in-chief at the justice of Paris, the sum of sixty sols parisis, to him adjudged by monseigneur the provost of Paris, for having bought, by order of the said lord the provost, a large broad-bladed sword, to be used in executing and beheading persons judicially condemned for their delinquencies, and had it furnished with a scabbard and all other appurtenances, as also for repairing and putting in order the old sword which had been splintered and jagged by executing justice upon Messire Louis of Luxemburg, as will more fully appear—"

Here the king interrupted him. "Enough," said he; "I allow the sum with great good will. Those are expenses which I do not begrudge. I have never regretted that money. Proceed."

"For having made over a great cage—"

"Ha!" said the king, grasping the arms of his chair with both hands, "I knew well I came hither to this Bastile for some purpose. Stop, Maître Olivier, I will see that cage myself. You shall read me the cost while I examine it. Messieurs the Flemings, you must come and see that; 'tis curious."

He then rose, leaned on the arm of his interlocutor, made a sign to the sort of mute who stood before the door to precede, to the two Flemings to follow, and left the chamber.

The royal train was recruited at the door by men-at-arms ponderous with steel, and slender pages bearing torches. It proceeded for some time through the interior of the gloomy donjon, intersected by staircases and corridors even in the very thickness of the walls. The captain of the Bastile went first, and directed the opening of the wickets before the bent and aged king, who coughed as he walked.

At each wicket all heads were obliged to stoop, except that of the old man bent with age.

"Hum!" said he, between his gums, for he had no teeth left. "We are already quite prepared for the door of the sepulchre. A low door needs a bent passer."

At length, after making their way through the last door of all, so loaded with locks that a quarter of an hour was required to open it,

they entered a vast and lofty chamber, of Gothic vaulting, in the centre of which was discernible, by the light of the torches, a huge cubic mass of masonry, iron and wood-work. The interior was hollow. It was one of those famous cages for state prisoners which were called familiarly *les fillettes du roi.* (Little daughters of the king.) In its walls there were two or three small windows, so closely trellised with massive iron bars as to leave no glass visible. The door consisted of a large flat stone slab like those on tombs—one of those doors that serve for entrance only. Only here the occupant was alive.

The king began to walk slowly round the small edifice, examining it carefully, while Maître Olivier, following him, read aloud the memoranda:

"For making anew a great cage of wood of heavy beams, joists and rafters, measuring inside nine feet long by eight feet broad, and seven feet high between the planks; mortised and bolted with great iron bolts; which has been fixed in a certain chamber of one of the towers of the Bastile of Saint Antoine; in which said cage is placed and detained, by command of our lord the king, a prisoner, who formerly inhabited an old, decayed and worn-out cage. Used, in making the said new cage, ninety-six horizontal beams and

fifty-two perpendicular; ten joists, each three toises long. Employed, in squaring, planing and fitting all the said wood-work, in the yard of the Bastile, nineteen carpenters for twenty days—"

"Very fine heart of oak," said the king, striking the wood-work with his fist.

"There were used for this cage," continued the other, "two hundred and twenty great iron bolts, nine feet and a half long, the rest of a medium length, together with the plates and nuts for fastening the said bolts, the said irons weighing altogether three thousand seven hundred and thirty-five pounds; besides eight heavy squares of iron, serving to attach the said cage in its place, with clamps and nails, weighing altogether two hundred and eighteen pounds; without reckoning the iron for the trellis-work of the windows of the chamber in which the said cage has been placed, the iron bar of the door of the chamber, and other articles—"

"A great deal of iron," observed the king, "to restrain levity of spirit."

"The whole amounts to three hundred and seventeen pounds, five sols, seven farthings."

"Pasque-Dieu!" cried the king.

At this oath, which was the favorite one of Louis XI., some one appeared to rouse up in the interior of the cage. The sound of chains

was heard grating on the floor, and a feeble voice was heard, which seemed to issue from the tomb, exclaiming: "Sire, sire! mercy, mercy!" The one who spoke thus could not be seen.

"Three hundred and seventeen pounds, five sols, seven farthings!" repeated Louis XI.

The voice of lamentation which had issued from the cage chilled the blood of all present, even that of Maître Olivier. The king alone looked as if he had not heard it. At his command, Maître Olivier resumed his reading, and his majesty coolly continued his inspection of the cage.

"Besides the above, there has been paid to a mason for making the holes to fix the window-grates and the floor of the chamber containing the cage, because the other floor would not have been strong enough to support such cage by reason of its weight, twenty-seven pounds fourteen Paris pence—"

The voice began to moan again:

"Mercy, sire! I swear to you that it was Monsieur the Cardinal of Angers who committed the treason, and not I!"

"The mason is high," said the king. "Proceed, Olivier."

Olivier continued:

"To a joiner for window-frames, bedstead,

close-stool and other matters, twenty pounds two Paris pence—"

The voice also continued:

"Alas, sire! will you not listen to me? I protest it was not I who wrote that matter to Monseigneur of Guyenne; it was monsieur the Cardinal Balue."

"The joiner is dear," quoth the king. "Is that all?"

"No, sire. To a glazier for the window-glass of the said chamber, forty-six pence eight Paris farthings."

"Have mercy, sire! Is it not enough that all my property has been given to my judges, my plate to Monsieur de Torcy, my library to Maître Pierre Doriolle, and my tapestry to the Governor of Roussillon? I am innocent. For fourteen years I have shivered in an iron cage! Have mercy, sire! and you will find it in heaven!"

"Maître Olivier," said the king, "what is the sum total?"

"Three hundred and sixty-seven pounds, eight pence, three Paris farthings."

"Our Lady!" exclaimed the king. "Here's a cage out of all reason."

He snatched the account from the hands of Maître Olivier, and began to reckon it up himself upon his fingers, examining, by turns, the paper and the cage. But the prisoner

could be heard sobbing. It was lugubrious in the darkness. The faces of the bystanders turned pale as they looked at one another.

"Fourteen years, sire! Fourteen years now! since the month of April, 1469. In the name of the Holy Mother of God, sire, hearken to me. During all this time you have enjoyed the warmth of the sun; shall I, poor wretch, never again see the light? Mercy, sire! be merciful! Clemency is a noble virtue in a king, that turns aside the stream of wrath. Does your majesty believe that at the hour of death it will be a great satisfaction to a king to have left no offense unpunished? Besides, sire, it was not I that betrayed your majesty; it was Monsieur of Angers. And I have a very heavy chain to my foot, and a great ball of iron at the end of it, much heavier than is needful. Eh, sire, have pity on me!"

"Olivier," said the king, shaking his head, "I perceive that they put me down the bushel of plaster at twenty sols, though it's only worth twelve. You will make out this account afresh."

He turned his back on the cage, and began to move toward the door of the chamber. The wretched prisoner judged from the receding torches and noise that the king was taking his departure.

"Sire! sire!" cried he in despair. The

door closed. He no longer saw anything, and heard only the hoarse voice of the turnkey singing in his ears a popular song of the day:

Maître Jehan Balue
Has lost out of view
His good bishoprics all:
Monsieur de Verdun
Cannot now boast of one;
They are gone, one and all.

The king reascended in silence to his retreat, and his suit followed him, terrified by the last groans of the condemned man. All at once his majesty turned to the Governor of the Bastile.

"By-the-way," said he, "was there not some one in that cage?"

"Par-Dieu, yes, sire!" answered the governor, astounded at the question.

"And who, pray?"

"Monsieur the Bishop of Verdun."

The king knew this better than any one else. But it was a mania of his.

"Ah!" said he, with an air of simplicity, as if he thought of it for the first time, "Guillaume de Harancourt, the friend of Monsieur the Cardinal Balue. A good fellow of a bishop."

A few moments later, the door of the retreat had opened again, then closed upon the

five personages whom the reader found there at the beginning of this chapter, and who resumed their places, their attitudes and their whispered conversations.

During the king's absence, several dispatches had been laid upon the table. He himself broke their seals. Then he began to read them over diligently one after another; motioned to Maître Olivier, who seemed to act as his minister, to take up a pen; and, without communicating to him the contents of the dispatches, he began, in a low voice, to dictate to him the answers, which the latter wrote, in an uncomfortable position, on his knees before the table.

Guillaume Rym was on the watch.

The king spoke so low that the Flemings heard nothing of what he was dictating, except here and there a few isolated and scarcely intelligible fragments, as thus:

"To maintain the fertile places by commerce, the sterile ones by manufactures. To show the English lords our four bombards, the Londres, the Brabant, the Bourg-en-Bresse, the Saint Omer—It is owing to artillery that war is now more judiciously carried on—To our friend Monsieur de Bressuire—Armies cannot be maintained without tribute, etc."

Once he spoke aloud:

"Pasque-Dieu! Monsieur the King of Sicily seals his letters with yellow wax like a King of France! Perhaps we do wrong to permit him so to do. My fair cousin of Burgundy granted no armorial bearings with field gules. The greatness of a house is secured by maintaining the integrity of its prerogatives. Note this, friend Olivier."

Another time:

"Oh, oh," said he, "the long message! What doth our friend the emperor claim?" Then running his eye over the missive, and breaking his perusal with interjections: "Certes! Germany is so large and powerful that it's hardly credible!—But we forget not the old proverb: 'The finest country is Flanders; the finest duchy, Milan; the finest kingdom, France!' Is it not so, messieurs the Flemings?"

This time Coppenole bowed in company with Guillaume Rym. The hosier's patriotism was tickled.

The last dispatch made Louis XI. frown.

"What's this?" he exclaimed. "Complaints and grievances against our garrisons in Picardy! Olivier, write with all speed to Monsieur the Marshal de Rouault. That discipline is relaxed. That the men-at-arms, the feudal nobles, the free archers, the Swiss, do infinite mischief to the rustics. That the

military, not content with what they find in the houses of the farmers, compel them, with heavy blows of cudgel or lash, to go and fetch from the town, wine, fish, spices and other unreasonable articles. That their lord the king knows all this. That we mean to protect our people from annoyance, theft and pillage. That such is our will, by Our Lady! That furthermore, it does not please us that any musician, barber or servant-at-arms should go clad like a prince, in velvet, silk and gold rings. That such vanities are hateful to God! That we, who are a gentleman, content ourselves with a doublet made of cloth at sixteen sols the Paris ell. That messieurs the servingmen of the army may very well come down to that price likewise. Order and command. To our friend, Monsieur de Rouault. Good."

He dictated this letter aloud, in a firm tone, and in short abrupt sentences. At the moment when he had finished, the door opened, and gave passage to a new personage, who rushed all aghast into the chamber, crying:

"Sire! sire! there's a sedition of the populace in Paris!"

The grave countenance of Louis XI. was contracted; but all visible sign of his emotion passed away like a flash. He contained himself, and said with quiet severity:

"Friend Jacques, you enter very abruptly."

"Sire, sire, there's a revolt!" repeated Friend Jacques, quite out of breath.

The king, who had risen, seized him roughly by the arm, and said in his ear, so as to be heard by him alone, with an expression of concentrated anger, and a side-long glance at the Flemings:

"Hold thy tongue—or speak low!"

The new-comer comprehended and began in a low tone to give a very terrified narration, to which the king listened calmly, while Guillaume Rym was calling Coppenole's attention to the face and dress of the new arrival—his furred hood (*caputia fourrata*)—his short cape (*epitogia curta*) and his black velvet gown, which bespoke a President of the Court of Accompts.

No sooner had this person given the king some explanations, than Louis XI. exclaimed with a burst of laughter:

"Nay, in sooth, speak aloud, Gossip Coictier. What occasion have you to whisper so? Our Lady knows we have no secrets with our good Flemish friends."

"But, sire—"

"Speak up!" said the king.

Gossip Coictier was struck dumb with surprise.

"So, then," resumed the king, "speak

out, sir. There is a commotion among the louts in our good city of Paris?"

"Yes, sire."

"And which is directed, you say, against Monsieur the Bailiff of the Palais de Justice?"

"So it appears," said the *gossip*, who still stammered, utterly astounded at the sudden and inexplicable change which had taken place in the mind of the king.

Louis XI. resumed: "Where did the watch meet with the rabble?"

"Coming along from the great Truandry toward the Pont-aux-Changeurs, sire. I met it myself as I was coming hither in obedience to your majesty's orders. I heard some of them shouting: 'Down with the Bailiff of the Palais!'"

"And what grievances have they against the bailiff?"

"Ah," said Gossip Jacques, "that he is their lord."

"Really?"

"Yes, sire. They are rascals from the Court of Miracles. They have long been complaining of the bailiff, whose vassals they are. They will not acknowledge him either as justiciary or as keeper of the highways."

"So, so," said the king, with a smile of satisfaction, which he strove in vain to disguise.

"In all their petitions to the Parliament," continued Gossip Jacques, "they pretend that they have only two masters—your majesty and their god, whom I believe to be the devil."

"Eh! eh!" said the king.

He rubbed his hands, laughed with that internal exultation which makes the countenance beam, and was quite unable to dissemble his joy, though he endeavored at moments to compose himself. No one understood it in the least, not even Maître Olivier. At length his majesty remained silent for a moment, with a thoughtful but satisfied air.

"Are they in force?" he suddenly inquired.

"Yes, assuredly, sire," answered Gossip Jacques.

"How many?"

"At least six thousand."

The king could not help saying, "Good!" He went on:

"Are they armed?"

"Yes, sire, with scythes, pikes, hackbuts, pickaxes. All sorts of very dangerous weapons."

The king did not appear in the least disturbed by this list. Gossip Jacques deemed it his duty to add: "Unless your majesty sends speedy succor to the bailiff, he is lost!"

"We will send," said the king, with affected

seriousness. "'Tis well! certainly we will send. Monsieur the bailiff is our friend. Six thousand! They're determined rogues! Their boldness is marvelous, and deeply are we wroth at it. But we have few men about us to-night. It will be time enough to-morrow morning."

Gossip Jacques exclaimed: "At once, sire! They'll have time to sack the bailiff's house twenty times over, violate the seigneury, to hang the bailiff. For God's sake, sire, send before to-morrow morning."

The king looked him full in the face. "I have told you to-morrow morning."

It was one of those looks to which there is no reply.

After a pause, Louis XI. again raised his voice. "My Friend Jacques, you should know that. What was . . ." (he corrected himself). "What is the bailiff's feudal jurisdiction?"

"Sire, the Bailiff of the Palais has the Rue de la Calandre, as far as the Rue de l'Herberie; the Place St. Michel, and the localities commonly called Les Mureaux, situated near the Church of Notre-Dame-des-Champs" (here the king lifted the brim of his hat), "which mansions amount to thirteen; also the Court of Miracles, and the lazaretto called the Banlieue; also the entire highway begin-

ning at the lazaretto and ending at the Porte Saint Jacques. Of these divers places he is keepèr of the ways—chief, mean and inferior justiciary—full and entire lord."

"So ho!" said the king, scratching his left ear with his right hand, "that makes a goodly bit of my city! Ah! monsieur the bailiff was king of all that!"

This time he did not correct himself. He continued ruminating and as if talking to himself:

"Very fine, monsieur the bailiff, you had there between your teeth a very pretty slice of our Paris."

All at once he burst forth: "Pasque-Dieu! what are all these people that pretend to be highway-keepers, justiciaries, lords and masters along with us, that have their toll-gate at the corner of every field, their gallows and their hangman at every cross-road among our people? so that, as the Greek believed he had as many gods as there were fountains, and the Persian as many as he saw stars, the Frenchman counts as many kings as he sees gibbets. Par-Dieu! this is an evil state of things. I like not the confusion. I should like to be told, now, if it be God's pleasure, that there should be at Paris any other lord than the king—any justiciary but our Parliament—any emperor but ourself in this empire. By the

faith of my soul! the day must come when there shall be in France but one king, but one lord, one judge, one headsman, as there is but one God in heaven."

Here he lifted his cap again, and continued, still ruminating, and with the look and accent of a huntsman cheering on his pack: "Good, my people! bravely done! Down with these false lords! At them! have at them! Pillage, hang, sack them! . . . Ah, you want to be kings, messeigneurs? On, my people, on!"

Here he stopped short, bit his lips as if to catch the thought which had half escaped him, fixed his piercing eye in turn upon each of the five persons around him, and then, suddenly seizing his hat with both hands, and looking steadfastly at it, he said: "Oh, I would burn thee, if thou didst know what I have in my head!"

Then again casting around him the cautious, uneasy look of a fox stealing back to his hole:

"No matter," said he; "we will send succor to monsieur the bailiff. Unfortunately, we have but few troops here at the present moment against such a number of the populace. We must wait till to-morrow. Order then shall be restored in the city; and all who are taken shall be hanged forthwith."

"Apropos, sire," said Gossip Coictier, "I had forgotten this in my first alarm. The

watch have seized two stragglers belonging to the band. If it be your majesty's pleasure to see the men, they are here."

"If it be my pleasure!" exclaimed the king. "What, Pasque-Dieu! Thou forgettest a thing like that? Run! quick! Olivier, go and fetch them in."

Maître Olivier left the room, and presently returned with the two prisoners surrounded by archers of the guard. The first of the two had a great, idiotic, drunken and astonished face. He was clothed in tatters, and walked with one knee bent and the foot dragging along. The other had a pallid, smiling countenance, with which the reader is already acquainted.

The king scrutinized them a moment without saying a word; then addressing the first one abruptly:

"What is thy name?"

"Geoffroy Pincebourde."

"Thy trade?"

"A Truand."

"What wert thou going to do in this damnable sedition?"

The Truand stared at the king, swinging his arms with a besotted look. His was one of those misshapen heads where intelligence is about as much at its ease as a light beneath an extinguisher.

"I know not," said he. "They were going, so I went."

"Were you not going to outrageously attack and pillage your lord the Bailiff of the Palais!"

"I know they were going to take something at somebody's, that's all."

A soldier brought to the king a pruning-hook, which had been found upon the Truand.

"Dost thou know this weapon?" asked the king.

"Yes; it is my hook. I'm a vine-dresser."

"And dost thou know that man for thy comrade?" asked Louis XI., pointing to the other prisoner.

"No, I know him not."

"Enough," said the king. And making a sign with his finger to the silent person, who stood motionless beside the door, to whom we have already called the reader's attention: "Friend Tristan," said he, "there's a man for you."

Tristan l'Hermite bowed. He gave an order in a low voice to a couple of archers, who led away the poor vagabond.

The king, meanwhile, turned to the second prisoner, who was perspiring profusely. "Thy name?"

"Sire, it is Pierre Gringoire."

"Thy trade?"

"A philosopher, sire."

"How durst thou, knave, to go and beset our friend monsieur the Bailiff of the Palais? and what hast thou to say concerning this agitation of the populace?"

"Sire, I was not of it."

"How now, varlet! hast thou not been apprehended by the watch in this bad company?"

"No, sire, there is a mistake. 'Tis a fatality. I write tragedies, sire. I implore your majesty to hear me. I am a poet. 'Tis the hard lot of men of my profession to roam the streets at night. I was passing that way this evening. 'Twas the merest chance. They apprehended me wrongfully. I am innocent of this commotion. Your majesty saw that the Truand did not recognize me. I entreat your majesty—"

"Hold thy tongue," said the king, between two draughts of his potion; "you split our head!"

Tristan l'Hermite stepped forward, and, pointing to Gringoire:

"Sire, may we hang that one, too?" This was the first word he had uttered.

"Bah!" answered the king, carelessly, "I see no objection."

"But I see many," said Gringoire.

At this moment, our philosopher's countenance was more green than an olive. He saw, by the cool and indifferent manner of the king, that he had no resource but in something extremely pathetic; and he threw himself at the feet of Louis XI. with a gesture of despair:

"Sire, your majesty will vouchsafe to hear me. Sire, let not your thunder fall upon so poor a thing as I. God's great thunderbolts strike not the lowly plant. Sire, you are an august and most powerful monarch — have pity on a poor honest man, as incapable of fanning the flame of revolt as an icicle of striking a spark. Most gracious sire, mildness is the virtue of a lion and of a king. Alas! severity does but exasperate; the fierce blasts of the north wind make not the traveler lay aside his cloak; but the sun granting its rays little by little, warms him so that at length he strips himself to his shirt. Sire, you are the sun. I protest to you, my sovereign lord and master, that I am not a companion of Truands, thievish and disorderly. Rebellion and pillage go not in the train of Apollo. I am not the man to rush into those clouds which burst in seditious clamor. I am a faithful vassal of your majesty. The same jealousy which the husband has for the honor of his wife, the affection with which

the son should requite his father's love, a good vassal should feel for the glory of his king. He should burn with zeal for the upholding of his house and the promoting of his service. Any other passion that should possess him would be madness. Such, sire, are my maxims of state; do not, then, judge me to be seditious and plundering because my garment is out at elbows. If you show me mercy, sire, I will wear it out at the knees praying for you morning and night. Alas! I am not exceeding rich, it is true; indeed, I am rather poor; but I am not wicked for all that. It is no fault of mine. Every one knows that great wealth is not to be acquired by literature, and that the most accomplished writers have not always a good fire in winter. The gentlemen of the law take all the wheat and leave but the chaff for the other learned professions. There are forty most excellent proverbs upon the philosopher's threadbare cloak. Oh, sire, clemency is the only light that can illumine the interior of a great soul. Clemency carries the torch before all other virtues. Without her they are but blind, and seek God in the dark. Mercy, which is the same thing as clemency, produces loving subjects, who are the most potent body-guard of the prince. What can it signify to your majesty, by whom all faces are dazzled, that

there should be one poor man more upon the earth? a poor, innocent philosopher, feeling his way in the darkness of calamity, with his empty purse lying echoing upon his empty stomach. Besides, sire, I am a man of letters. Great kings add a jewel to their crown by protecting letters. Hercules did not disdain the title of Musagetes. Matthias Corvinus showed favor to Jean de Monroyal, the ornament of mathematics. Now, 'tis an ill way of protecting letters, to hang the lettered. What a stain upon Alexander if he had hanged Aristoteles! The act would not have been a patch upon the face of his reputation to embellish it, but a virulent ulcer to disfigure it. Sire, I wrote a very appropriate epithalamium for Mademoiselle of Flanders and Monseigneur the most august Dauphin. That was not like a firebrand of rebellion. Your majesty sees that I am no dunce, that I have studied excellently, and that I have much natural eloquence. Grant me mercy, sire. So doing, you will do an act of gallantry to Our Lady, and I swear to you that I am very much frightened at the idea of being hanged!"

So saying, the desolate Gringoire kissed the king's slippers, while Guillaume Rym whispered to Coppenole: "He does well to crawl upon the floor; kings are like the Jupiter of Crete—they hear only through their feet."

And, quite inattentive to the Cretan Jupiter, the hosier answered, with a heavy smile, his eyes fixed upon Gringoire: "Ah, 'tis well done! I fancy I heard the Chancellor Hugonet asking me for mercy."

When Gringoire stopped at length out of breath, he raised his eyes, trembling, toward the king, who was scratching with his finger-nail a spot upon his breeches' knee, after which his majesty took another draught from the goblet of ptisan. But he uttered not a syllable, and this silence kept Gringoire in torture. At last the king looked at him. "Here's a terrible brawler," said he. Then, turning to Tristan l'Hermite: "Pshaw! let him go."

Gringoire fell backward, sitting upon the ground, quite thunderstruck with joy.

"Let him go!" grumbled Tristan. "Is it not your majesty's pleasure that he should be caged for a little while?"

"Friend," returned Louis XI., "dost thou think it is for birds like this that we have cages made at three hundred and sixty-seven pounds, eight pence, three farthings apiece? Let him go directly, the wanton [Louis XI. affected this word 'wanton,' *paillard*, which together with *Pasque-Dieu* was his favorite jest], and send him forth with a drubbing."

"Oh," exclaimed Gringoire, in ecstasy, "this is indeed a great king."

Then, for fear of a countermand, he made haste toward the door, which Tristan opened for him with a very ill grace. The soldiers went out with him, driving him before them with sturdy blows of their fists, which Gringoire endured like a true stoic philosopher.

The good humor of the king, since the revolt against the bailiff had been announced to him, manifested itself in everything. This unusual clemency of his was no mean proof of it. Tristan l'Hermite, in his corner, was looking as surly as a mastiff balked of his meal.

Meanwhile the king gaily drummed the Pont-Audemer march with his fingers upon the chair arm. Though a dissembling prince, he was much better able to conceal his sorrow than his rejoicing. These external manifestations of joy on the receipt of any good news sometimes carried him to great lengths; as, for instance, at the death of Charles the Bold of Burgundy, when he vowed balustrades of silver to Saint Martin of Tours, and on his accession to the throne, to that of forgetting to give orders for his father's obsequies.

"Eh, sire!" suddenly exclaimed Jacques Coictier, "what is become of the sharp pains for which your majesty summoned me?"

"Oh!" said the king, "truly, my gossip, I suffer greatly. I have a ringing in my ears, and rakes of fire are harrowing my breast."

Coictier took the hand of the king and felt his pulse with a learned air.

"Look, Coppenole," said Rym in a low tone. "There you have him between Coictier and Tristan. That's his whole court—a physician for himself and a hangman for others."

While feeling the king's pulse Coictier assumed a look of greater and greater alarm. Louis XI. watched him with some anxiety. Coictier grew visibly more gloomy. The king's bad health was the worthy man's only farm. He made the most of it.

"Oh! oh!" muttered he at length, "this is serious, indeed!"

"Is it not?" said the king, uneasily.

"*Pulsus creber, anhelans, crepitans, irregularis*" (quick, short, rattling, irregular), continued the physician.

"Pasque-Dieu!"

"This might carry a man off in less than three days!"

"Our Lady!" cried the king. "And the remedy, gossip?"

"I am considering it, sire."

He made Louis XI. put out his tongue; shook his head; made a wry face; and in the midst of this grimacing:

"Par-Dieu, sire," said he, all on a sudden, "I must tell you that there is a receivership of episcopal revenues vacant, and that I have a nephew."

"Thy nephew shall have my receivership, Gossip Jacques," answered the king; "but take this fire out of my breast!"

"Since your majesty is so gracious," resumed the physician, "you will not refuse to assist me a little in the building of my house in the Rue Saint André-des-Arcs."

"Heugh!" said the king.

"I am at the end of my finances," pursued the doctor; "and it would really be a pity that the house should be left without a roof—not for the sake of the house itself, which is quite plain and homely; but for the sake of the paintings by Jehan Fourbault, that adorn its wainscoting. There is a Diana flying in the air, so excellently done, so tender, so delicate, with action so natural, the head so well coiffed and crowned with a crescent, the flesh so white, that she leads into temptation those who examine her too curiously. There is also a Ceres. She, too, is a very beautiful divinity. She is seated upon corn sheaves, and crowned with a gay wreath of ears of corn intertwined with purple goat's-beard and other flowers. Never were seen more amorous eyes, rounder limbs,

a nobler air, or a more gracefully flowing skirt. She is one of the most innocent and most perfect beauties ever produced by the brush."

"Tormentor!" grumbled Louis XI., "what art thou driving at?"

"I must have a roof over these paintings, sire; and, although it is but a trifle, I have no more money."

"What will thy roof cost?"

"Well . . . a roof of copper, embellished and gilt . . . not above two thousand pounds."

"Ha! the assassin!" cried the king. "He never draws me a tooth but he makes a diamond of it."

"Shall I have my roof?" said Coictier.

"Yes, the devil take you! but cure me."

Jacques Coictier made a low bow, and said:

"Sire, it is a repellent that will save you. We will apply to your loins the great defensive, composed of cerate, Armenian bole, white of eggs, oil and vinegar. You will continue your potion, and we will answer for your majesty."

A lighted candle never attracts one gnat only. Maître Olivier, perceiving the king to be in a liberal mood, and deeming the moment propitious, approached in his turn: "Sire!"

"What next?" said Louis XI.

"Sire, your majesty knows that Maître Simon Radin is dead."

"Well?"

"He was king's councilor for the jurisdiction of the treasury."

"Well?"

"Sire, his place is vacant."

While thus speaking, Maître Olivier's haughty countenance had exchanged the arrogant for the fawning expression. It is the only change which ever takes place in the countenance of a courtier. The king looked him full in the face and said, in a dry tone: "I understand."

He resumed:

"Maître Olivier, Marshal de Boucicault used to say, 'There's no good gift but from a king; there's no good fishing but in the sea.' I see that you are of the marshal's opinion. Now, hear this. We have a good memory. In the year '68, we made you groom of our chamber; in '69 castellan of the bridge of Saint Cloud, with a salary of a hundred pounds tournois—you wanted them parisis. In November, '73, by letters given at Gergeaule, we appointed you keeper of the Bois de Vincennes, in lieu of Gilbert Acle, esquire; in '75, warden of the forest of Rouvray-les-Saint-Cloud, in the place of Jacques Le

Maire; in '78, we graciously settled upon you, by letters-patent sealed on extra label with green wax, an annuity of ten pounds parisis, to you and your wife, upon the Place-aux-Marchands, situated at the Ecole Saint Germain. In '79, we made you warden of the forest of Senart, in room of that poor Jehan Daiz; then captain of the castle of Loches; then governor of Saint Quentin; then captain of the bridge of Meulan, of which you call yourself count. Out of the fine of five sols paid by every barber that shaves on a holiday, you get three, and we get what you leave. We were pleased to change your name of "Le Mauvais" ('the bad'), which was too much like your countenance. In '74, we granted you, to the great displeasure of our nobility, armorial bearings of a thousand colors, which give you a breast like a peacock. Pasque-Dieu! are you not surfeited? Is not the draught of fishes fine and miraculous enough? And are you not afraid lest a single salmon more may sink your boat? Pride will ruin you, my gossip. Pride is ever pressed close by ruin and shame. Consider this and be silent."

These words, uttered in a tone of severity, caused Maître Olivier's countenance to resume its former insolent expression.

"Good!" muttered he, almost aloud. "'Tis

plain enough that the king is ill to-day; he giveth all to the leech."

Louis XI., far from being irritated at this piece of presumption, resumed, with some mildness: "Stay—I forgot to add that I made you ambassador to Madame Marie at Ghent. Yes, gentlemen," added the king, turning to the Flemings, "this one hath been an ambassador. There, my gossip," continued he, again addressing Maître Olivier, "let us not fall out, we are old friends. 'Tis now very late. We have finished our labors. Shave me."

Our readers have doubtless already recognized in Maître Olivier that terrible Figaro, whom Providence, the great dramatist of all, so artfully mixed up in the long and bloody comedy of Louis XI.'s reign. We shall not here undertake to portray at length that singular character. This royal barber had three names. At court he was called politely Olivier-le-Daim (from the daim, or stag, upon his escutcheon), among the people, Olivier the Devil. His real name was Olivier-le-Mauvais, or the Bad.

Olivier-le-Mauvais then stood motionless, looking sulkily at the king, and askance at Jacques Coictier. "Yes, yes—the physician!" he said between his teeth.

"Well, yes—the physician!" retorted Louis

XI. with singular good humor; "the physician has more credit than thou. 'Tis very simple. He has got our whole body in his hands; and thou dost but hold us by the chin. Come, come, my poor barber, there's nothing amiss. What wouldst thou say, and what would become of thy office, if I were a king like King Chilperic, whose gesture consisted in holding his beard with one hand. Come, my gossip, fulfil thine office; shave me. Go fetch thine implements."

Olivier, seeing that the king was in a laughing humor, and that there was no means even of provoking him, went out, grumbling, to execute his commands.

The king rose, went to the window, and suddenly opening it in extraordinary agitation:

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed he, clapping his hands; "there's a glare in the sky over the city. It's the bailiff burning; it cannot be anything else. Ha! my good people, so you help me, then, at last, to pull down the seigneuries!"

Then turning to the Flemings: "Gentlemen," said he, "come and see. Is it not a fire which glows yonder?"

The two men from Ghent came forward to look.

"It is a great fire," said Guillaume Rym.

"Oh," added Coppenole, whose eyes sud-

denly sparkled, "that reminds me of the burning of the house of the Seigneur d'Hymbercourt. There must be a stout revolt there."

"You think so, Maître Coppenole?" said the king; and he looked almost as much pleased as the hosier himself. "Don't you think it will be difficult to resist?" he added.

"By the Holy Rood! sire, it may cost your majesty many a company of good soldiers."

"Ha! cost me! that's quite another thing," returned the king. "If I chose—"

The hosier rejoined boldly: "If that revolt be what I suppose, you would choose in vain, sire."

"Friend," said Louis XI., "two companies of my ordonnance, and the discharge of a serpentine, are quite sufficient to rout a mob of the common people."

The hosier, in spite of the signs that Guillaume Rym was making to him, seemed determined to hold his own against the king.

"Sire," said he, "the Swiss were common people, too. Monsieur the Duke of Burgundy was a great gentleman, and made no account of the rabble. At the battle of Grandson, sire, he called out, 'Cannoneers, fire upon those villains!' and he swore by Saint George. But the advoyer, Scharnactal, rushed upon the fine duke with his mace and his people;

and at the shock of the peasants, with their bull-hides, the shining Burgundian army was shattered like a pane of glass by a pebble. Many a knight was killed there by those base churls; and Monsieur de Château-Guyon, the greatest lord in Burgundy, was found dead, with his great gray horse hard by in a marshy meadow."

"Friend," returned the king, "you're talking of a battle; but here's only a riot, and I can put an end to it with a frown, when I please."

The other replied, unconcernedly:

"That may be, sire. In that case the people's hour is not yet come."

Guillaume Rym thought it time to interfere. "Maître Coppenole," said he, "You are talking to a mighty king."

"I know it," answered the hosier, gravely.

"Let him speak, Monsieur Rym, my friend," said the king; "I like this plain speaking. My father, Charles VII., used to say that truth was sick! For my part I thought she was dead, and had found no confessor; but Maître Coppenole undeceives me."

Then laying his hand familiarly upon Coppenole's shoulder: "You were saying, then, Maître Jacques—"

"I say, sire, that perhaps you are right;

that the people's hour is not yet come with you."

Louis XI. looked at him with his penetrating eye: "And when will that hour come, Maître?"

"You will hear it strike."

"By what clock, pray?"

Coppenole, with his quiet and homely self-possession, motioned to the king to approach the window.

"Hark you, sire," said he; "here there are a donjon, an alarm-bell, cannon, townspeople, soldiers. When the alarm-bell shall sound; when the cannon shall roar; when, with great clamor, the donjon walls shall crumble; when the townspeople and soldiers shall shout and kill each other—then the hour will strike."

The countenance of Louis XI. became gloomy and thoughtful. He remained silent for a moment; then tapping gently with his hand against the massive wall of the donjon, as if patting the haunches of a war-horse: "Ah, no, no!" said he, "thou wilt not so easily be shattered, wilt thou, my good Bastile?"

Then, turning with an abrupt gesture to the bold Fleming: "Have you ever seen a revolt, Maître Jacques?"

"I have made one," said the hosier.

"And how do you set about it," said the king, "to make a revolt?"

"Oh!" answered Coppenole, "'tis not very difficult. There are a hundred ways. First of all, there must be discontentment in the town. That is not uncommon. And then, the character of the inhabitants. Those of Ghent are easy to stir into revolt. They always love the son of the prince, the prince, never. Well! one morning, we will suppose, some one enters my shop, and says, Father Coppenole, there is this and that; as that the Lady of Flanders wishes to save her ministers; that the high bailiff is doubling the toll on vegetables, or what not—anything you like. Then I throw by my work, go out into the street, and cry: *To the sack!* There is always some empty cask at hand. I mount it, and say in loud tones the first words that come into my head, what's uppermost in my heart, and when one belongs to the people, sire, one has always something upon one's heart. Then a crowd assembles; they shout, they ring the tocsin; the people get arms by disarming the soldiers; the market people join in, and they fall to. And it will always be thus so long as there are lords in the manors, burghers in the towns and peasants in the country."

"And against whom do ye thus rebel?"

inquired the king. "Against your bailiffs, against your lords?"

"Sometimes. That's as it may happen. Against the duke, too, sometimes."

Louis XI. returned to his seat, and said, with a smile: "Ah! here they have as yet only got as far as the bailiffs."

At that instant Olivier-le-Daim re-entered. He was followed by two pages who bore the king's toilet articles; but what struck Louis XI. was that he was also accompanied by the provost of Paris and the knight of the watch, who seemed to be in great consternation. The rancorous barber also wore an air of consternation; but satisfaction lurked beneath it. It was he who spoke first.

"Sire, I ask your majesty's pardon for the calamitous news I bring."

The king, turning sharply round, scraped the mat on the floor with the feet of his chair.

"What does this mean?" said he.

"Sire," returned Olivier-le-Daim, with the malicious air of a man rejoicing that he is about to deal a violent blow, "it is not against the Bailiff of the Palais that this popular sedition is directed."

"Against whom, then?"

"Against you, sire."

The aged king rose, erect and straight, like a young man:

"Explain thyself, Olivier, and look well to thy head, my gossip, for I swear to thee, by the cross of Saint Lô, that if thou liest to us at this hour, the sword that cut the throat of Monsieur of Luxemburg is not so notched but it shall saw thine as well."

The oath was formidable. Louis XI. had never but twice in his life sworn by the cross of Saint Lô.

Olivier opened his mouth to reply. "Sire—"

"On thy knees!" interrupted the king, violently. "Tristan, look to this man."

Olivier knelt, and said composedly: "Sire, a witch has been condemned to death by your court of parliament. She has taken refuge in Notre-Dame. The people wish to take her thence by main force. Monsieur the provost and monsieur the knight of the watch who are come straight from the spot, are here to contradict me if I speak not the truth. It is Notre-Dame that the people are besieging."

"Ah, ah," said the king, in a low tone, pale and trembling with wrath; "Notre-Dame! They are besieging Our Lady, my good mistress, in her own cathedral! Rise, Olivier. Thou art right; I give thee Simon Radin's office. Thou art right; 'tis I whom they are attacking. The witch is under the safeguard of the church; the church is under

my safeguard. And I, who thought it was all about the bailiff! 'Tis against myself!"

Then, invigorated by passion, he began to stride up and down. He laughed no longer; he was terrible; he went to and fro. The fox was changed into a hyena. He seemed to be choking with rage; his lips moved, and his fleshless fists were clenched. All at once he raised his head; his hollow eye seemed full of light, and his voice burst forth like a clarion: "Upon them, Tristan! Fall upon the knaves! Go, Tristan, my friend! Kill! kill!"

This explosion over, he returned to his seat and said, with cold, concentrated rage:

"Here, Tristan! There are here with us in this Bastile the fifty lances of the Viscount de Gif, making three hundred horse; you'll take them. There is also Monsieur de Chateauper's company of the archers of our ordonnance; you will take it. You are provost-marshal, and have the men of your provostry; you will take them. At the Hôtel Saint Pol, you will find forty archers of Monsieur the Dauphin's new guard; you will take them. And, with the whole, you will make all speed to Notre-Dame. Ha! messieurs the clowns of Paris—so you presume to fly in the face of the crown of France, the sanctity of Our Lady, and the peace of this commonwealth?

Exterminate, Tristan! exterminate! and let not one escape except for Montfaucon!"

Tristan bowed. "'Tis well, sire."

He added after a pause: "And what shall I do with the sorceress?"

This question set the king musing.

"Ah," said he, "the sorceress! Monsieur d'Estouteville, what would the people with her?"

"Sire," replied the provost of Paris, "I fancy that, since the populace is come to drag her away from her asylum in Notre-Dame, 'tis because her impunity offends them, and they desire to hang her."

The king appeared to reflect deeply; then, addressing himself to Tristan l'Hermite: "Well, my gossip, exterminate the people and hang the sorceress."

"Just so," whispered Rym to Coppenole. "Punish the people for wishing, and do what they wish."

"Enough, sire," answered Tristan. "If the witch be still in Notre-Dame, is she to be taken despite the sanctuary?"

"Pasque-Dieu! the sanctuary!" said the king, scratching his ear; "and yet this woman must be hanged."

Here, as though seized with a sudden idea, he flung himself on his knees before his chair, took off his hat, placed it on the seat, and

devoutly fixing his eyes on one of the leaden amulets with which it was loaded: "Oh," said he, with clasped hands, "Our Lady of Paris, my gracious patroness, pardon me. I will only do it this once. This criminal must be punished. I assure you, O Lady Virgin, my good mistress, that she is a sorceress, unworthy your gentle protection. You know, Lady, that many very pious princes have trespassed upon the privileges of churches, for the glory of God and the necessity of the state. Saint Hugh, Bishop of England, permitted King Edward to hang a magician in his church. My master, Saint Louis of France, transgressed for the like purpose in the church of Monsieur Saint Paul, as did also Monsieur Alphonse, King of Jerusalem, in the church of the Holy Sepulchre itself. Pardon me, then, for this once, Our Lady of Paris. I will never again do so, and I will give you a fine statue of silver like the one which I gave last year to Our Lady of Ecouys. Amen."

He made the sign of the cross, rose, donned his hat once more, and said to Tristan: "Make all speed, my gossip. Take Monsieur de Chateaupers with you. Sound the tocsin. Crush the populace. Hang the sorceress. That's settled. You yourself will defray the costs of the execution. Report to me upon

it. Come, Olivier, I shall not get to bed this night. Shave me."

Tristan l'Hermite bowed and departed. Then the king, dismissing Rym and Coppenole with a gesture: "God keep you, messieurs, my good Flemish friends!" said he. "Go take a little rest. The night is far spent, and we are nearer to morning than evening."

Both withdrew, and on reaching their apartments, to which they were conducted by the captain of the Bastile, Coppenole said to Guillaume Rym: "Humph! I've had enough of this coughing king! I have seen Charles of Burgundy drunk; he was less mischievous than Louis XI. ailing."

"Maître Jacques," replied Rym, "'tis because wine renders kings less cruel than does barley-water."

VI.

THE PASSWORD

On quitting the Bastile, Gringoire ran down the Rue Saint Antoine with the speed of a runaway horse. When he had reached the Porte Baudoyer, he walked straight to the stone cross which rose in the middle of the open space there, as though he were able to discern in the dark the figure of a man clad and hooded in black, sitting upon the steps of the cross.

"Is it you, master?" said Gringoire.

The black figure started up.

"Death and passion! you make me boil, Gringoire. The man upon the tower of Saint Gervais has just cried half-past one in the morning!"

"Oh," returned Gringoire, "'tis no fault of mine, but of the watch and the king. I have just had a narrow escape. I always just miss being hung. 'Tis my predestination."

"You miss everything," said the other.

"But come quickly. Have you the password?"

"Only fancy, master. I have seen the king. I have just come from him. He wears fustian breeches. 'Tis a real adventure."

"Oh, thou word-spinner! What care I for thy adventure? Hast thou the password of the vagabonds?"

"I have it. Make yourself easy. *Petite flambe en baguenaud.*"

"'Tis well. Otherwise we should not be able to reach the church. The rabble block up the streets. Fortunately, they seem to have met with resistance. We may, perhaps, still be there in time."

"Yes, master; but how are we to get into Notre-Dame?"

"I have the key to the towers."

"And how are we to get out again?"

"There is a small door behind the cloister, which leads to the Terrain, and so to the water-side. I have taken the key to it, and I moored a boat there this morning."

"I have had a pretty escape from being hung," repeated Gringoire.

"Eh—quick! come!" said the other.

Both then proceeded at a rapid pace towards the city.

VII.

CHATEAUPERS TO THE RESCUE

The reader will, perhaps, recall the critical situation in which we left Quasimodo. The brave deaf man, assailed on all sides, had lost, if not all courage, at least all hope of saving, not himself—he thought not of himself—but the gypsy-girl. He ran distractedly along the gallery. Notre-Dame was on the point of being carried by the Truands. All at once a great galloping of horses filled the neighboring streets, and, with a long file of torches, and a dense column of horsemen, lances and bridles lowered, these furious sounds came rushing into the Place like a hurricane:

"France! France! Cut down the knaves! Chateaupers to the rescue! Provostry! provostry!"

The Truands in terror faced about.

Quasimodo, who heard nothing, saw the drawn swords, the flambeaux, the spear-heads, all that cavalry, at the head of which he recognized Captain Phœbus; he saw the confusion

of the vagabonds, the terror of some of them, the perturbation of the stoutest-hearted among them, and this unexpected succor so much revived his own energies that he hurled back from the church the first assailants, who were already climbing into the gallery.

It was, in fact, the king's troops who had arrived.

The Truands bore themselves bravely. They defended themselves desperately. Attacked in flank from the Rue Saint-Pierre-aux-Bœufs, and in rear from the Rue du Parvis, driven to bay against Notre-Dame, which they still assailed and Quasimodo defended, at once besieging and besieged, they were in the singular situation in which, subsequently, at the famous siege of Turin, in 1640, Count Henri d'Harcourt found himself between Prince Thomas of Savoy, whom he was besieging, and the Marquis of Leganez, who was blockading him—*Taurinum obsessor idem et obsessus* (besieger of Turin and besieged), as his epitaph expresses it.

The conflict was frightful. Wolves' flesh calls for dog's teeth, as Father Matthieu phrases it. The king's horsemen, amid whom Phœbus de Chateaupers bore himself valiantly, gave no quarter, and they who escaped the thrust of the lance fell by the edge of the sword. The Truands, ill-armed, foamed and bit with

rage and despair. Men, women and children threw themselves upon the cruppers and chests of the horses, and clung to them like cats with tooth and nail. Others struck the archers in the face with their torches; others thrust their iron hooks into the necks of the horsemen and dragged them down. They slashed in pieces those who fell.

One of them was seen with a large glittering scythe, with which, for a long time, he mowed the legs of the horses. He was frightful. He was singing a song with a nasal intonation, taking long and sweeping strokes with his scythe. At each stroke he described round him a great circle of severed limbs. He advanced in this manner into the thickest of the cavalry, with the quiet slowness, the regular motion of the head and drawing of the breath of a harvester mowing a field of corn. This was Clopin Trouillefou. He fell by the shot of an arquebus.

Meantime the windows had opened again. The neighbors, hearing the shouts of the king's men, had taken part in the affair, and from every story bullets rained upon the Truands. The Parvis was filled with a thick smoke, which the musketry streaked with fire. Through it could be indistinctly seen the front of Notre-Dame, and the decrepit Hôtel-Dieu, with a few pale-faced invalids looking

from the top of its roof, studded with dormer windows.

At length the vagabonds gave way. Exhaustion, want of good weapons, the fright of this surprise, the discharges of musketry from the windows, and the spirited charge of the king's troops all combined to overpower them. They broke through the line of their assailants and fled in all directions, leaving the Parvis strewn with dead.

When Quasimodo, who had not for a moment ceased fighting, beheld this rout, he fell on his knees, and raised his hands to heaven. Then, intoxicated with joy, he ran, and ascended with the swiftness of a bird to that cell, the approaches to which he had so gallantly defended. He had now but one thought—it was to kneel before her whom he had just saved for the second time.

When he entered the cell he found it empty.

BOOK ELEVEN

BOOK XI

I.

THE LITTLE SHOE

At the moment when the Truands had attacked the church Esmeralda was asleep.

Soon the ever-increasing uproar around the edifice, and the plaintive bleating of her goat, which awoke before her, roused her from her slumbers. She sat up, listened, and looked about her; then, frightened at the light and the noise, she had hurried from her cell to see what it was. The aspect of the square, the strange vision moving in it, the disorder of that nocturnal assault, that hideous crowd leaping like a cloud of frogs, half seen in the darkness; the croaking of that hoarse multitude, the few red torches dancing to and fro in the obscurity, like those meteors of the night that play over the misty surface of a marsh; all together seemed to her like some mysterious battle commenced between the phantoms of a witches' Sabbath and the stone

monsters of the church. Imbued from infancy with the superstitions of the Bohemian tribe, her first thought was that she had surprised in their magic revels the strange creatures peculiar to the night. Then she ran in terror to cower in her cell, and ask of her humble couch some less horrible vision.

By degrees, however, the first vapors of terror gradually dispersed; from the constantly increasing din, and from other signs of reality, she discovered that she was beset, not by spectres, but by human beings. Then her fear, though it did not increase, changed its nature. She had dreamed of the possibility of a popular rising to drag her from her asylum. The idea of once more losing life, hope, Phœbus, who still was ever present to her hopes; her extreme helplessness; all flight cut off, no support; her abandonment, her isolation; these thoughts and a thousand others had overwhelmed her. She had fallen upon her knees, with her head upon her couch, and her hands clasped upon her head, apprehensive and trembling; and gypsy, idolatress and heathen as she was, she began with sobs to implore mercy of the God of the Christians, and to pray to Our Lady her protectress. For, even if one believes in nothing, there are moments in life when one is always of the religion of the temple nearest at hand.

She remained thus prostrate for a very long time, trembling, in truth, more than she prayed, her blood running cold at the nearer and nearer approach of the breath of that furious multitude, ignorant of the nature of this outburst, of what was being plotted, of what they were doing, of what they wanted, but feeling a presentiment of some dreadful result.

In the midst of this anguish she heard a footstep close to her. She looked up. Two men, one of whom carried a lantern, had just entered her cell. She uttered a feeble cry.

"Fear nothing," said a voice which was not unknown to her; "'tis I."

"Who are you?" asked she.

"Pierre Gringoire."

This name reassured her. She raised her eyes again and saw that it was indeed the poet. But there stood beside him a black figure, veiled from head to foot, the sight of which struck her dumb.

"Ah!" continued Gringoire, in a reproachful tone, "Djali recognized me before you."

The little goat, in fact, had not waited for Gringoire to announce himself. No sooner had he entered than it rubbed itself gently against his knees, covering the poet with caresses and white hairs, for it was shed-

ding its coat. Gringoire returned the caresses.

"Who is that with you?" said the Egyptian, in a low tone.

"Do not be disturbed," answered Gringoire; "it is a friend of mine."

Then the philosopher, setting his lantern on the floor, squatted down upon the stones, and exclaimed with enthusiasm, clasping Djali in his arms:

"Oh! the charming creature! more remarkable, no doubt, for neatness than for size; but clever, cunning and lettered as a grammarian! Let us see, my Djali, hast thou forgotten any of thy pretty tricks. How does Maître Jacques Charmolue do—"

The man in black did not let him finish. He came up to Gringoire and pushed him roughly by the shoulder. Gringoire rose.

"True," said he; "I forgot that we were in haste. But that is no reason, my master, for using folks so roughly. My dear, sweet child, your life is in danger, and Djali also. They want to hang you again. We are your friends and have come to save you. Follow us."

"Is it true?" exclaimed she, quite overcome.

"Yes, quite true. Come quickly!"

"I am willing," faltered she; "but why does not your friend speak?"

"Ah!" said Gringoire; "because his father and mother were whimsical people, who made him of a taciturn disposition."

She was obliged to content herself with this explanation. Gringoire took her by the hand. His companion picked up the lantern and walked on in front. Fear stunned the young girl. She allowed herself to be led away. The goat skipped after them, so delighted to see Gringoire again that it made him stumble every moment by thrusting its horns between his legs.

"Such is life," said the philosopher, every time that he came near falling; "it is often our best friends who throw us down."

They rapidly descended the staircase of the towers, crossed the interior of the church, which was all dark and solitary, but reverberated from the uproar without, thus offering a frightful contrast; and went out by the red door into the court-yard of the cloister. The cloister was deserted, the canons having taken refuge in the bishop's house, there to offer up their prayers in common; the court-yard was empty, only some terrified serving-men were crouching in the darkest corners. They directed their steps towards the small door leading from this court-yard to the Terrain. The man in black opened it with a key which he had about him. Our readers are aware

that the Terrain was a tongue of land enclosed by walls on the side next the city, and belonging to the chapter of Notre-Dame, which terminated the island eastward, behind the church. They found this enclosure entirely deserted. Here, too, they found the tumult in the air sensibly diminished. The noise of the assault by the Truands reached their ears more confusedly and less clamorously. The cool breeze which follows the current of the river, stirred the leaves of the only tree planted at the point of the Terrain, with a sound that was now perceptible to them. Nevertheless, they were still very near the danger. The buildings nearest to them were the bishop's palace and the church. There was evidently great confusion within the residence of the bishop. Its shadowy mass was flashing in all directions with lights hurrying from one window to another; as, after burning a piece of paper, there remains a dark edifice of ashes, over which bright sparks run in a thousand fantastic courses. Close by, the huge towers of Notre-Dame, seen thus from behind, with the long nave over which they rise, standing out in black relief from the red glare which filled the Parvis, looked like the gigantic uprights of some Cyclopean fire-grate.

What was visible of Paris seemed wavering

on all sides in a sort of shadow mingled with light. Rembrandt has such backgrounds to his pictures.

The man with the lantern walked straight to the point of the Terrain. At the very brink of the water, there stood the worm-eaten remains of a fence of stakes with laths nailed across, upon which a low vine spread out its few meagre branches like the fingers of an open hand. Behind this sort of lattice-work, in the shadow which it cast, a small boat lay hidden. The man motioned to Gringoire and his companion to get in. The goat followed them. The man himself stepped in last of all. Then he cut the rope; pushed off from the shore with a long boat-hook, and laying hold of a pair of oars, seated himself in the bow, and rowed with all his might towards mid-stream. The Seine is very rapid at that point, and he found considerable difficulty in clearing the point of the island.

Gringoire's first care, on entering the boat was to place the goat on his knees. He took his seat in the stern; and the young girl, whom the stranger inspired with an indefinable uneasiness, seated herself as closely as possible to the poet. When our philosopher felt the boat in motion, he clapped his hands, and kissed Djali between the horns.

"Oh!" cried he, "now we are all four saved!"

He added, with the air of a profound thinker: "We are indebted sometimes to fortune, sometimes to stratagem, for the happy issue of a great undertaking."

The boat made its way slowly toward the right bank. The young girl watched the unknown with secret terror. He had carefully turned off the light of his dark lantern; he was now faintly seen, in the forepart of the skiff, like a spectre. His hood, still down, formed a sort of mask; and every time that, in rowing, he spread his arms, from which hung wide black sleeves, they looked like a pair of enormous bat's wings. Moreover, he had not yet uttered a word, a syllable. No other sound was heard in the boat but the working of the oars, and the rippling of the water against the side of the skiff.

"Upon my soul!" suddenly exclaimed Gringoire, "we are as gay and merry as owlets! Mute as Pythagoreans or fish. Pasque-Dieu! my friends, I wish some one would talk to me. The human voice is music to the human ear. That is not a saying of mine, but of Didymus of Alexandria, and a great one it is. Of a certainty, Didymus of Alexandria is no mean philosopher. One word, my pretty child, say but a word to me,

I entreat. By the way, you used to have a droll, odd little pout; do you still make it? Do you know, sweetheart, that the Parliament has full jurisdiction over all places of sanctuary, and that you were in great peril in that little box of yours at Notre-Dame? Alas! the little bird, trochylus, maketh its nest in the jaws of the crocodile. Master, here comes the moon again. 'Tis to be hoped that they will not discover us! We are doing a laudable act in saving mademoiselle. And yet they would hang us up in the king's name if they were to catch us. Alas! every human action has two handles. One man gets praised for what another gets blamed for. He admires Cæsar who blames Catiline. Is it not so, master? What say you to this philosophy? I possess philosophy by instinct, by nature, *ut apes geometriam* (as the bees do geometry). Come! no one answers me. What a plague of a humor ye are both in! I talk to myself. 'Tis what we call, in tragedy, a monologue. Pasque-Dieu! I'd have you to know that I have just seen King Louis XI., and that 'tis from him I have caught this oath. Pasque-Dieu! They are still making a glorious howl in the city. 'Tis an ugly, villainous old king. He is all swathed in furs. He still owes me the money for my epithalamium; and he all but hanged me to-night, which would have

been most awkward for me. He is niggardly to men of merit. He should e'en read Salvian of Cologne's four books *adversus Avaritiam* (against avarice). In sooth, 'tis a close-fisted king in his dealings with men of letters, and commits very barbarous cruelties. He is a very sponge in sucking up the money drained from the people. His savings are as the spleen, that grows big upon the pining of the other members. And so the complaints of the hardness of the times turn to murmurs against the prince. Under this mild and pious lord gibbets crack with carcasses, blocks stream with gore, the prisons burst like overfull bellies. This king strips with one hand and hangs with the other. He's grand caterer to Dame Gabelle and Monseigneur Gibet. The great are despoiled of their dignities, and the humble incessantly loaded with fresh burdens. 'Tis an exorbitant prince. I love not this monarch. And you, master?"

The man in black let the loquacious poet run on. He was still struggling against the violent and narrow current that separates the prow of the city from the stern of the Island of Notre-Dame, which we call now-a-days the Island of Saint Louis.

"By-the-by, master," resumed Gringoire, suddenly, "just as we reached the Parvis through the raging Truands, did your rev-

erence observe that poor little devil, whose brains your deaf man was dashing out against the balustrade of the gallery of the kings? I am short-sighted, and could not distinguish his features. Who might it be, think you?"

The unknown answered not a word. But he suddenly ceased rowing; his arms dropped as though broken, his head fell upon his breast, and Esmeralda heard him sigh convulsively. She started; she had heard sighs like those before.

The skiff, left to itself, drifted some moments with the stream. But the man in black finally roused himself, seized the oars again, and again set himself to row against the current. He doubled the point of the Island of Notre-Dame, and made for the landing place of the Hay-wharf.

"Ah!" said Gringoire, "yonder is the Barbeau mansion. There, master, look, that group of black roofs, that make such odd angles, there, below that mass of low, streaky, ragged-looking clouds, in which the moon appears smashed and spread about like the yolk of a broken egg. 'Tis a goodly mansion. There's a chapel with a little arched roof, embellished with ornaments excellently cut. Above you can see the belfry with its delicate tracery. There's also a pleasant garden, consisting of a pond, an aviary, an echo, a mall,

a labyrinth, a wild-beast house and plenty of thick-shaded walks very agreeable to Venus. And then there's a rogue of a tree which they call 'the lewd,' because it once favored the pleasures of a certain princess and a certain constable of France, a gallant and a wit. Alas! we poor philosophers are to a constable of France what a cabbage-plot or a radish-bed is to a grove of laurels. After all, what does it signify? Human life for the great as well as for us is a mixture of good and evil. Sorrow ever waits on joy, the spondee on the dactyl. Master, I must relate to you the history of the Barbeau mansion. It ends tragically. It was in 1319, in the reign of Philip V., who reigned longer than any of the French kings. The moral of the story is that the temptations of the flesh are pernicious and malign. Let us not gaze too long upon our neighbor's wife, however much our senses may be taken with her beauty. Fornication is a very libertine thought. Adultery is a prying into another man's pleasure. Oh! the noise yonder grows louder!"

The tumult was, in fact, increasing around Notre-Dame. They listened. Shouts of victory could very distinctly be heard. Suddenly a hundred flambeaux, that glittered on the helmets of men-at-arms, spread over the church at all heights; on the towers, on the

galleries, on the flying buttresses. These torches seemed to be carried in search of something; and soon distant clamors reached distinctly the ears of the fugitives: "The Egyptian! the sorceress! death to the Egyptian!"

The unhappy creature dropped her head upon her hands, and the unknown began to row furiously towards the bank. Meanwhile, our philosopher reflected. He clasped the goat in his arms, and sidled gently away from the gypsy-girl, who pressed closer and closer to him, as the only protection left her.

It is certain that Gringoire was in a cruel dilemma. He reflected that, as the law then stood, the goat would be hanged too, if she were retaken; that it would be a great pity, poor Djali! that two condemned ones thus clinging to him were too much for him; that, finally, his companion asked nothing better than to take charge of the gypsy. Yet a violent struggle was taking place in his mind; wherein, like the Jupiter of the Iliad, he placed in the balance alternately the gypsy and the goat; and he looked first at one, then at the other, his eyes moist with tears, and saying between his teeth: "And yet I cannot save you both!"

A shock apprised them that the skiff had reached the shore. The appalling uproar still

rang through the city. The unknown rose, came to the gypsy, and offered to take her arm to assist her to land. She repulsed him, and clung to Gringoire's sleeve, who in turn, absorbed in the goat, almost repulsed her. Then she sprang without help from the boat. She was so disturbed that she knew not what she was doing nor whither she was going. She stood thus for a moment stupefied, watching the water as it flowed. When she recovered herself a little, she found herself alone on the landing-place with the unknown. It appears that Gringoire had taken advantage of the moment of their going ashore to slip away with the goat among the mass of houses of the Rue Grenier-sur-l'Eau.

The poor gypsy shuddered on finding herself alone with that man. She strove to speak, to cry out, to call Gringoire; but her tongue refused its office, and not a sound issued from her lips. All at once she felt the hand of the unknown upon hers. It was a cold, strong hand. Her teeth chattered. She turned paler than the moonbeam that shone upon her. The man spoke not a word. He began to move towards the Place de Grève with hasty steps, holding her by the hand. At that moment she had a vague feeling that Fate is an irresistible power. No resistance was left in her; she let him drag her along,

running while he walked. The quay, at that spot, ascended somewhat before them. Yet it seemed to her as if she were descending a declivity.

She looked on all sides. Not a passer-by was to be seen. The quay was absolutely deserted. She heard no sound, she perceived no one stirring, except in the glaring and tumultuous city, from which she was separated only by an arm of the Seine, and whence her name reached her ear mingled with shouts of "Death!" The rest of Paris lay spread around her in vast masses of shadow.

Meanwhile the unknown continued to drag her along in the same silence and with the same rapidity. She had no recollection of any of the places that she was passing. As she went by a lighted window, she made an effort, suddenly drew back, and cried out: "Help!"

The burgher who owned the window opened it, appeared at it in his shirt with his lamp in his hand, looked out with drowsy eyes on the quay, uttered some words which she could not hear and closed his shutter again. It was her last ray of hope extinguished.

The man in black uttered not a syllable. He held her fast, and walked quicker than before. She ceased to resist, and followed him helplessly.

From time to time she mustered a little strength, and said, in a voice broken by the unevenness of the pavement and the breathlessness of their flight: "Who are you? who are you?" He made no reply.

They arrived thus, keeping still along the quay, at a square of tolerable size. There was then a little moonlight. It was the Grève. In the middle a sort of black cross was visible. It was the gibbet. She recognized all this, and she knew where she was.

The man stopped, turned towards her, and lifted his hood. "Oh!" faltered she, petrified; "I knew well that it was he again!"

It was the priest. He looked like the ghost of himself. It was an effect of the moonlight. It seems as if by that light one beholds only the spectres of objects.

"Listen," said he; and she shuddered at the sound of that fatal voice, which she had not heard for so long. He continued. He spoke with short and panting jerks, which betoken deep internal convulsions. "Listen. We are here. I have to talk with thee. This is the Grève. This is an extreme point. Fate delivers us up into the hands of each other. I am going to dispose of thy life—thou, of my soul. Beyond this place and this night nothing is to be foretold. Listen to me, then. I shall tell thee. . . . First, talk to me not of thy

Phœbus." (As he spoke he paced backward and forward like a man incapable of standing still, dragging her after him.) "Talk not of him. Mark me, if thou utterest his name, I know not what I shall do, but it will be something terrible!"

Then, like a body which recovers its centre of gravity, he became motionless once more; but his words betrayed no less agitation. His voice grew lower and lower.

"Turn not thy head aside so. Hearken to me. 'Tis a serious matter. First, I will tell thee what has happened. There will be no laughing about this, I assure thee. What was I saying? remind me. Ah! it is that there is a decree of the Parliament, delivering thee over to execution again. I have just now taken thee out of their hands. But there they are pursuing thee. Look."

He stretched out his arm towards the city. The search, in fact, seemed to continue. The uproar drew nearer. The tower of the lieutenant's house, situated opposite to the Grève, was full of noise and lights; and soldiers were running on the opposite quay with torches, shouting: "The Egyptian! where is the Egyptian? Death! Death!"

"Thou seest plainly," resumed the priest, "they are pursuing thee, and that I am not deceiving thee. I love thee. Open not thy

lips. Speak not a word, if it be to tell me that thou hatest me. I am determined not to hear that again. I have just now saved thee. First, let me finish. I can save thee absolutely. Everything is prepared. Thou hast only to make it thy wish. As thou wilt, I can do."

He broke off violently. "No, that is not what I had to say."

Then running, and drawing her after him, for he still kept hold of her, he went straight to the gibbet, and pointing to it:

"Choose between us," said he, coolly.

She tore herself from his grasp, and fell at the foot of the gibbet, grasping that funereal support; then she half turned her beautiful head, and looked at the priest over her shoulder. She might have been a Holy Virgin at the foot of the cross. The priest stood motionless, his finger still raised towards the gibbet, his attitude unchanged, like a statue.

At length the gypsy said to him:

"It is less horrible to me than you are."

Then he let his arm drop slowly, and cast his eyes upon the ground in deep dejection. "Could these stones speak," he murmured, "yes, they would say, that here stands, indeed, an unhappy man!"

He resumed. The young girl, kneeling before the gibbet, veiled by her long flowing

hair, let him speak without interrupting him. His accent was now mild and plaintive, contrasting mournfully with the haughty harshness of his features:

"I love you! Oh, that is still very true! And is nothing, then, perceivable without, of that fire which consumes my heart? Alas! young girl—night and day—yes, night and day! does that deserve no pity? 'Tis a love of the night and the day, I tell you—'tis torture! Oh, I suffer too much, my poor child, 'tis a thing worthy of compassion, I do assure you. You see that I speak gently to you. I would fain have you cease to abhor me. After all, when a man loves a woman, 'tis not his fault. Oh, my God! What? will you then never pardon me? will you hate me always? and is it all over? 'Tis this that makes me cruel—ay, hateful to myself. You do not even look at me. You are thinking of something else, perchance, while I talk to you as I stand shuddering on the brink of eternity to both of us! Above all, speak not to me of the officer! What! were I to throw myself at your knees! What! I might kiss—not your feet—you would not suffer me, but the ground under your feet. What! I might sob like a child, I might tear from my breast—not words—but my heart and my entrails, to tell you how I love you! all would be in

vain—all! And yet naught in your soul but what is kind and tender. You are radiant with the loveliest gentleness; you are wholly sweet, good, merciful, charming! Alas! you have no malevolence but for me alone. Oh, what a fatality!"

He hid his face in his hands. The young girl heard him weeping. It was the first time. Standing thus erect, and convulsed by sobbing, he looked even more wretched and suppliant than on his knees. He wept thus for some time.

"But come," he continued, these first tears over, "I have no more words. And yet I had well pondered what I had to say to you. Now I tremble and shiver, I stagger at the decisive moment, I feel that something transcendent wraps us round, and my voice falters. Oh, I shall fall to the ground if you do not take pity on me, pity on yourself. Condemn not both of us. If you could but know how much I love you! What a heart is mine! Oh, what desertion of all virtue! what desperate abandonment of myself! A doctor, I mock at science; a gentleman, I tarnish my name; a priest, I make my missal a pillow of desire, I spit in the face of my God! All this for thee, enchantress! to be more worthy of thy hell! and thou rejectest the damned one! Oh, let me tell thee all! more still!

something more horrible! oh, yet more horrible!"

As he uttered these last words, his look became quite wild. He was silent for a moment; then began again, as if talking to himself, and in a strong voice, "Cain, what hast thou done with thy brother?"

There was another silence, and he went on: "What have I done with him, Lord? I received him, nourished him, brought him up, loved him, idolized him and killed him! Yes, Lord, just now, before my eyes, have they dashed his head upon the stones of thine house, and it was because of me, because of this woman, because of her . . ."

His eye was haggard, his voice sinking; he repeated several times, mechanically, at considerable intervals, like a bell prolonging its last vibration: "Because of her, because of her."

Then his tongue no longer articulated any perceptible sound, though his lips continued to move. All at once he sank down, like something crumbling to pieces, and remained motionless on the ground with his head between his knees.

A slight movement of the young girl, drawing away her foot from under him, brought him to himself. He passed his hand slowly over his hollow cheeks, and gazed for some

moments, in vacant astonishment at his fingers, which were wet. "What?" murmured he, "have I wept?"

And turning suddenly to the gypsy, with inexpressible anguish:

"Alas! you have beheld me weep, unmoved! Child, dost thou know that those tears are tears of fire? And is it, then, so true, that from the man we hate nothing can move us? Wert thou to see me die, thou wouldst laugh. But I—I wish not thy death! One word, one single word of forgiveness! Tell me not that thou lovest me, say only that thou wilt, that will suffice, and I will save thee. If not— Oh, the time flies! I entreat thee, by all that is sacred, wait not until I am become of stone again, like this gibbet which claims thee too. Think that I hold both our destinies in my hand, that I am mad, 'tis terrible, that I may let all go, and that there yawns beneath us, unhappy girl, a bottomless abyss, wherein my fall will pursue thine for all eternity! One word of kindness, say one word, but one word!"

She opened her lips to answer him. He threw himself on his knees before her, to receive with adoration the words, perhaps relenting, which were about to fall from her. She said to him: "You are an assassin!"

The priest seized her furiously in his arms, and burst into hideous laughter.

"Well, yes, an assassin," said he, "and I will have thee. Thou wilt not take me for thy slave; thou shalt have me for thy master. You shall be mine! I have a den, whither I will drag thee. Thou shalt follow me, thou must follow me, or I deliver thee over! Thou must die, my fair one, or be mine—the priest's, the apostate's, the assassin's—this very night; dost thou hear? Come, joy! Come! kiss me, silly girl! The grave! or my couch!"

His eyes were sparkling with rage and licentiousness, and his lascivious lips reddened the neck of the young girl. She struggled in his arms. He covered her with furious kisses.

"Do not bite me, monster!" she cried. "Oh, the hateful, poisonous monk! Let me go! I'll pull out thy vile gray hair, and throw it by handfuls in thy face!"

He turned red, then pale, then left hold of her, and gazed upon her gloomily. She thought herself victorious, and continued: "I tell thee, I belong to my Phœbus, that it is Phœbus I love, that 'tis Phœbus who is handsome! Thou, priest, art old! thou art ugly! Get thee gone!"

He uttered a violent cry, like the wretch to whom a red-hot iron is applied. "Die, then!"

said he, grinding his teeth. She saw his frightful look, and strove to fly. But he seized her again, shook her, threw her upon the ground, and walked rapidly toward the angle of the Tour-Roland, dragging her after him over the pavement by her fair hands.

When he had reached it he turned to her:

"Once for all, wilt thou be mine?"

She answered him with emphasis:

"No!"

Then he called in a loud voice:

"Gudule! Gudule! here's the gypsy-woman! take thy revenge!"

The young girl felt herself seized suddenly by the elbow. She looked; it was a fleshless arm extended through a loop-hole in the wall, and held her with a hand of iron.

"Hold fast!" said the priest; "it's the gypsy-woman escaped. Do not let her go. I'm going to fetch the sergeants. Thou shalt see her hanged."

A guttural laugh from the interior of the wall made answer to these deadly words: "Ha! ha! ha!" The gypsy-girl saw the priest hurry away toward the Pont Notre-Dame. Trampling of horses was heard in that direction.

The young girl had recognized the malicious recluse. Panting with terror, she strove to disengage herself. She writhed. She made

several bounds in agony and despair, but the other held her with superhuman strength. The lean, bony fingers that pressed her were clenched and met round her flesh; it seemed as if that hand was riveted to her arm. It was more than a chain, more than an iron ring; it was a pair of pincers, endowed with life and understanding, issuing from a wall.

Exhausted, she fell back against the wall, and then the fear of death came over her. She thought of all the charms of life—of youth, of the sight of the heavens, of the aspect of nature, of love, of Phœbus, of all that was flying from her; and then of all that was approaching, of the priest who would denounce her, of the executioner who was coming, of the gibbet that was there. Then she felt terror mounting even to the roots of her hair, and she heard the dismal laugh of the recluse, saying in low tones: "Ha! ha! thou'rt going to be hanged!"

She turned with a dying look toward the window of her cell, and she saw the savage face of the Sachette through the bars.

"What have I done to you?" said she, almost inarticulately.

The recluse made no answer, but began to mutter, in a singing, irritated and mocking tone: "Daughter of Egypt! daughter of Egypt! daughter of Egypt!"

The unfortunate Esmeralda let her head drop under her long flowing hair, understanding that it was no human being she had here to deal with.

All at once the recluse exclaimed, as if the gypsy's question had taken all that time to reach her apprehension:

"What hast thou done to me, dost thou say? Ha! what hast thou done to me, gypsy-woman? Well, hark thee! I had a child—dost thou see? I had a child; a child, I tell thee; a pretty little girl, my Agnès!" she continued wildly, kissing something in the gloom. "Well, dost thou see, daughter of Egypt, they took my child from me, they stole my child, they ate my child! That is what thou hast done to me!"

The young girl answered, like the lamb in the fable: "Alas! perhaps I was not then born!"

"Oh, yes," rejoined the recluse; "thou must have been born then. Thou wast one of them; she would have been thy age. For fifteen years have I been here, fifteen years have I suffered, fifteen years have I prayed, fifteen years have I been knocking my head against these four walls. I tell thee, they were gypsy-women that stole her from me—dost thou hear that? and who ate her with their teeth. Hast thou a heart? Only think what

it is; a child playing, suckling, sleeping; it is so innocent! Well, that is what they took from me, what they killed. God Almighty knows it well. To-day it is my turn. I'm going to eat some gypsy-woman's flesh. Oh, how I would bite thee, if the bars did not hinder me; my head is too big. Poor little thing, while she slept! And if they woke her while taking her away, in vain might she cry. I was not there! Ha! ye Egyptian mothers, ye devoured my child; come now and see your own!"

Then she began to laugh or gnash her teeth. The two things resembled each other in that frantic countenance. Day began to dawn. An ashy gleam dimly lighted this scene, and the gibbet grew more and more distinct in the Place. On the other side, towards the bridge of Notre-Dame, the poor victim thought she heard the sound of the horsemen approaching.

"Madame!" she cried, clasping her hands and falling upon her knees, disheveled, distracted, wild with fright, "madame, have pity! They are coming. I have done nothing to you. Would you have me die that horrible death before your eyes? You are compassionate, I am sure. 'Tis too frightful. Let me fly, let me go. Have mercy! I wish not to die thus!"

"Give me back my child!" said the recluse.

"Mercy! mercy!"

"Give me back my child!"

"Let me go, in heaven's name!"

"Give me back my child!"

Again the young girl sank down, exhausted, powerless, with the glassy stare of one already in the grave.

"Alas!" faltered she, "you seek your child; I seek my parents!"

"Give me back my little Agnès!" pursued Gudule. "Thou knowest not where she is? Then, die! I will tell thee! I was once a girl of pleasure; I had a child; they took my child; it was the Egyptian women. Thou seest plainly that thou must die. When thy mother, the Egyptian, comes to ask for thee, I will say to her: 'Mother, look at that gibbet! or give me back my child!' Dost thou know where she is, my little girl? Stay, let me show thee; here is her shoe, all that is left me of her. Dost thou know where its fellow is? If thou dost, tell me; and if it is at the other end of the earth, I'll go thither on my knees to fetch it!"

So saying, with her other arm extended through the aperture, she showed the gypsy the little embroidered shoe. There was already daylight enough to distinguish its shape and color.

The gypsy-girl, starting, said: "Let me see that shoe. Oh, God! God!"

And at the same time, with the hand she had at liberty, she eagerly opened the little bag with green glass ornaments which she wore about her neck.

"Go on! go on!" grumbled Gudule, "fumble in thy amulet of the foul fiend—"

She suddenly stopped short, trembled in every limb, and cried in a voice that came from the very depths of her heart: "My daughter!"

The gypsy had taken out of the bag a little shoe precisely like the other. To this little shoe was attached a slip of parchment, upon which was inscribed this *charm:*

"When thou the like to this shalt see,
Thy mother'll stretch her arms to thee."

Quicker than a flash of lightning the recluse had compared the two shoes, read the inscription on the parchment, and thrust close to the window bars her face, beaming with heavenly joy, crying:

"My daughter! my daughter!"

"My mother!" answered the gypsy-girl.

Here all description fails us.

The wall and the iron bars were between them. "Oh, the wall!" cried the recluse. "To see her and not embrace her! Thy hand! thy hand!"

The young girl passed her arm through the opening. The recluse threw herself upon that hand, pressed her lips to it, and there remained, absorbed in that kiss, giving no sign of animation but a sob which heaved her bosom from time to time. Meanwhile, she wept in torrents, in the silence, in the darkness, like rain at night. The poor mother poured forth in floods upon that adored hand the deep, dark well of tears, into which her grief had filtered, drop by drop, for fifteen years.

Suddenly she rose, threw back the long gray hair from her face, and without saying a word, strove with both hands, and with the fury of a lioness, to shake the bars of her window hole. The bars were firm. She then went and fetched from one corner of her cell a large paving-stone, which served her for a pillow, and hurled it against them with such violence that one of the bars broke, casting numberless sparks. A second stroke drove out the old iron cross that barricaded the window. Then, with both hands, she managed to loosen and remove the rusty stumps of the bars. There are moments when the hands of a woman possess superhuman strength.

The passage cleared—and it was all done in less than a minute—she seized her daughter by the middle of her body and drew her into

the cell. "Come," murmured she, "let me drag thee out of the abyss!"

When her daughter was within the cell, she set her gently on the ground; then took her up again, and carrying her in her arms as if she were still only her little Agnès, she went to and fro in her narrow cell intoxicated, frantic with joy, shouting, singing, kissing her daughter, talking to her, laughing aloud, melting into tears—all at the same time and vehemently.

"My daughter! my daughter!" she said; "I have my daughter! Here she is! The good God has given her back to me! Ha! you—come all of you—is there anybody there to see that I've got my daughter? Lord Jesus, how beautiful she is! You have made me wait for her fifteen years, my good God, but it was that you might give her back to me beautiful. So the Egyptians did not eat her! Who said that? My little girl! my little girl! kiss me! Those good Egyptians! I love the Egyptians! Is it really thou? 'Twas then that which made my heart leap every time that thou didst go by. And I took that for hatred! Forgive me, my Agnès, forgive me! Thou didst think me very malicious, didst thou not? I love thee. Hast thou still that little mark on thy neck? Let me see. She has it yet. Oh, thou art beautiful!

It was I who gave thee those big eyes, mademoiselle. Kiss me. I love thee. What matters it to me that other mothers have children? I can laugh at them now! They have only to come and look. Here is mine. Look at her neck, her eyes, her hair, her hand. Find me anything as beautiful as that? Oh, I promise you she will have lovers. I have wept for fifteen years. All my beauty has departed, and is come again in her. Kiss me."

She said a thousand other extravagant things to her, the accent in which they were uttered making them beautiful; disordered the poor girl's apparel, even to making her blush; smoothed out her silken tresses with her hand; kissed her foot, her knee, her forehead, her eyelids; was enraptured with everything. The young girl let her do as she pleased, only repeating at intervals, very low and with infinite sweetness, "My mother!"

"Look you, my little girl," resumed the recluse, constantly interrupting her words with kisses, "look you; I shall love thee dearly. We will go away from here. We are going to be so happy. I have inherited something in Reims, in our country. Thou knowest Reims? Ah, no; how couldst thou know that? thou wert too small. If thou didst but know how pretty thou wert at four months old! Tiny feet, which people came to see all the way from

Epernay, five leagues away. We shall have a field and a house. Thou shalt sleep in my bed. Oh, my God! who would believe it? I have my daughter again!"

"Oh, my mother!" said the young girl, gathering strength at last to speak in her emotion; "the gypsy-woman told me so. There was a good gypsy among our people who died last year, and she had always taken care of me like a foster-mother. It was she that had put this little bag on my neck. She used always say to me: 'Little one, guard this trinket well; 'tis a treasure; it will enable thee to find thy mother again. Thou wearest thy mother about thy neck.' She foretold it—the gypsy-woman."

Again the Sachette clasped her daughter in her arms.

"Come," said she, "let me kiss thee. Thou sayest that so prettily! When we are in the country, we'll put the little shoes on the feet of an infant Jesus in a church. We certainly owe that to the good, Holy Virgin. Heavens! what a pretty voice thou hast. When thou wast talking to me just now, it was like music. Ah, my Lord God! I have found my child again! But is it credible now—all this story? Surely nothing will kill one, or I should have died of joy."

And then she clapped her hands again,

laughing and exclaiming: "We shall be so happy."

At that moment the cell resounded with a clattering of arms and galloping of horses, which seemed to be advancing from the bridge of Notre-Dame, and approaching nearer and nearer along the quay. The gypsy threw herself in agony into the arms of the Sachette: "Save me! save me! my mother! they are coming!"

The recluse turned pale again.

"Oh, heaven! what dost thou say? I had forgotten. They are pursuing thee. What hast thou done, then?"

"I know not," replied the unfortunate child, "but I am condemned to die."

"To die!" exclaimed Gudule, reeling as if struck by a thunderbolt. "To die!" she repeated slowly, gazing at her daughter with a fixed stare.

"Yes, my mother," repeated the young girl, with wild despair, "they want to kill me. They are coming to hang me. That gallows is for me. Save me! save me! They are coming. Save me!"

The recluse remained for a few seconds in petrified silence, then shook her head doubtingly, and, suddenly bursting into laughter, the old frightful laughter which had come back to her:

"Oh, oh, no! 'tis a dream thou art telling me. Ah! well! I lost her; that lasted fifteen years; and then I find her again, and that is to last but a minute! And they would take her from me again! now that she is handsome, that she is grown up, that she talks to me, that she loves me; it is now they would come and devour her before my very eyes, who am her mother. Oh, no! such things cannot be. God Almighty permits not such things as that."

Here the cavalcade appeared to halt, and a distant voice was heard saying:

"This way, Messire Tristan. The priest says we shall find her at the Rat-hole." The tramp of the horses began again.

The recluse started up with a shriek of despair:

"Fly, fly, my child! It all comes back to me. Thou art right. 'Tis thy death! horror! malediction! fly!"

She put her head to the loop-hole, and drew it back again hastily.

"Stay," said she, in an accent low, brief and doleful, pressing convulsively the hand of the gypsy, who was more dead than alive. "Stay where you are. Do not breathe. There are soldiers everywhere. Thou canst not get away. It is too light."

Her eyes were dry and burning. For a mo-

ment she said nothing, only paced the cell hurriedly, stopping now and then to pluck out handfuls of gray hair, which she afterwards tore with her teeth.

All at once she said: "They are coming. I will speak to them. Hide thyself in that corner. They will not see thee. I will tell them thou hast escaped; that I let thee go, i' faith."

She set down her daughter (for she was still carrying her) in one corner of the cell which was not visible from without. She made her crouch down; arranged her carefully, so that neither foot nor hand should project from the shadow; unbound her black hair, and spread it over her white robe, to conceal it; and placed before her the water-jug and paving-stone—the only articles of furniture she had—imagining that this jug and stone would hide her. And when this was done, she became more calm and knelt down and prayed. The day was only dawning; it still left many shadows in the Rat-hole.

At that moment, the voice of the priest—that infernal voice—passed very near the cell, crying:

"This way, Captain Phœbus de Chateaupers."

At that name, at that voice, Esmeralda, crouching in her corner, made a movement.

"Stir not," said Gudule.

Scarcely had she said this before a tumultuous crowd of men, swords and horses, stopped around the cell. The mother rose quickly, and went and posted herself at the loop-hole, to cover the aperture. She beheld a large troop of armed men, horse and foot, drawn up on the Grève. The commander dismounted and came toward her.

"Old woman," said this man, who had an atrocious face, "we are in search of a witch, to hang her. We were told that thou hadst her."

The poor mother, assuming as indifferent a look as she could, replied:

"I don't quite know what you mean."

The other resumed: "Tête-Dieu! Then what sort of a tale was that crazy archdeacon telling us? Where is he?"

"Monseigneur," said a soldier, "he has disappeared."

"Come, now, old mad woman," resumed the commander, "tell me no lies. A sorceress was given you to keep. What have you done with her?"

The recluse, not wishing to deny all, for fear of awakening suspicion, replied, in a sincere and surly tone:

"If you mean a tall young girl that was given me to hold just now, I can tell you that

she bit me, and I let her go. There! Leave me in peace."

The commander made a grimace of disappointment.

"Let me have no lying, old spectre," he said. "My name is Tristan l'Hermite, and I am the king's companion. Tristan l'Hermite! Dost thou hear?" he added, casting his eyes around the Place de Grève. "'Tis a name that has echoes here."

"If you were Satan l'Hermite," rejoined Gudule, gaining hope, "I should have nothing else to tell you; nor should I be afraid of you."

"Tête-Dieu," said Tristan, "here's a gossip. Ha! so the witch-girl has got away. And which way did she take?"

Gudule answered carelessly: "By the Rue du Mouton, I believe."

Tristan turned his head, and motioned to his men to prepare to march. The recluse breathed again.

"Monseigneur," said an archer all at once, "just ask the old elf how it is that her window-bars are broken out so?"

This question brought anguish again to the heart of the miserable mother. Still she did not lose all presence of mind. "They were always so," stammered she.

"Pshaw!" returned the archer; "they

formed but yesterday a fine black cross that made a man feel devout."

Tristan cast an oblique glance at the recluse.

"I think the old crone is confused," said he.

The unfortunate woman felt that all depended on her self-possession; and so, with death in her soul, she began to jeer. Mothers possess such strength.

"Bah!" said she, "the man is drunk. 'Tis more than a year since the back of a cart laden with stones backed against my window and broke the grating. And how I cursed the driver!"

"'Tis true," said another archer. "I was there."

There are always to be found, in all places, people who have seen everything. This unlooked-for testimony from the archer revived the spirits of the recluse, to whom this interrogatory was like crossing an abyss on the edge of a knife.

But she was doomed to a perpetual alternation of hope and alarm.

"If a cart had done that," resumed the first soldier, "the stumps of the bars would be driven inward, whereas they have been forced outward."

"Ha! ha!" said Tristan to the soldier, "thou hast the nose of an inquisitor at

the Châtelet. Answer what he says, old woman."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed she, driven to bay, and with tears in her voice in spite of herself, "I swear to you, monseigneur, that it was a cart which broke those bars. You hear, that man saw it. And besides, what has that to do with your sorceress?"

"Hum!" growled Tristan.

"The devil!" continued the soldier, flattered by the provost's commendation, "these breaks in the iron are quite fresh!"

Tristan shook his head. She turned pale.

"How long is it, say you, since this cart affair?" he asked.

"A month, perhaps a fortnight, monseigneur. I cannot recollect exactly."

"She said at first above a year," observed the soldier.

"That looks queer!" said the provost.

"Monseigneur," cried she, still standing close to the opening, and trembling lest suspicion should prompt them to thrust in their heads and look into the cell—"monseigneur, I swear to you that 'twas a cart which broke this grating; I swear it to you by all the angels in paradise. If it was not done by a cart, I wish I may go to everlasting perdition, and I deny my God!"

"Thou art very hot in that oath of thine," said Tristan with his inquisitorial glance.

The poor woman felt her assurance forsaking her more and more. She was already making blunders, and she perceived with terror that she was not saying what she should have said.

Another soldier now came up, crying:

"Monseigneur, the old elf lies. The sorceress has not gotten away by the Rue du Mouton. The chain of that street has been stretched across all night, and the chain-keeper has seen nobody go by."

Tristan, whose countenance became every moment more sinister, addressed the recluse:

"What hast thou to say to that?"

She still strove to make headway against this fresh incident. "That I know not, monseigneur, that I may have been mistaken. In fact, I think she crossed the water."

"That is in the opposite direction," said the provost. "And it is not very likely that she would wish to re-enter the city, where they were making search for her. You lie, old woman."

"And then," added the first soldier, "there is no boat either on this side of the stream or on the other."

"She must have swum across," replied the recluse, defending her ground inch by inch.

"Do women swim?" said the soldier.

"Tête-Dieu! old woman! thou liest! thou liest!" exclaimed Tristan, angrily; "I've a good mind to leave the witch and hang thee. A quarter of an hour's torture will perhaps bring the truth out of thy throat. Come, thou shalt go along with us."

She caught eagerly at these words:

"As you please, monseigneur. Do it! do it! Tortura! I am willing. Take me with you. Quick, quick! let us go directly." In the meantime, thought she, my daughter will make her escape.

"'Sdeath!" said the provost, "what an appetite for the rack. This mad creature is past my comprehension."

An old gray-headed sergeant of the guard now stepped out of the ranks, and, addressing the provost:

"Mad, in sooth, monseigneur! If she has let loose the Egyptian, 'tis not her fault, for she has no liking for Egyptians. For these fifteen years I have belonged to the watch, and every night I hear her cursing against those Bohemian dames with execrations without end. If the one we are seeking be, as I believe, the little dancing-girl with the goat, she hates that one above all the rest."

Gudule made an effort, and said:

"That one above all the rest."

The unanimous testimony of the men of the watch confirmed the old sergeant's words to the provost. Tristan l'Hermite, despairing of getting anything out of the recluse, turned his back upon her, and she, with inexpressible anxiety, watched him go slowly towards his horse.

"Come," said he, between his teeth, "forward! we must continue the search. I will not sleep 'till the Egyptian be hanged."

Still he hesitated for a while before mounting his horse. Gudule was palpitating between life and death as she saw him cast round the Place that restless look of a hound that feels himself to be near the lair of the game and is reluctant to go away. At last he shook his head and sprang into his saddle.

Gudule's heart, which had been so horribly oppressed, expanded now, and she said in a whisper, casting a glance upon her daughter, whom she had not ventured to look at while they were there, "Saved!"

The poor child had been all this time in her corner, without breathing or stirring; with the image of death staring her in the face. No particular of the scene between Gudule and Tristan had escaped her; she had shared all the agonies endured by her mother. She had heard, as it were, each successive cracking of the thread which had held

her suspended over the abyss; twenty times she thought she saw it breaking asunder, and only now began to take breath and to feel the ground steady under her feet. At this moment she heard a voice saying to the provost:

"Cor-bœuf! monsieur the provost, 'tis no business of mine, who am a guardsman, to hang sorceresses. The rabble of the populace is put down. I leave you to do your own work by yourself. You will permit me to rejoin my company, since it is without a captain."

The voice was that of Phœbus de Chateaupers. What took place within her was indescribable. He was there, her friend, her protector, her support, her shelter, her Phœbus! She started up; and before her mother could prevent her, she had sprung to the window, crying:

"Phœbus! hither! my Phœbus!"

Phœbus was no longer there. He had just galloped round the corner of the Rue de la Coutellerie. But Tristan was not yet gone.

The recluse rushed upon her daughter with the roar of a wild beast; she dragged her violently back, her nails entering the flesh of the poor girl's neck. A tigress mother does not stand on trifles. But it was too late. Tristan had seen.

"Ha, ha," he cried, with a grin which

showed all his teeth, and made his face resemble that of a wolf, "two mice in the trap."

"I suspected as much," said the soldier.

Tristan slapped him on the shoulder:

"Thou art a good cat! Come," he added, "where is Henriet Cousin?"

A man who had neither the garb nor the mien of a soldier, stepped forth from the ranks. He wore a dress half gray, half brown, had lank hair, leathern sleeves and a coil of rope in his huge fist. This man always accompanied Tristan, who always accompanied Louis XI.

"Friend," said Tristan l'Hermite, "I presume that yonder is the sorceress whom we are seeking. Thou wilt hang me this one. Hast thou thy ladder?"

"There is one under the shed of the Maison-aux-Piliers," replied the man. "Is it on this *justice* that the thing is to be done?" continued he, pointing to the stone gibbet.

"Yes."

"So, ho!" said the man, with a loud laugh, more brutal still than that of the provost, "we shall not have far to go!"

"Make haste," said Tristan, "and do thy laughing after."

Meanwhile, since Tristan had seen her

daughter, and all hope was lost, the recluse had not uttered a word. She had flung the poor gypsy, half dead, into the corner of the cell, and had posted herself again at the loop-hole, both hands resting upon the edge of the stone sill, like two claws. In this attitude her eyes, which had again become wild and fierce, were seen to wander fearlessly over the surrounding soldiers. When Henriet Cousin approached her place, her look was so ferocious that he started back.

"Monseigneur," said he, turning back to the provost, "which are we to take?"

"The young one."

"So much the better, for the old one seemeth difficult."

"Poor little dancing-girl with the goat!" said the old sergeant of the watch.

Henriet Cousin again approached the window-hole. The mother's eye made his own droop. He said with some timidity:

"Madame—"

She interrupted him in a very low but furious voice: "What wouldst thou?"

"Not you," said he, "but the other."

"What other?"

"The young one."

She began to shake her head, crying:

"There is no one! no one! no one!"

"There is," replied the executioner, "and

well you know it. Let me take the young one; I will not harm you."

She said, with a strange sneer: "Ah! thou wilt not harm me!"

"Let me have the other, madame. 'Tis the will of monsieur the provost."

She repeated with an expression of frenzy, "There's nobody!"

"I tell you there is," rejoined the hangman. "We've all seen that there are two of you."

"You look, then," said the recluse, with her strange sneer. "Thrust your head through the window."

The hangman eyed the mother's nails, and durst not venture.

"Make haste!" cried Tristan, who had been drawing up his men in a semi-circle round the Rat-hole, and posted himself on horseback near the gibbet.

Henriet once more went back to the provost, quite discountenanced. He had laid his ropes upon the ground, and, with a sheepish look, was turning his hat in his hands.

"Monseigneur," he asked, "how must I get in?"

"Through the door."

"There is none."

"Through the window, then."

"It's not wide enough."

"Widen it then," said Tristan, angrily. "Hast thou no picks?"

The mother, from the interior of the cave, was still fixedly watching them. She had ceased to hope; she no longer knew what she wanted, except that they should not have her daughter.

Henriet Cousin went to fetch the box of tools from under the shed of the Pillar House. He also brought from the same place the double ladder, which he immediately set up against the gibbet. Five or six of the provost's men provided themselves with picks and crowbars, and Tristan went with them to the window of the cell.

"Old woman," said the provost, in a tone of severity, "give up the girl quietly."

She looked at him as one who does not understand.

"God's head!" added Tristan; "what good can it do thee to hinder that witch from being hanged as it pleases the king?"

The wretched woman burst into her wild laugh.

"What good can it do me? She is my daughter!"

The tone in which this word was uttered produced a shudder even in Henriet Cousin.

"I'm sorry for it," returned the provost; "but it's the king's pleasure."

She shrieked, redoubling her terrible laughter, "What's thy king to me? I tell thee she is my daughter!"

"Make a way through the wall," said Tristan.

To make an opening sufficiently large, it was only necessary to remove one course of stone underneath the window. When the mother heard the picks and the levers undermining her fortress, she uttered a dreadful cry. Then she began to circle with frightful quickness round and round her cell—a habit of a wild beast, which her long residence in the cage had given her. She said nothing more, but her eyes were flaming. The soldiers felt their blood chilled to the very heart.

All at once she took up her paving-stone, laughed and threw it with both hands at the workmen. The stone, ill-aimed (for her hands were trembling), touched no one, but fell harmless at the feet of Tristan's horse. She gnashed her teeth.

Meanwhile, although the sun was not yet risen, it had become broad daylight, and a fine roseate tint beautified the decaying chimneys of the Pillar House. It was the hour when the windows of the earliest risers in the great city open joyfully upon the roofs. A few laboring people, a few fruit-sellers, going

to the Halles upon their asses, were beginning to cross the Grève; they stopped for a moment before the group of soldiers gathered about the Rat-hole, gazed at them with looks of astonishment, and passed on.

The recluse had seated herself close to her daughter, covering her with her own body, her eyes fixed, listening to the poor girl, who stirred not, but was murmuring low the one word—"Phœbus! Phœbus!" In proportion as the work of the demolishers advanced the mother mechanically shrunk away, pressing the young girl closer and closer against the wall. All at once the recluse saw the stones (for she was on the watch, and never removed her eye from them) beginning to give way, and she heard the voice of Tristan encouraging the workmen. Then starting out of the prostration into which her spirit had sunk for some minutes, she cried out—and, as she spoke, her voice now pierced the ear like a saw, then stammered as if every species of malediction had crowded to her lips to burst forth at one and the same time:

"Ho, ho, ho! but this is horrible! You are robbers! Are you really going to take my daughter from me? I tell you she is my daughter! Oh, the cowards! oh, the hangman lackeys! the miserable murdering sutlers! Help! help! fire! And will they take

my child from me thus? Who is he, then, whom they call the good God?"

Then, addressing herself to Tristan, with foaming mouth and haggard eyes, on all fours, and bristling like a panther:

"Come, then, and take my daughter. Dost thou not understand that this woman tells thee it's her daughter? Dost thou know what it is to have a child, eh? thou he-wolf! Hast thou never laid with thy mate? Hast thou never had a cub by her? And if thou hast little ones, when they howl hast thou no bowels to feel?"

"Down with the stones!" said Tristan; "they are loose now."

The crowbars now raised the heavy course of stone. It was, as we have said, the mother's last bulwark. She threw herself upon it, she would fain have held it in its place, she scratched the stones with her nails, but the heavy mass, put in motion by six men, escaped her grasp, and fell gently to the ground along the iron levers.

The mother, seeing the breach effected, threw herself on the floor across the opening, barricading it with her body, writhing her arms, beating her head against the flag-stones and crying in a voice, hoarse and nearly inarticulate from exhaustion: "Help, help! fire, fire!"

"Now, take the girl," said Tristan, still imperturbable.

The mother looked at the soldiers in so formidable a manner, that they had more disposition to retreat than to advance.

"Now for it!" responded the provost. "You, Henriet Cousin."

No one stirred a step.

The provost swore. "*Tête-Christ!* my fighting men! Afraid of a woman!"

"Monseigneur," said Henriet, "do you call that a woman?"

"She has a lion's mane," said another.

"Come!" continued the provost; "the gap is large enough. Go in three abreast, as at the breach of Pontoise. Let's get done with it, by the dead Mahomet! The first man who turns I'll cleave him in two."

Placed thus between the provost and the mother, the soldiers hesitated a moment; then, making their choice, advanced upon the Rat-hole.

When the recluse saw this, she suddenly reared herself upon her knees, threw aside her hair from her face, then dropped her lean, grazed hands upon her thighs. Great tears started one by one from her eyes, coursing down her furrowed cheeks, like a torrent down the bed that it has worn itself. At the same time she began to speak, but in a voice

so suppliant, so gentle, so submissive, so heartrending, that more than one old hardened galley sergeant among those who surrounded Tristan wiped his eyes.

"Gentlemen," said she, "sergeants! one word! There's a thing I must tell you. She is my daughter, do you see—my darling little daughter, whom I had lost. Listen; it is quite a story. You must know that I am very well acquainted with messieurs the sergeants. They were always good to me in those times when the little boys used to throw stones at me because I was a girl of pleasure. So you see, you will leave me my child when you know all! I was a poor woman of the town. It was the gypsy-women who stole her away from me. I have kept her shoe these fifteen years. See! here it is. She'd a foot like that. At Reims, La Chantefleurie, Rue Folle-Peine. Perhaps you know all that. It was I. In your youth, in those days, it was a merry time, and there were merry doings. You will have pity on me, won't you, sirs? The gypsy-women stole her from me. They hid her from me for fifteen years. I thought she was dead! Only think, my good friends; I thought she was dead! I've passed fifteen years here, in this cave, without fire in the winter. 'Tis hard, that! The poor dear little shoe! I cried so much that at last God

Almighty heard me. This night he has given me back my daughter. It is a miracle of God Almighty's. She was not dead. You will not take her from me, I am sure you will not. If it were myself, now, I would not say no; but to take her, a child of sixteen! Let her have time to see the sun. What has she done to you? Nothing at all. Nor no more have I. If you did but know that I have but her, that I am old, that she is a blessing sent down to me by the Holy Virgin! And then, you are all so kind! You did not know it was my daughter, but you know now. Oh, I love her. Monsieur the great provost, I would rather have a hole in my side than a scratch upon her finger! You look like a good, kind gentleman. What I tell you now explains the thing to you, doesn't it? Oh, if you have had a mother, sir! You are the captain, leave me my child. Only consider that I am praying to you on my knees, as they pray to Christ Jesus! I ask nothing of anybody. I am from Reims, gentlemen; I've a little field there, left me by my uncle, Mahiet Pradon. I am not a beggar. I want nothing, but I must have my child. Oh, I wish to keep my child. God Almighty, who is master of all, has not given her back to me for nothing. The king—you say, the king. It can't be any great pleasure to him that they should kill my little girl. And

then, the king is good. It is my daughter, it is my daughter; mine; she's not the king's, she's not yours! I want to go away from here, we both want to go; and when two women are going, mother and daughter, you let them go quietly. Let us go quietly. We belong to Reims. Oh, you are kind sergeants. I love you all. You'll not take my dear little one from me; it is impossible. Is it not, now, quite impossible? My child! my child!"

We shall not attempt to give an idea of her gesture, her accent, the tears which she drank while speaking, the clasping and the wringing of her hands, the heartrending smiles, the appealing looks, the sighs, the moans, the agonizing and piercing cries which she mingled with these wild, incoherent and rambling words. When she ceased, Tristan l'Hermite knit his brows, but it was to conceal a tear that was dimmed in his tigerish eye. However, he overcame his weakness, and said, with brief utterance: "It is the king's will."

Then he whispered in the ear of Henriet Cousin: "Get done quickly." It might be that the redoubtable provost felt his own heart failing him—even his.

The executioner and the sergeants entered the cell. The mother made no resistance; she only dragged up to her daughter and clasped her madly. When the gypsy-girl

saw the soldiers approaching; the horror of death revived.

"My mother!" cried she, in a tone of indescribable distress; "oh, my mother! they are coming; defend me!"

"Yes, my love, I am defending thee!" answered the mother, in a faint voice; and clasping her close to her arms, she covered her with kisses. To see them both thus upon the ground, the mother guarding the daughter, was truly piteous.

Henriet Cousin took the gypsy-girl by the body, just below her beautiful shoulders. When she felt his hands touching her, she cried out and fainted. The executioner, from whose eye big tears were falling upon her drop by drop, offered to carry her away in his arms. He strove to unclasp the embrace of the mother, who had, as it were, knotted her hands about her daughter's waist; but the grasp which thus bound her to her child was so powerful that he found it impossible to part them. Henriet Cousin therefore dragged the young girl out of the cell, and her mother after her. The eyes of the mother were also closed.

The sun was rising at that moment; and already there was a considerable collection of people in the square, looking from a distance to see what they were thus dragging over the

pavement toward the gibbet. For this was a way of the Provost Tristan's at executions; he had a mania for preventing the curious from coming near.

There was nobody at the windows. Only far away, on the top of that one of the towers of Notre-Dame which looks upon the Grève, two men could be seen who stood darkly out against the clear morning sky, and who seemed to be looking on.

Henriet Cousin paused with the object he was dragging, at the foot of the fatal ladder; and, with troubled breath (so strongly was he moved to pity), he passed the rope round the young girl's lovely neck. The unfortunate girl felt the horrible contact of the hempen cord. She raised her eyelids, and beheld the skeleton arm of the stone gibbet extended over her head. Then she shook off her torpor, and cried, in a loud and agonizing voice: "No! no! I will not!" The mother, whose head was buried by her daughter's garments, said not a word; but her entire body was convulsed, and she was heard redoubling her kisses upon the form of her child. The executioner seized that moment to unclasp, by a strong and sudden effort, the arms with which she held fast the prisoner, and, whether from exhaustion or despair, they yielded. He then took the young girl upon his shoulder, from

whence her charming figure fell gracefully bending over his large head, and set his foot upon the ladder in order to ascend.

At this instant, the mother, who had sunk upon the ground, opened wide her eyes. Without uttering a cry, she started up with a terrific expression upon her face; then, like a beast rushing upon its prey, she threw herself upon the executioner's hand, and set her teeth in it. It was like a flash of lightning. The executioner howled with pain. They ran to his relief, and with difficulty liberated his bleeding hand from the teeth of the mother. She kept a profound silence. They pushed her away with brutal violence, and it was remarked that her head fell back heavily upon the ground. They raised her; she fell back again. She was dead.

The hangman, who had not loosed his hold of the young girl, kept on up the ladder.

II.

THE BEAUTIFUL CREATURE CLAD IN WHITE

When Quasimodo saw that the cell was empty; that the gypsy-girl was no longer there; that, while he had been defending her, she had been abducted, he took his head between his hands and stamped with rage and astonishment. Then he began to run over all the church, seeking his Bohemian, howling strange cries at every corner, strewing his red hair on the pavement. It was just at the moment when the king's archers were making their victorious entry into Notre-Dame, likewise in search of the gypsy-girl. Quasimodo assisted them, having no suspicion, poor deaf creature, of their fatal intentions; he thought that the enemies of the Egyptian were the Truands. He himself took Tristan l'Hermite to every possible hiding-place; opened for him all the secret doors, the double backs to the altars, the inner sacristies. Had the unfortunate girl still been there, he himself would have delivered her up to them.

When the irksomeness of seeking in vain had discouraged Tristan, who was not easily discouraged, Quasimodo continued the search alone. Twenty times, a hundred times over, did he make the circuit of the church, from one end to the other, from top to bottom—ascending, descending, running, calling, shouting, peeping, rummaging, ferreting, putting his head into every hole, thrusting a torch under every arch, desperate, mad, haggard and moaning like a beast that has lost its mate.

At length, when he was sure, perfectly sure, that she was gone, that all was over, that she had been stolen from him, he slowly went up the steps of the towers, that steps that he had mounted so nimbly and triumphantly on the day he saved her. He now passed those same places with drooping head, voiceless, tearless and hardly drawing breath. The church was again deserted and silent as before. The archers had quitted it to track the sorceress in the city. Quasimodo, left alone in that vast Notre-Dame, but a moment before besieged and full of tumult, betook himself once more to the cell where the gypsy had slept for so many weeks under his protection.

As he approached it, he could not help fancying that he might, perhaps, find her there. When, at the turn of the gallery which opens on the roof of the side aisle, he could

see the narrow little lodging, with its small window and tiny door, sheltered under one of the great buttresses, like a bird's nest under a bough, the poor fellow's heart failed him, and he leaned against a pillar to keep from falling. He imagined that she might have returned thither; that some good genius had no doubt brought her back; that that little chamber was too quiet, too safe, too charming for her not to be there, and he dared not advance a step farther, for fear of dispelling his illusion. "Yes," said he to himself, "she is sleeping, perhaps, or praying; I must not disturb her."

At last he summoned up courage, approached on tip-toe, looked, entered. Empty! the cell was still empty! The unhappy man paced slowly round it, lifted up her couch, and looked underneath it, as if she could have been hidden between the mattress and the stones; he then shook his head and stood stupefied. All at once he furiously trampled upon his torch, and without word or sigh, he rushed at full speed head-foremost against the wall, and fell senseless upon the floor.

When he recovered his senses he threw himself on the bed, rolled upon it and frantically kissed the place, still warm, where the damsel had lain; he remained thus for some minutes, as motionless as if life had fled; he then rose, bathed in perspiration, panting,

beside himself, and fell to beating his head against the wall with the frightful regularity of a pendulum, and the resolution of a man determined to dash out his brains. At length he sank exhausted a second time. Presently he crawled on his knees out of the cell, and crouched down opposite the door in an attitude of astonishment.

He remained thus for more than an hour, his eye fixed upon the deserted cell, more gloomy and thoughtful than a mother seated between an empty cradle and a full coffin. He uttered not a word; only at long intervals a sob shook violently his whole body; but it was a sobbing without tears, like summer lightning, which makes no noise.

It appears to have been then that, seeking amid his desolate thoughts to discover who could have been the unexpected abductor of the gypsy-girl, he bethought himself of the archdeacon. He recollected that Dom Claude alone possessed a key to the staircase leading to the cell; he remembered his nocturnal attempts upon La Esmeralda, the first of which he, Quasimodo, had assisted, the second of which he had prevented. He called to mind a thousand details, and soon no longer doubted that the archdeacon had taken the gypsy-girl from him. Yet such was his reverence for the priest, gratitude, devotion and

love for that man were so deeply rooted in his heart, that they resisted, even at this dire moment, the fangs of jealousy and despair.

He reflected that the archdeacon had done this thing, and that sanguinary, deadly resentment which he would have felt against any other individual, was turned in the poor deaf man's breast, the moment when Claude Frollo was in question, into simply an increase of sorrow.

At the moment that his thoughts were thus fixed on the priest, while the buttresses were beginning to whiten in the dawn, he descried, on the upper gallery of Notre-Dame, at the angle formed by the external balustrade which runs round the apsis, a figure walking. The figure was coming towards him. He recognized it. It was the archdeacon. Claude walked with a slow, grave step. He did not look before him as he went; he was going toward the northern tower, but his face was turned to the right bank of the Seine; and he carried his head erect, as if striving to obtain a view of something over the roofs. The owl has often that oblique attitude. It flies in one direction and gazes in another. In this manner the priest passed above Quasimodo without seeing him.

The deaf man, who was confounded by this sudden apparition, saw him disappear through

the door of the staircase of the northern tower. The reader is aware that it is that one which commands a view of the Hôtel-de-Ville. Quasimodo rose and followed the archdeacon.

Quasimodo went up the steps of the tower, to ascend it and to ascertain why the priest went up. The poor ringer knew not what he was going to do (he, Quasimodo), what he was going to say, what he wanted. He was full of rage and full of dread. The archdeacon and the Egyptian came into conflict in his heart.

When he reached the top of the tower, before he issued from the darkness of the stairs upon the open platform, he cautiously observed the whereabouts of the priest. The priest had his back toward him. An open-work balustrade surrounds the platform of the spire. The priest, whose eyes were bent upon the town, was leaning his breast upon the one of the four sides of the balustrade which looks upon the bridge of Notre-Dame.

Quasimodo stole with the stealthy tread of a wolf behind him to see at what he was thus gazing.

The priest's attention was so completely absorbed elsewhere that he heard not the step of the hunch-back near him.

Paris is a magnificent and captivating spec-

tacle, and at that day it was even more so, viewed from the summit of the towers of Notre-Dame, in the fresh light of a summer dawn. The day in question might have been in July. The sky was perfectly serene. A few lingering stars were fading away in different directions, and eastward there was a very brilliant one in the lightest part of the heavens. The sun was on the point of rising. Paris began to be astir. A very white, pure light brought out vividly to the eye all the outlines which its countless buildings present to the east. The gigantic shadows of the spires extended from roof to roof from one end of the great city to the other. Already voices and noises were to be heard from several quarters of the town. Here was heard the stroke of a bell, there that of a hammer, and there again the complicated clatter of a dray in motion. Already smoke was escaping from some of the chimneys scatteredly over all the surface of roofs, as through the fissures of an immense sulphurous crater. The river, whose waters are rippled by the piers of so many bridges and the points of so many islands, was wavering in folds of silver. Around the town, outside the ramparts, the view was lost in a great circle of fleecy vapors, through which were indistinctly discernible the dim line of the plains and the graceful

swell of the heights. All sorts of floating sounds were dispersed over this half-awakened city. And eastward, the morning breeze was chasing across the sky a few white tufts torn from the misty fleece of the hills.

In the Parvis some good women, with their milk-jugs in their hands, were pointing out to one another, in astonishment, the singularly shattered state of the great door of Notre-Dame, and the two congealed streams of lead in the crevices of the stone. This was all that remained of the tempest of the night before. The pile kindled by Quasimodo between the towers was extinct. Tristan had already cleared the square, and had the dead thrown into the Seine. Kings like Louis XI. are careful to clean the pavement speedily after a massacre.

Outside the balustrade of the tower, directly under the point where the priest had paused, was one of those fantastically carved stone gutters with which Gothic edifices bristle; and in a crevice of this gutter, two pretty wall-flowers in full bloom, shaken and vivified as it were by the breath of the morning, made sportive salutation to each other. Above the towers on high, far above in the sky, were heard the voices of little birds.

But the priest neither saw nor heard any of these things. He was one of the men for

whom there are neither mornings, nor birds, nor flowers. In all that immense horizon, spread round him with such diversity of aspect, his contemplation was concentrated on a single point.

Quasimodo burned to ask him what he had done with the gypsy-girl, but the archdeacon seemed at that moment to be out of the world. He was visibly in one of those critical moments of life when one would not feel the earth crumble.

With his eyes steadily fixed on a certain spot, he remained motionless and silent; and in that silence and immobility there was something so formidable that the untamed bell-ringer shuddered at it, and dared not intrude upon it. Only (and this was one way of interrogating the archdeacon) he followed the direction of his eye; and, thus guided, that of the unhappy hunch-back fell upon the Place de Grève.

He thus discovered what the priest was looking at. The ladder was set up against the permanent gibbet. There were a few people in the Place, and a number of soldiers. A man was dragging along the ground something white, to which something black was clinging. This man stopped at the foot of the gibbet. Here something took place which Quasimodo could not clearly see, not

because his only eye had not preserved its long range, but a group of soldiers prevented his seeing everything. Moreover, at that instant the sun appeared, and such a flood of light burst over the horizon, that it seemed as if every point in Paris, spires, chimneys, gables, took fire all at once.

Meantime, the man began to mount the ladder. Quasimodo now saw him distinctly again. He was carrying a woman on his shoulder—a young girl clad in white. That young girl had a noose about her neck. Quasimodo recognized her.

It was she!

The man reached the top of the ladder. There he arranged the noose. Here the priest, in order to see better, knelt upon the balustrade.

Suddenly the man pushed away the ladder with his heel, and Quasimodo, who had not breathed for some moments, beheld the unfortunate child dangling at the end of the rope, about two fathoms above the ground, with the man squatted upon her shoulders. The rope made several gyrations on itself, and Quasimodo beheld horrible convulsions run along the gypsy's body. The priest, on his part, with outstretched neck and starting eyeballs, contemplated that frightful group of the man and the girl—the spider and the fly!

At the most awful moment, a demoniacal laugh, a laugh such as can come only from one who is no longer human, burst from the livid visage of the priest. Quasimodo did not hear that laugh, but he saw it.

The ringer retreated a few steps behind the archdeacon, and then, suddenly rushing furiously upon him with his huge hands, he pushed him by the back into the abyss over which Dom Claude was leaning.

The priest shrieked, "Damnation!" and fell.

The spout, above which he stood, arrested his fall. He clung to it with desperate gripe; but, at the moment when he opened his mouth to give a second cry, he beheld the formidable and avenging face of Quasimodo thrust over the edge of the balustrade above his head. Then he was silent.

The abyss was beneath him, a fall of full two hundred feet—and the pavement.

In this dreadful situation the archdeacon said not a word, breathed not a groan. Only he writhed upon the gutter, making incredible efforts to re-ascend; but his hands had no hold on the granite, his feet slid along the blackened wall without catching hold. People who have ascended the towers of Notre-Dame know that the stone-work swells out just beneath the balustrade. It was on this re-

treating angle that the miserable archdeacon exhausted himself in fruitless efforts. It was not with a wall merely perpendicular that he was dealing, but with a wall that sloped away from under him.

Quasimodo had but to stretch out his hand to draw him from the gulf, but he did not so much as look at him. He was looking at the Grève, he was looking at the gibbet, he was looking at the gypsy.

The deaf man was leaning with his elbows on the balustrade, at the very spot where the archdeacon had been a moment before, and there, never turning his eye from the only object which existed for him at that moment, he was mute and motionless, like one struck by lightning, and a long stream of tears flowed in silence from that eye which until then had never shed but one.

Meanwhile the archdeacon was panting; his bald brow was dripping with perspiration; his nails were bleeding against the stones; the skin was rubbed from his knees against the wall.

He heard his cassock, which was caught on the spout, crack and rip with each jerk that he gave it. To complete his misfortune, this spout ended in a leaden pipe, which he could feel slowly bending under the weight of his body. The wretched man said to himself, that when his hands should be worn out with

fatigue, when his cassock should tear asunder, when the leaden pipe should yield, he must of necessity fall, and horror thrilled his very vitals. Now and then he glanced wildly at a sort of narrow ledge formed, some ten feet lower, by projections in the sculpture; and he implored heaven from the bottom of his agonized soul, that he might be permitted to spend the remainder of his life upon that narrow space of two feet square, though it were to last a hundred years. Once, he glanced below him into the Place, into the abyss; the head which he raised again had its eyes closed and its hair erect.

There was something frightful in the silence of these two men. While the archdeacon struggled with death in this horrible manner, but a few feet from him, Quasimodo looked at the Grève and wept.

The archdeacon, finding that all his exertions served but to shake the only frail support left to him, at length remained quite still. There he hung, clasping the gutter, scarcely breathing, no longer stirring, without any other motion than that mechanical convulsion of the stomach, which one experiences in a dream when one fancies himself falling. His fixed eyes were wide open with a stare of pain and astonishment. Little by little, however, he lost ground; his fingers slipped along the

spout; he felt more and more the weakness of his arms and the weight of his body; the leaden pipe which supported him bent more and more every moment towards the abyss. He saw beneath him, frightful sight, the sharp roof of the church of Saint-Jean-de-Rond, as small as a card bent double. He looked, one after another, at the imperturbable sculptures of the tower, like him suspended over the precipice, but without fear for themselves or pity for him. All about him was stone; before his eyes, the gaping monsters; below, quite at the bottom, in the Place, the pavement; above his head, Quasimodo weeping.

In the Parvis there were several groups of curious good people who were tranquilly striving to divine what madman it could be who was amusing himself in so strange a fashion. The priest could hear them saying, for their voices reached him clear and shrill: "Why, he'll surely break his neck."

Quasimodo wept.

At length the archdeacon, foaming with rage and horror, became sensible that all was in vain. Nevertheless, he gathered what strength remained to him for one last effort. He straightened himself on the gutter, set both his knees against the wall, clung with his hands to a cleft in the stone-work and succeeded in climbing up, perhaps, one foot;

but this struggle caused the leaden beak which supported him to give way suddenly. The same effort rent his cassock asunder. Then, finding everything under him giving way, having only his stiffened and crippled hands to hold by, the unhappy wretch closed his eyes and let go of the spout. He fell.

Quasimodo watched him falling.

A fall from such a height is seldom perpendicular. The archdeacon, launched into space, fell at first with his head downward and his arms extended, then he turned over several times. The wind blew him upon the roof a house, where the miserable man broke some of his bones. Nevertheless, he was not dead when he reached it. The ringer could perceive him still make an effort to cling to the gable with his hands, but the slope was too steep, and he had no strength left. He glided rapidly down the roof like a loosened tile, then rebounded on the pavement; there he stirred no more.

Quasimodo then lifted his eye to the gypsy, whose body, suspended from the gibbet, he beheld afar, quivering under its white robe, in the last agonies of death; then he looked at the archdeacon, stretched a shapeless mass at the foot of the tower, and he said, with a sob that heaved his deep breast: "Oh! all that I have ever loved!"

III.

THE MARRIAGE OF PHŒBUS

Toward the evening of that day, when the judicial officers of the bishop came to remove the mangled body of the archdeacon, Quasimodo had disappeared from Notre-Dame.

Many rumors were circulated concerning this accident. It was considered unquestionable that the day had at length arrived when, according to compact, Quasimodo—that is to say, the devil—was to carry off Claude Frollo—that is to say, the sorcerer. It was presumed that he had shattered the body in taking the soul, as a monkey cracks the shell to get at the nut.

It was for this reason that the archdeacon was not interred in consecrated ground.

Louis XI. died the following year, in August, 1483.

As for Pierre Gringoire, he succeeded in saving the goat, and obtained considerable success as a writer of tragedy. It appears that after dipping into astrology, philosophy, archi-

tecture, hermetics—in short, in every vanity—he came back to tragedy, which is the vainest of all. This he called coming to a tragical end. On the subject of his dramatic triumphs, we read in the "Ordinary's Accounts for 1483" the following:

"To Jehan Marchand and Pierre Gringoire, carpenter and composer, for making and composing the mystery performed at the Châtelet of Paris on the day of the entry of Monsieur the Legate; for duly ordering the characters, with properties and habiliments proper for the said mystery, and likewise for making the wooden stages necessary for the same, one hundred pounds."

Phœbus de Chateaupers also came to a tragical end; he married.

IV.

THE MARRIAGE OF QUASIMODO

We have already said that Quasimodo disappeared from Notre-Dame on the day of the death of the gypsy and the archdeacon. Indeed, he was never seen again, nor was it known what became of him.

In the night following the execution of Esmeralda, the executioner's men had taken down her body from the gibbet, and, according to custom, had carried it to the vault of Montfaucon.

Montfaucon, to use the words of Sauval, "was the most ancient and the most superb gibbet in the kingdom." Between the suburbs of the Temple and Saint Martin, at the distance of about one hundred and sixty yards from the walls of Paris, and a few bow-shots from the village of La Courtille, was to be seen on the summit of a gentle, almost imperceptibly sloping hill, but on a spot sufficiently elevated to be visible for several leagues round, an edifice of strange form, much

resembling a Druidical cromlech, and having, like the cromlech, its human sacrifices.

Let the reader imagine at the top of a chalk hill a great oblong mass of stone-work, fifteen feet high, thirty feet wide and forty long, and having a door, an external railing and a platform. Upon this platform sixteen enormous pillars of unhewn stone, thirty feet high, ranged in a colonnade around three of the four sides of the square supporting them, and connected at the top by heavy beams, from which chains are hanging at short intervals. At each of those chains swing skeletons; not far off, in the plain, are a stone cross and two secondary gibbets, rising like shoots from the central tree, and in the sky, hovering over the whole, a perpetual flock of carrion crows. Such was Montfaucon.

At the end of the fifteenth century this formidable gibbet, which had stood since 1328, was already much dilapidated; the beams were decayed, the chains were corroded with rust, the pillars green with mold, the courses of hewn stone were gaping at their joints, and the grass was growing upon that platform to which no foot reached. The structure made a horrible outline against the sky—especially at night, when the moonlight gleamed upon those whitened skulls, or when the evening breeze stirred the chains and skeletons, making them

rattle in the darkness. The presence of this gibbet sufficed to make all the surrounding places gloomy.

The mass of stone-work that formed the base of the repulsive edifice was hollow. An immense cavern had been constructed within it, the entrance of which was closed by an old battered iron grating, and into which were thrown not only the human relics taken down from the chains of Montfaucon, but also the carcasses of the victims of all the other permanent gibbets of Paris. In that vast charnel-house, wherein so many human remains and so many crimes have festered together, many of the great ones of the world, and many of the innocent, have from time to time contributed their bones—from Enguerrand de Marigni, the first victim, and who was one of the just, down to the Admiral De Coligni, who was the last, and was of the just also.

As for the mysterious disappearance of Quasimodo, all that we have been able to ascertain respecting it is this:

About a year and a half or two years after the events with which this history concludes, when search was made in the vault of Montfaucon for the body of Olivier le Daim, who had been hanged two days before, and to whom Charles VIII. granted the favor of being buried in Saint Laurent in better company, there

were found among all those hideous carcasses, two skeletons, one of which held the other in a singular embrace. One of these skeletons, which was that of a woman, had still about it some tattered fragments of a garment, that had once been white; and about the neck was a string of adrezarach beads, with a little silken bag, ornamented with green glass, which was open and empty. These objects were of so little value that the executioner had probably not cared to take them. The other, which held this one in a close embrace, was the skeleton of a man. It was noticed that the spine was crooked, the head depressed between the shoulders, and that one leg was shorter than the other. Moreover, there was no rupture of the vertebræ at the nape of the neck, whence it was evident that he had not been hanged. Hence the man to whom it belonged must have come thither and have died there. When they strove to detach this skeleton from the one it was embracing it crumbled to dust.

NOTES

NOTRE-DAME, VOLUME IV.

Page 65. Line 21, "tarasques sneezing in the smoke."—A fictitious animal solemnly drawn in processions in Tarascon and a few other French towns.

Page 79. First line, "toises square."—An ancient long measure in France, containing six feet and nearly five inches English measure.

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